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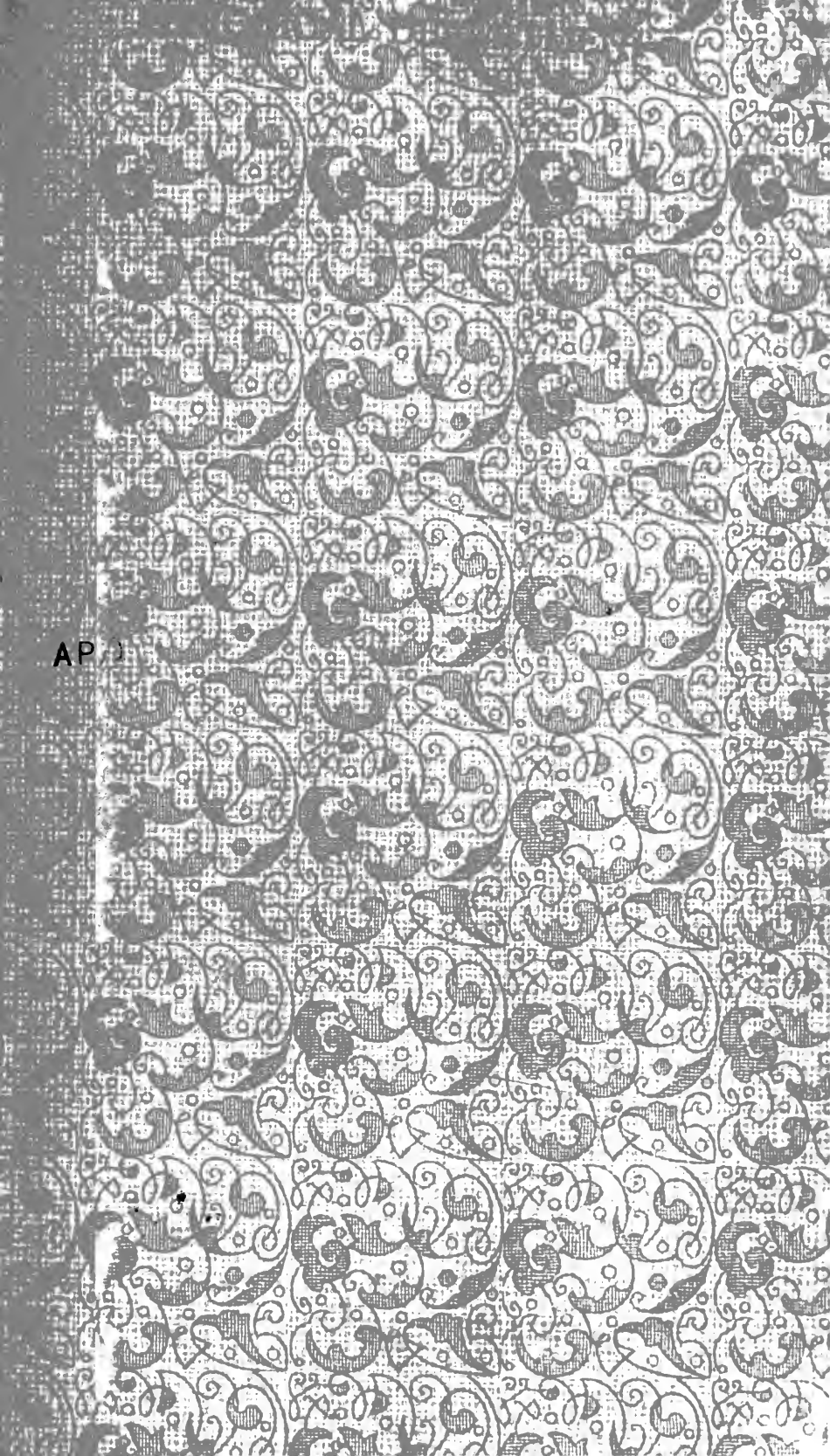
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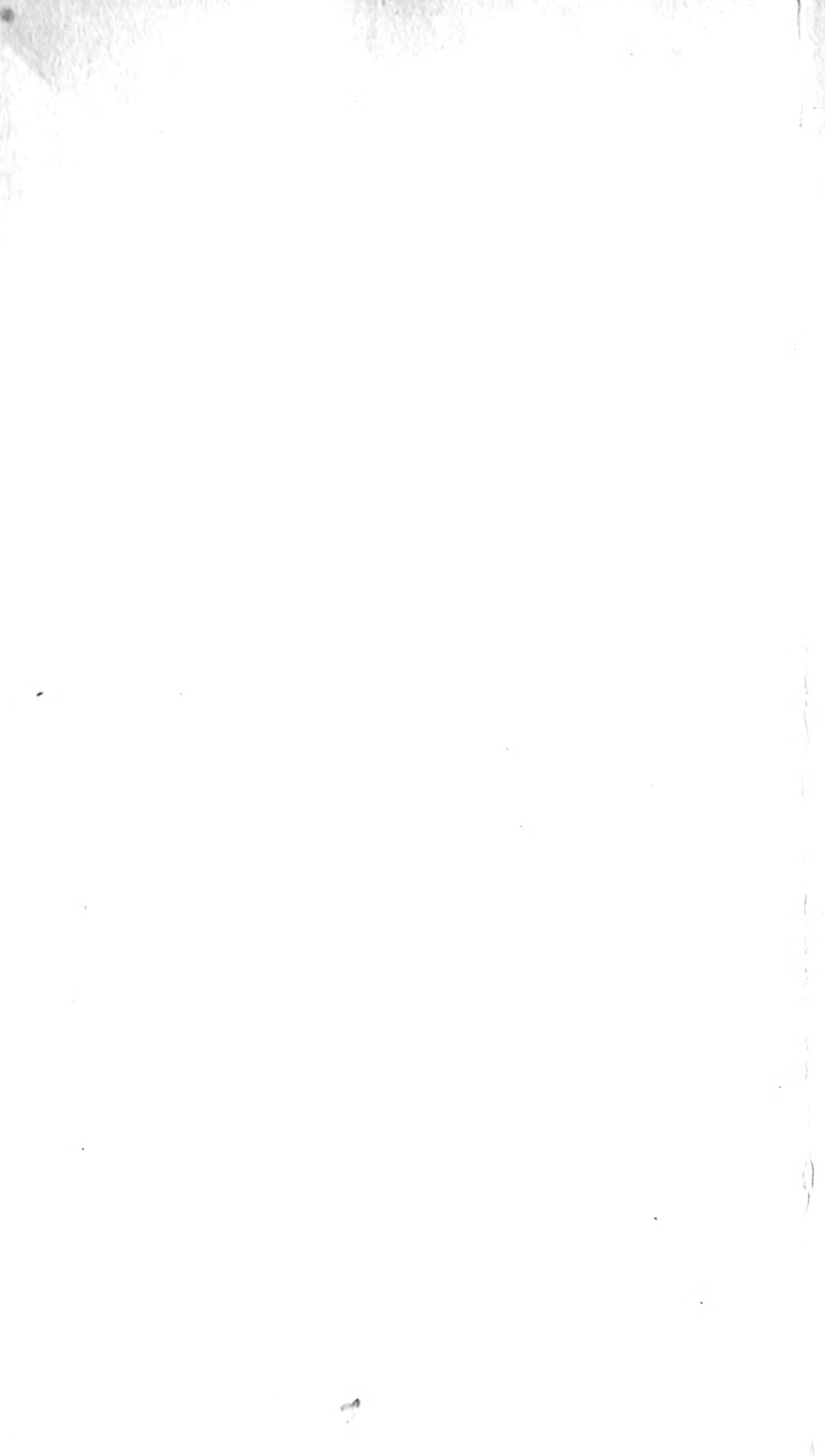
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THE LANTERN

EDITED BY

THEODORE F. BONNET
AND
EDWARD F. O'DAY

FIRST VOLUME
MARCH, 1915 TO MARCH, 1916

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THE LANTERN

THEODORE BONNET, Editor

**It is better to search for the truth of what
concerns us than to hunt for an honest man**

THE VICE OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE

(Third Edition)

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MARCH, 1915

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THE LANTERN

Vol. 1

March, 1915

No. 1

*The Vice of Total Abstinence**

By THEODORE BONNET

THE most characteristic note in the mental attitude of this day in this country is cocksureness. In a period of discontent marked by many nervous disorders and a militant zeal for reform this cocksureness is lamentable. The result of it is a quick conclusion on every important question that bobs up; and so we have large cults of wild-eyed enthusiasts, such as the anti-vivisectionists and the anti-vaccinationists, going up and down the land with flaming banners; also innumerable movements to make perfect the government of man and remedy the mistakes of God. History is repeating itself. We have the same fertility of projects for the salvation of the world that Emerson discusses in his essay on society in New England in the first half of the last century when the "soldiery of dissent" were calling in question the authority of all established customs. Then as now society was tormented by agitations born of the limited knowledge of a narrow outlook that makes dogmatists of men. Even at that early period there was a prohibition movement. Many New Englanders of those days were just as sure as the Prohibitionists now rampant that no good could come out of wine. The question whether to drink or not, in their opinion, was not for debate. The matter was self-evident. This same arrogant cocksureness is again manifest. And it is so aggressive that it is winning its way by intimidation.

Now the drink problem is not so simple as Pro-

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hibitionists would have us believe. It involves many propositions, to have a complete perception of which requires much knowledge of several branches of science and much experience of human nature. How perplexing these propositions are we may judge from the fact that they have appealed to the curiosity of pharmacologists, psychologists, biologists and sociologists. By all these the divers propositions have been studied, and books have been written on the multitude of questions which the propositions have suggested. Yet there are thousands of cocksure clergymen and politicians who, although they may never have read a book of science of any kind, believe themselves competent to pass on the question of prohibition. This is what comes of educating men without encouraging the intellectual pursuits that form great minds, that give men enlarged and commanding views. Every question the half-educated dogmatist decides on its own basis, however narrow, without any light thrown upon it from principles more extensive than itself. Hence the furious zeal of the Prohibitionist, who sees that men get drunk, and knows that drunkenness is an enormous evil. In his opinion there is nothing more for him to know on the subject. If it were to be suggested to him that a little knowledge of the pathology of sex might cause him to abate his enthusiasm for prohibition, he would probably stare in blank amazement. It would mean nothing to him were he told that the sexual instinct and the intoxication impulse, as it is called by the psychologist, were the two chief motives of primitive life. Doubtless he would not believe it if informed that science has found that many of the vagaries, anomalies and abnormalities of the sexual instinct are due to a disturbance of the rhythm of life caused by the repression of the appetite for liquor, which is itself instinctive in most men. The Prohibitionist, indeed, is pleased to take it for granted that the appetite for liquor is only a habit. Scientific authority to the contrary notwithstanding, he insists

that it is a habit. And as to the rhythm of life, this is something unknown to his philosophy. It has never occurred to him that mind and body are interdependent, or that the vital animal spirits which are the essentials of temperament, and which unite the soul and body may be affected, as the Elizabethan psychologists maintained, by what we eat and drink. But this is no scientific treatise. It is the purpose here to avoid whatever is abstruse in science. At this point a few observations will suffice. One is that every species of living being is supplied with all the instincts necessary for the accomplishment of its destinies, and that the repression of any of these instincts disturbs what psychologists call "the rhythm of life." Our instincts have certain inalienable rights which it is folly to repudiate or to treat as illusions. Even the lowest of them should be recognized as fundamental in the laws of nature. And do we not know from experience that it is well to regard as useful anything that God has given us? Profound is the mystery of man's instincts, impulses and aspirations, and we know little more than that in his make-up all things are interdependent. But the Prohibitionist, with a stroke of the pen, would nullify the principles of a whole region of our inner existence.

* * * *

Narcotics The truth is that the liquor question is one
or that calls for the most comprehensive in-
Alcohol? quiry, for it is not enough to consider only
 the physiological effects of alcohol. We must
consider as well its effects on the mind and on the
spirit. Doctors are not in agreement as to its effects.
Some say it is a true stimulant; others that after
stimulation by alcohol comes depression. Whatever the
truth as to that, psychologists tell us that alcohol pro-
duces exhilaration and heightened sensibility, arouses
temperament and intellectual appetites, stirs the emo-
tional nature of man, brings out what he essentially
is; in short, induces precisely those states and moods

in which men have done great things. Now certainly it is of some importance that we should get out of men the best that is in them. If men capable of great achievement were rendered sterile from lack of stimulation, it would not be said rather they should remain so than that weaklings should have the privilege of getting drunk. Of course it is not to be argued that all great men are in need of stimulants. However, Professor Hugo Munsterberg of Harvard, a psychologist of international reputation, who has made a study of the matter, says that no race can rise to great heights on cold water. The same idea was evidently in the mind of the author of "The Present Evolution of Man" when he said that repression of the instinct of a race for alcohol would result in retrogression. Further, we know that the golden age of every people was an age of intemperance. Abstemiousness has always marked periods of decline. In China and India after the people reached a high state of civilization there followed a long period of temperance, and then came the use of narcotics. Throughout all the Eastern countries opium became a curse. "This," says Professor G. S. Partridge of Clark University, in his work *The Psychology of Intemperance*, "is not an accident nor a coincidence but a natural outcome of a decadent or stagnant national spirit." And narcotics nearly always serve as a substitute for liquor. Professor Partridge says that the narcotic impulse is essentially a desire to revert to more primitive states, signifying a turning away from the strenuous life that men love when they drink for exhilaration—to find joy, to forget sorrow. Such were the impulses of the men of the days of Socrates; also of the men of the Renaissance, of the Elizabethan age, and of the age of Fox, Sheridan, Pitt, Burke, Boswell and Garrick, all of whom were known as three-bottle men. In their day drinking was regarded as the measure of manhood. If you could drink three bottles you were looked up to with envy by the men who could drink but two. Contrast those days with the present and think,

"How many a man, both young and old,
Has gone to his sarcophagus
Through pouring water neat and cold
Along his poor aesophagus!"

Nowadays, even moderate drinkers apologize for their taste. Yet it may be their one redeeming quality and the means as well of keeping them alive. This is no jocular observation. The thesis herein is whether it may not be worse to be a total abstainer than to drink, even though one drink intemperately at times. This question is asked in all seriousness, for the total abstainer is doing a great deal of harm in the world. He is probably doing more harm, as may presently be seen, than the habitual drunkard; and assuredly he is doing less good than the temperate drinker or the man who is given to inebriety occasionally. One may quote much reputable authority in support of these propositions; for example, Professor Hugo Munsterberg of Harvard and Professor G. E. Partridge of Clark University, who have noticed that everywhere the creative spirit and artificial stimulation go together. Both learned gentlemen have observed the relationship between the intoxication impulse and the sexual instinct, and Professor Munsterberg is convinced that total abstinence leads to horrible excesses and monstrous practices. But these are matters to be considered more fully farther on.

Meanwhile it is but to be suggested that perhaps the Prohibitionist is not much concerned about stimulating men to high endeavor. Being a Puritan what does he care for the progress of the arts and sciences? His chief concern is that men shall not have too much of the joy of living.

* * * *

The To appreciate the folly of prohibition
Intolerant one must know something of the quintes-
Puritan sence of Puritanism. The Puritan's would
be a life of continuous dark monotony were
it not for the sour jollity that he gets from censoring
other people's pastimes. The Puritan is a person

endowed with a complete misunderstanding of life. Utterly devoid of imagination, he values life by reference to his own sensations. Assuming that man was put on earth to lead a humdrum existence, he minds his faltering steps every inch of the way, accepting his weaknesses in a spirit of unshakable acquiescence. There is nothing to place such a man beyond the reach of spiritual worms that die not, nothing to guard him from the arrows of his conscience, nothing save the fermented juice of the grape which he will not touch. The idea expressed by Nietzsche—that one must carry a chaos inside him to give birth to a dancing star, is utterly beyond the Puritan's power of comprehension. It is not surprising therefore that Puritanism has done nothing for the world. True, it produced a Milton, but the poet who despised a "cloistered virtue" that dared not sally into the world and brave temptation was no true Puritan. Puritanism produced also a Cromwell, but the Puritanism of the Milton-Cromwell era had no quarrel with the Demon Rum. It was Puritanism, however, that went to the usual fanatical extremes, causing a reaction marked by the greatest laxity of morals and licentiousness England has ever known. Whenever we hear of a Puritan he is either trying to free the world from temptation or interfering with somebody's tastes, pleasures or way of life. He spends a lot of time sending bills to the Legislature to take joy out of the Sabbath. He makes himself heard whenever he is shocked at mixed bathing or a beautiful nude statue. All the while he is a dragchain on civilization. The record of Puritanism affords very little material for encomium. It founded a few poor Colonies in New England, but not until the country was discovered by some hot-blooded, rum-drinking Spaniards, Italians and Portuguese who conquered whole empires. The Puritans of New England, from whom our Prohibitionists are descended, are celebrated chiefly for having come to America to vindicate their devotion to the principle of religious liberty, yet from the moment of their arrival they desired it to be

understood that there was no orthodoxy save their doxy. Today the Puritan is distinguished chiefly for his ability in financing the Dry Cause. Of his success in subjecting people to prohibitory laws he is proud, and this notwithstanding the enormous amount of injury he has done. Why he should be proud no man knoweth, for since he began his crusade, as Dr. Edward Huntington Williams of the Iowa State University tells us, the per capita consumption of whisky has doubled in the United States. And it is the testimony of this unbiased physician that it can be shown that prohibition is directly responsible for the increase of the drug habit, of crime and insanity. Now Dr. Williams does no more than bear out the report of the Committee of Fifty of New York. This committee was headed by Bishop Potter, Seth Low, President Eliot of Harvard, Dr. Felix Adler, Professor O. W. Atwater of Wesleyan University, Professor Chittenden of Yale, Richard Watson Gilder and Charles Bonaparte. Their report, embodied in a volume entitled "Physiological Aspects of the Liquor Problem," is remarkable for its learning, painstaking labor and intelligent research. The committee spent years in its investigation. It reported that prohibition was a curse and that apparently the saloon ministered to deep-rooted wants of men.

It would seem to be high time in this country to start a crusade against Puritanism, but perhaps we may depend as usual and with confidence on the common sense of the American people. It may not be hopeless to depend on the Puritan himself now that science is turning on the light. Though intolerance, which in the case of the Puritan is one of the stigmata of atavism, is his chief distinction, it should be remembered that his ancestors were redeemed from many superstitions. In time the Puritan was set right about witchcraft. Once he had a strong prejudice against a child born on the Sabbath, and the child was denied baptism. It was the Puritan's conviction that a child born on the Sabbath was conceived on the Sabbath, and parents had to be very

careful about such things. But one Sunday a son and heir was born to a Puritan bishop, and shortly thereafter the faithful amended their doctrine. Now the proof of their former error was much less conclusive than the testimony to be offered here with a view to supporting the proposition that it is much better to drink even unto drunkenness occasionally than never to drink at all. So the Prohibitionist need not be regarded as utterly beyond redemption. As a matter of fact he was redeemed once and had a relapse. Once before prohibition had a strong hold on the emotions of vast numbers of people. Their enthusiasm oozed out after a little experience of the prohibitory law. Several States that adopted prohibition in the fifties of the last century recanted, and all but one have been freely indulging in alcoholic stimulants ever since. But formerly prohibition was wholly a moral question. God was believed to be on the side of the Prohibitionist. In time the Prohibitionist saw the light, even without the aid of science, which does not concern itself much with moral questions. Since its revival prohibition has become chiefly a question of health—according to the Prohibitionist—and as such it has commanded much attention; for the pursuit of health is a passion nowadays. It is easy to persuade people to give things up for their health. A generation ago when there was current a popular superstition that tomatoes were the cause of cancer, people lost no time in renouncing the malignant vegetable. Even without a propaganda against it the tomato fell into disrepute. No wonder then that the prohibition cause has made many converts. No wonder, especially as the prohibition cry is against alcohol, as though beer and wine were principally alcohol. Professional Prohibitionists always speak of alcoholic beverages as “alcohol.” To be true to this principle the Prohibitionist should speak of his favorite beverages—tea and coffee—as thein. But he never does, and he would probably not believe it if told that so great a scientist as Dr. Harvey, discoverer

of the circulation of the blood, classed tea and coffee with wine, beer and whisky as beverages that should not be banished, but that should be taken temperately.

* * * *

The Alcohol Scare Health being the paramount concern of nearly all of us it is not surprising that vast numbers of people are ardent Prohibitionists. But all things considered it is surprising that vast numbers of people are still fond of the flowing bowl. Not the layman alone, but even the scientist fell into error respecting alcohol, and he ascribed so many diseases to it that it is extraordinary that anybody ever had the courage to take a glass of wine; so extraordinary that the persistent addiction of people to alcoholic beverages ought to give the average intelligent man pause to speculate as to the explanation of the amazing phenomenon. Science once said that paresis, which is uniformly fatal and represents some twelve per cent of all forms of insanity, was caused by alcohol. Now the whole medical world knows that paresis is caused only by the specific germ of syphilis. Again: it was once supposed that alcohol was the principal cause of arteriosclerosis, cirrhosis of the liver and chronic nephritis. Of late it has been found by sane investigators that this supposition is far from warranted. One scientist found cirrhosis in only six per cent of autopsies on hard drinkers; another, that arteriosclerosis was apparently less common among alcoholics than among non-alcoholics. A lot of interesting information on these subjects is to be found in the book "The Question of Alcohol" by Dr. Edward Huntington Williams. The fact is that science has quit guessing about alcohol and making wonderful progress in really scientific investigation of its effects: also of the effects of total abstinence.

**Health
in the
Flowing
Bowl**

As most of us are concerned about our health more than about anything else let us first see what the physiological effects of alcohol are before glancing at the moral aspects of the drink question. Prohibitionists tell us that alcohol is a poison. Even so, aside from the many good uses to which it is put by physicians, it may serve an excellent purpose in the evolution of man. Speaking on this very point Professor Partridge says "the lesser evil is often employed by nature to lead to the larger good." In line with this thought are the observations of Sir James Paget, who tells us that the appetite for some poisons has already been justified by science, and that the use of alcohol, which is the most widespread and persistent of all, will in all probability be fully explained and justified. If it can be shown, as perhaps it may be shown in the course of our brief study of the matter, that total abstinence from alcoholic beverages renders the body susceptible to many diseases, also, that it is frequently and among great masses of men marked by habits and excesses of a kind that speedily lead to sexual vices and utter depravity, then it would hardly be extravagant to say that the appetite for alcohol has already been justified. But what does medical science say about alcohol? Does it pronounce alcohol a poison? No, the International Physiological Congress tells us that alcohol is not a poison, but a food. This emphatic dictum of an eminent scientific body finds corroboration in a sense in a report of the Collective Investigating Committee of the British Medical Association on the subject of the average age of men. It is popularly supposed that habits of temperance tend to longevity, but the report of the British doctors, which consists chiefly of elaborate tabular ratings and comparisons, suggests the inadvisability of total abstinence if we would prolong our lives. It appears from the report that the average age of temperate drinkers is 62.13 years; that of intemperate drinkers (hard drinkers and drunkards) 52.03 years; that of total abstainers 51.22 years. To the average person

who has been absorbing the wonderful statistics disseminated by Prohibitionists through the years, the findings of the British scientists are doubtless incredible. Nay, ninety-nine men out of a hundred will regard these findings with suspicion. Even doctors, while they will not challenge the honesty of the British Medical Society will not accept the figures as conclusive. And of course, as has been said, they are not conclusive. They are but data insufficient to serve as a basis of scientific deduction. There is only this to be said of them,—that they are not tainted with intellectual dishonesty. The British Medical Association is a scientific body of high standing; of much higher standing, let us say, than Congressman Richmond Pearson Hobson, the typical militant teetotaler, who has been going through the country telling us how many people die from alcohol every year.

* * * *

**The
Galton
Laboratory**

Quite as astonishing as the findings of the British Medical Association, and certainly as disquieting to the men who have capitalized the prohibition industry, are the findings of another British institution of high standing—the Francis Galton Laboratory in National Eugenics. These investigators have flatly contradicted the Prohibition school of eugenics, by which we are told that as a result of indulgence in alcoholic beverages parents reduce the vitality of their offspring and impair their mentality. In view of the steady improvement of the race through the ages, even when it was quite fashionable not only to drink but to get drunk, it would seem hardly to require scientific investigation to cast doubt on the assertion of Prohibition experts in eugenics, but as we have the findings of the Galton Laboratory scientists let us be grateful. According to these scientists total abstainers are not the ideal propagators of the human species. More than three thousand children were examined, of whom about one-half were the offspring of alcoholics—not temperate drinkers but drunkards. It was found that the general health of the children of

drunkards was "on the whole slightly better than that of the children of non-alcoholics." Tuberculosis and epilepsy were less frequent in the alcoholic group than in the non-alcoholic. Further, no relation between defects of vision and parental alcoholism was established by the investigators, errors of refraction and other visual defects being indeed rather more common among the children of sober parents. To sum up: the investigators failed to establish any relation whatever between the drinking habits of parents and the intelligence, physique and health of the children.

Incredible? To be sure. The curse of alcohol having been dinned into our ears all our lives it is not easy to conceive of alcohol as a blessing. Popular belief in the Demon Rum is like that of the old New England Puritan's belief in witchcraft. Ever since 1879 when the W. C. T. U. put through its scheme "for thorough text book study of scientific temperance in public schools," Americans have been taught that alcohol is a deadly poison and nothing more. Naturally it makes us incredulous to be told at this late day that one may drink and prosper and that one may not abstain without danger. The Prohibitionists of the W. C. T. U. and kindred organizations have long been instilling into the public mind many plausible fallacies that from damnable iteration have come to be accepted as truisms. Their dogmatism has been singularly effective. It has gone without challenge. Who has ever thought of questioning the assertion that to drink is to transmit sundry ills to posterity? The scientists of the Galton Laboratory were the first to raise a doubt as to the truth of what has been said through the years respecting the physical defects inherited from parents addicted to alcoholic beverages. Now there are other investigators corroborating the findings of the Galton scientists. One of them is Henry Herbert Goddard, Ph. D., director of the Research Laboratory of the Training School for Feeble-minded at Vineland, New Jersey. He has written a very interesting book—"Feeble-Mindedness: Its Causes and Consequences." This scientist has found

after years of investigation that there is no evidence to show that excess of alcohol directly causes feeble-minded offspring. According to Goddard the excessive use of alcohol is one of many signs of feeble-mindedness. He does not say, as does the Prohibitionist, that the feeble-minded drunkard is feeble-minded because of excessive drinking. He says that the drunkard became addicted to the excessive use of alcohol because he was feeble-minded. This is the view of several investigators. Indeed it is now a pretty generally accepted theory that habitual drunkenness is a manifestation not an effect; in other words, that the feeble-minded person becomes a drunkard because of his defective mentality. He might become anything else. Feeble-mindedness manifests itself in many ways. Some feeble-minded persons, according to Goddard, love a certain class of religious exercises. They are prominent as converts at revivalist meetings. All of which suggests that it is not improbable that some of our wild-eyed Prohibitionists who go about affirming with impressive certitude many things that are not so and a few that are preposterous, do so because they are feeble-minded. Indeed it is but charitable to account for what appears to be the intellectual dishonesty of certain zealots on the theory that they are feeble-minded. For in some instances their assertions are so preposterous that they carry no weight at all. For example they tell us how many people die from alcohol in this country every year. In some instances the number is greater than the total number of deaths from all causes. Again: they tell us that life insurance companies refuse to insure drinkers. One lecturer made this statement in the course of a debate in San Francisco, and his opponent obtained from the Life Underwriters' Association of San Francisco a letter flatly contradicting the assertion. Life insurance companies have been getting over their prejudice against alcohol. Indeed their only prejudice is against intemperate drinkers. If they refused to insure all men who drink they would have

very little business. Dr. Avery of the Manhattan Life Insurance Company recently observed that "a man who is an over-eater is not likely to live as long as some excessive drinkers."

Now the truth about the findings of the British Medical Association and the Galton Laboratory is that while they may be incredible they are not inconsistent with truths that science has been discovering. Indeed, as will be shown, we should have reason to be astonished were these findings otherwise, and assuredly they have not astonished scientists who have given the matter of total abstinence deep study. There is, for instance, Dr. Isenhardt, the Swiss scientist, who says that the total abstainer "reaches his fiftieth year with great difficulty." Dr. Isenhardt's view is identical with that of Dr. John S. Billings of the Committee of Fifty, Dr. A. J. Starke and other scientists who declare that alcohol is normally present in the healthy organism. Dr. Starke holds that as some organisms are not of normal vitality the moderate use of alcohol is a very important hygienic measure. It is probably more important to the average Puritan than to the average man, as the average Puritan is essentially a man of low vitality. That is why he is a Puritan; and why also, if he is also a Prohibitionist, he is not a good insurance risk; why, also, that there is not much difference between his children and the children of the common drunkard.

* * * *

Alcohol a
Prophylactic

But let us bask in the white light of science. In The Lancet of London, a medical journal that circulates wherever English is spoken, there appeared early in October, 1914, an article from the pen of H. Lyon Smith, a scientist of world-wide reputation. It was written for the purpose of explaining to the satisfaction of British Puritans why rum was supplied to Tommy Atkins of the Expeditionary army in France. Referring to the assertion frequently made by temperance lecturers to the effect that alcohol "inhibits phagocytosis, thereby impairing the first line of defense," he said: "I have

never discovered the experimental evidence upon which this statement is made, and about five years ago I did some research work on my own account to ascertain its accuracy or otherwise." As a result of this work he found that alcohol in moderate doses "distinctly increased phagocytic action against these pathogenic organisms." In this same Lancet article the distinguished British scientist told of experiments made by Professor Besredka of the Pasteur Institute on the subject of anaphylaxis. All the test animals were given the same initial dose of proteid and all received the same lethal dose on the day of greatest sensitiveness, but between doses some of the animals were given alcohol. All the teetotal animals died, and all the alcoholics survived. "It was evident," said Dr. Smith, "that the alcohol had in some fashion neutralized the poison, stimulated the animals' blood to develop an anti-toxin, or narcotized the nervous system so that the nerve centers were impervious for a time." He added: "Many apparently healthy people are unwitting carriers of pathogenic bacteria, such as various types of influenza bacilli, pneumococci, the large family streptococci and the B. coli group. These only need some depressing factor in the shape of danger, hunger, damp and cold to lose their normal resistance to the germs and fall an easy prey to acute infections which may assume the form of influenza fever, rheumatism, pneumonia, bronchitis or septicaemia. When numbers are herded together severe epidemics may easily arise from such a focus, and a virus which has suddenly taken on a greater degree of virulence, spreads very rapidly."

After reading H. Lyon Smith one sees that it is not at all incredible that the average life of temperate drinkers should be more than ten years longer than the average life of total abstainers; for we see that the abstainer is exposed to many diseases against which the temperate drinker is fortified. But alcohol is beneficial not merely as a prophylactic against certain germ diseases. It is beneficial for the sensations it produces, sensations which are denied to the total ab-

stainer. In an age when the human machine is under forced draught it is in need of relaxation. To deprive oneself of relief from the irritations, anxieties and solemnities of life is to invite collapse. The sub-conscience is not wholesome as a steady companion. Concentration on the vital things of life makes for the wear and tear of the nervous system. We must have mental diversion, there is need of buoyancy of the spirit, of relaxation from solemnity and dullness. And so we take a drink occasionally, or else, like De Quincey and Coleridge we indulge in narcotics, or, like the Turks, who abstain from alcohol, we yield to some other carnal appetite. Not all of us to be sure, for there are many phlegmatic souls in the world who crave not stimulants, who go without liquor but repress no appetite. But generally speaking the repression of one instinct reacts on the whole organism, and the result is disastrous, the ideal state being that of harmony of mind and body which was the object of the training which the ancient Greeks subjected themselves to. The Greek ideal was far removed from asceticism; also from license.

* * * *

Socrates
and
Lorand

The word which best sums up the ideal of the Greeks at the highest point their civilization reached is "temperance." The self-realization to which they aspired was an ordered evolution of the natural faculties under the self-control of a balanced mind. Temperance was the ideal of Socrates, one of the most beautiful characters in all the history of Greece. Without a touch of asceticism he knew how to be contented with little. Naturally abstemious, he could drink, when he chose, more than any other man, but no one ever saw him drunk. He was a strong advocate of the pleasures of life as a means of preserving health by releasing the human soul from its wrapping, plunging it into ardors and ecstasies, and ridding it of depression and dullness. Modern science confirms the views of Socrates in this as in many other matters. By the time a man of intelligence has reached middle life it does not re-

quire the special knowledge of a physician to impress him with the fact that there is nothing so deadly as worry and anxiety. However, it is well to fortify one's judgment with the advice of science in matters affecting the health. So let us turn in this instance to Dr. Arnold Lorand, the famous Carlsbad physician, author of a work that has caused much stir in the world—"Old Age Deferred." The name is almost as unscientific as Dr. David Starr Jordan, a Prohibitionist, but the standing of the author in his profession is well established, the value and importance of his work are universally recognized. Now Dr. Lorand does not recommend whisky as a tonic. Neither does he recommend total abstinence. He is for drinking in moderation whether it be an alcoholic beverage, tea or coffee. But above all Dr. Lorand is for joy and merriment. Care, worry, grief and sorrow—through these agencies more than all others, he tells us, comes premature old age. Once upon a time Dr. Lorand met a robust boatman on the Island of Capri—a man in the eighties—who astonished him, so vigorously did he handle his oars. Asked how he managed to keep so young, the boatman replied, "*Sempre allegro*" (always merry). Here is the secret of the fountain of perennial youth divulged by a scientist. Let the investigators of the British Medical Association and the Galton Laboratory ponder it. Perhaps they may then perceive why their findings are at variance with the preconceptions of Prohibitionists. Here is a student of physical processes and phenomena who, merely by telling us what we all know, illumines like a flash in the dark the deductions of scientific investigators, the results of laboratory experiments. To Carlsbad and Dr. Lorand go men broken in health from every land bordering the seven seas. Dr. Lorand has studied many thousands of cases, and from his wealth of experience he has learned that to be merry is to be healthy, and that to worry, to grieve, to sorrow is to invite disease. Now conceding that this famous physician is right, is it hard to believe that the total abstainer reaches his fiftieth year with great difficulty?

The Our conception of a teetotaler is a gentleman
Mirthless with dyspepsia who bolts his meals with the aid
Man of ice water, thus foregoing the pleasures of the
table, which are not always wholly the pleasures of eating and drinking. What a lot of pleasures this unfortunate creature is cut off from! How much that adds to the discomforts of life he has to endure! He cannot even rid himself with a drink of the cobwebs that are darkening his brain. The truth is that many avenues to pleasure are closed to the teetotaler. He is marooned far from the sparkling stream of social intercourse. Now sociability is part of the sanctity of life, and drink is a spur to wit and creates the conditions in which any sort of conversation seems good conversation. It is no wonder that for a long time man was inclined to regard the gift of strong drink as something peculiarly divine. How natural, since it invited the ecstatic state in which the mind visualized the object of desire, in which the soul transcended the trammels of prosaic existence and communed with the gods! What does the teetotaler know of the sparkling fancies that whirl and foam in a glass of champagne; of the solid comfort furnished by those twin enemies to carking care—a pipe and a glass of beer; of the mild and serene philosophy in “good old Burgundy ready to shed its sunset glow?” It is not to be said that all teetotalers are dull and sombre, but certainly not to a club of Prohibitionists would a man go in quest of a rollicking companion with a relish for the zested frivolities of life. Not from a man with an aversion to wine do we expect the mirth that would “move a soul in agony.” When Shakespeare gave us an incarnation of merriment he created the immortal Falstaff. The poet, by the way, was ahead of the scientist in discovering the secret of perennial youth. He tells us that mirth “bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life;” also that he would rather heat his liver with wine than cool his heart with mortifying groans, and in the very next line he imaged for us a figure that symbolizes the Prohibitionist who “creeps into the jaundice by being peevish.” It is the figure of “a grandsire cut in alabaster.”

So much by way of indicating that if merriment is essential to long life the teetotaler has not far to go. The fact is he is under a two-fold handicap: for want of a prophylactic he is exposed to the diseases mentioned in *The Lancet*; he has fewer aids to essential mirth than the man who is tolerant of the bottle. To compensate for these deprivations, to bathe his soul in sunshine now and then, he must have resources within himself. How rare is the man who is thus blessed! The average teetotaler has few ways to forget the stepmotherliness of the world.

By such reflections as these we see that it is with the subject of prohibition as with religion according to Lord Bacon. Whereas, says Bacon, a little study of religion alienates a man from God, a profound study brings him back. Similarly if a little study of the drink question under the guidance of the half-educated W. C. T. U. will drive us to total abstinence, a profound study of it in the temple of science will reconcile us to the juice of the grape,—the fermented juice that St. Paul recommended to Timothy.

* * * *

Alcohol and the Sexual Life Science makes it clear enough to anybody free from the Puritan's ingrained preconceptions that total abstinence is not conducive to the physical welfare of man. But the vice or virtue of total abstinence is not to be determined wholly by the physiological effects of alcohol. A question of equal importance is what are the moral effects of abstaining from alcohol? We are not inquiring as to the effects of prohibition. Dr. Edward Huntington Williams, who conducted a thorough investigation in the hospitals and prisons of the prohibition States, tells us prohibition has increased lunacy and crime in the United States. But prohibition is another question. Herein the inquiry is with reference not to the effects of prohibition, which are bad enough, but with the effects of voluntary abstinence. We are concerned not with the laws of man which may or may not be enforced.

We are concerned with the unwritten laws of God that give us the rhythm of human life. Of these laws we may learn something from the phenomena of the human comedy. There is much to be learned through our own power of observation, a little to be learned from men like Professor Partridge and Professor Munsterberg, who warn us against the narrow routine of a sterile emotional life and the monotony of a narrow outlook. Now Professor Partridge, while he deplores all the evils of intemperance, is not unaware of the strange tendencies of the total abstainer or of the consummate stupidity of the men and women who would banish alcohol. He would have us understand that the appetite for liquor "is no chance impulse." "Whenever," he says, "a habit or capacity for a particular form of behaviour is found to be deep-seated and wide-spread, whether in animal or man, it has a particular meaning." And he tells us we can never grasp any great problem of public hygiene until we understand the nature of the human passions that cause it to exist. Professor Partridge has found that almost every primitive and savage people discovered an intoxicating drink; that among all of them intoxication was approved by custom and conscience, and was in the closest relation to the part of life thought to be most significant and profound. He asserts that alcohol has been of great importance in fostering the social characters on which our civilization rests. But the point which concerns us most in all this discussion is that there is a very close relation between the intoxication impulse and the sexual life. Professor Partridge says that in the Dionysiac cults of Greece sex, religion and intoxication "were combined in an undifferentiated feeling." This is a matter of common knowledge among students of Greek literature. The fact is that the passion for drink has always been strong among the most highly civilized peoples. Throughout history high achievement is associated with great feasting and deep drinking. And while the appetite for strong drink has always been part of the equipment of rough virtue, as among the

pioneers of California, a great love of intoxicants is found among nearly all great, vigorous minds—warriors as well as scholars and thinkers. Now it is the theory of Professor Partridge that the impulse to drink, or the “intoxication impulse” as he calls it, “serves the purpose on the mental side of *directing the energies away from the central instinct of sex*” while *providing exercise for forces in the organism “which are always in danger of diversion and establishment on low planes, yet which must be made active if the higher enthusiasms and interests are to be aroused.”*

It is somewhat complicated psychology that the professor gives us, and unfortunately he does not always make his deductions clear. But from a close study of the phenomena that he mentions one perceives that alcohol has always served to quicken the imagination, which is a faculty that serves not only the creative spirit but also the sexual impulse. Of course the constant excessive use of alcohol impairs all faculties, but to abstain from it is to put the imagination in need of a stimulus, to render it so dull as to create a craving for the unique.

* * * *

**A Cause
of
Degeneracy** What Professor Partridge says of the service rendered by the passion for drink seems to warrant the inference that he is in accord with Professor Munsterberg of Harvard, who finds that total abstainers are inclined to become degenerates. Professor Munsterberg has no prepossessions that influence his judgment or feelings on the question. He never took a cocktail in his life, and though a German, only occasionally does he drink beer. Further, he recognizes the evils which are contracted with the drinking habit. He says there are thousands of victims of it every year, but he adds: “To say that certain evils come from a certain source suggests only to fools the hasty annihilation of the source before studying whether greater evils might not result from its destruction.”

Now Professor Munsterberg, who has given much scientific study to the subject of the effect of liquor

and the effect of total abstinence on peoples as well as on the individual says: "Intemperance and abstinence alike work against the highest interests of civilization; temperance alone offers the most favorable psychological conditions for the highest cultural achievement." The reason that abstinence works against those interests, he explains, is that man *must have some relief from the irritations and anxieties of life; and "sexual over-indulgence, and perversion brutality and crime have always been the psychological means of overcoming the eruptiveness of an unstimulated life."*

Professor Munsterberg further says:

"I speak as a psychotherapist whose experiences cover the whole country when I say that the spreading of cocainism and morphinism, of sexual perversions and ruinous habits among the abstainers is alarming."

Each of these scientists has perceived that the passion for alcoholic stimulants is an expression of an instinct that is far-reaching in its effects. Another scientist, Professor Reid, in his work, "The Present Evolution of Man," affirms positively that they are wrong who think the craving for alcohol an acquired habit. He says it "is like sexual life, an instinct," and that the success, therefore, of any scheme for the extinction of the alcoholic supply "must result in an aggravation of the craving for that state of mind which indulgence in alcohol induces." Further: "abolish alcohol and the race would retrograde." Doubtless he means that it would retrograde along the lines suggested by Professor Munsterberg. And doubtless Professor Patridge is of the same opinion. He says it is difficult to avoid the conclusion "that reproductive and other functions are concerned in the history of the intoxication impulse;" and warning us against banishing the saloon, he says: "Vices are interchangeable, and in many the suppression of the habit of drinking increases other vices and abnormalities no better but less easily observed." He adds: "The love of excitement and enthusiasm that keep the saloon habit alive must be transformed, but not suppressed or ignored." These views,

by the way, are not at all new. There were psychologists before Munsterberg and Partridge who were aware of the subtle reactions in the human organism and of the effect of artificial restraints. Read Montaigne's essay on Drink, and you will find that he deemed it wise for man to do no more than curb and moderate his inclinations, and unwise to attempt to suppress them. In his day and generation there was a liquor problem in France. "Is it that we pretend to a reformation?" he asks: "Truly, no; but it may be we are now more addicted to Venus than our forefathers were." And he quotes Plutarch with reference to a case of child murder. Plutarch wondered whether by giving rein to some other passion the murderers might not have resisted their blood thirst. Montaigne also quotes Antisthenes thus: "I had rather be mad than voluptuous." So it appears that our modern psychology is like everything else under the sun.

Now as we have seen, psychologists are in accord. Professor Partridge recognizes, as does Professor Munsterberg, the need of diminishing the impact of the external world on the nervous system, and he, too, remarks the tendency to narcotics, "which is an impulse," he says, "to arouse jaded forces and to create artificial pleasures." Briefly, the objection to total abstinence from the standpoint of the psychologist is this—that unless we take temperate doses of alcohol there is no reduction on the strain of the strenuous life, and as a consequence the nervous system degenerates, and men thus afflicted easily become addicted to evil practices. Often they are incited thereto by narcotics, but sometimes wholly as a result of the wear and tear of the nervous system. It may be said that habitual drunkenness and narcotics lead to the same tragedy of life, but it should be remembered that the habitual drunkard is rare in a world of drinkers.

Thus we see that the psychologist and the psychotherapist help to make less incredible the findings of the British Medical Association and of the scientists of

the Galton Laboratory. For nothing so quickly undermines health as sexual excesses and perversions; nothing plays such havoc with the nervous system and the heart. And if total abstainers are given to sexual excesses it is no wonder that children of total abstainers have less vitality than the children of alcoholics. The psychologist, the psychotherapist and the doctor confirm one another, and confirming the three are the facts of every day life.

* * * *

Some Of these facts some that were quite
Prohibition startling came to light last year in one
Perverts corner of California where there is a large colony of prosperous Puritans leading a leisurely existence and given much to religious ecstasy. Long Beach is the name of their home. It is a suburb of Los Angeles. There is not a saloon in the town, but there are some fine churches wherein Prohibitionists are wont to mount the pulpit, inveigh against the Demon Rum and take up collections for the Cause. In short Long Beach is a model town, much concerned about the kind of human progress that is to be made according to Puritanical formulas. Last year the chief of police of Long Beach, a busy-body functionary, was guilty of what the ascetic community regarded as pernicious activity. He raided a club maintained in the interest of sexual pervers, where he found some of the leading citizens in beautiful décollete gowns. About fifty were arrested, all of whom with one or two exceptions pleaded guilty to an offense euphemistically described in the chaste records of this beautiful suburb as "social vagrancy." The news of this scandal was suppressed in all but a few of the newspapers of California. The Sacramento Bee was the only paper that deemed it worth while to give the matter more than scant publicity. The Bee having found that the vice that had its temple in Long Beach had an extraordinarily large number of devotees throughout Los Angeles county, which is the hotbed of Prohibitionists, made the matter a subject of special inquiry, and learned that the police of Los Angeles had been arrest-

ing perverts at the rate of about a dozen a day. The disclosures were so startling that when the Legislature met in January of this year a bill was introduced by which it was proposed to amend the penal code with a view to discouraging purple vices peculiar to the prohibition centre. Meanwhile the Puritans of Long Beach, frothing with indignation, were seriously discussing the advisability of ridding themselves of the over-zealous chief of police for interfering with their exotic amours.

This Long Beach scandal is deserving of the serious consideration of those anti-Prohibitionists who urge as an objection to prohibition that it does not prohibit. This may be its one redeeming feature, since, as we see, there is one place in all the land where prohibition does prohibit—Long Beach—and we know what has happened there.

Of course it is not to be assumed that the Long Beach scandal is typical. It is pointed to merely as an instance that in a small measure bears out what is said by Professor Munsterberg and other scientists, among them being one of the leading physicians of the country—Dr. Dana of New York, president of the New York Academy of Medicine, who says: "The immediate removal of alcohol from social life would lead to social and racial decadence." Hardly incredible, this assertion, if we consider the practices of some of the peoples of Asia who are total abstainers and devoted to a phallic morality; less incredible if we consider the most striking consequences of prohibition in the South mentioned by Dr. Edward Huntington Williams. This distinguished physician personally investigated conditions in the hospitals and prisons of Georgia, North Carolina, Mississippi and Tennessee, in which States the law against intoxicants is enforced only to such an extent as to make it difficult for the negroes and the whites of the lower classes to obtain liquor. Dr. Williams says that prohibition has driven men to morphine and cocaine. It has filled the insane asylums of the South with white and black "dope fiends." and as a result of the drug habit, he says,

"sexual desires are increased and perverted." Here we have the physician corroborating the psychologist. The physician, by the way, goes much further than the psychologist respecting the immorality of prohibition. For besides asserting unqualifiedly that men deprived of alcoholic stimulants take to drugs that induce abnormality of sexual desire he points out that whereas there is no such thing as moderation in the use of habit-forming drugs, the drunkard is the exception among men who drink. On this point he quotes Dr. Thomas W. Salmon who expresses the same view in a single sentence: "In a world of drinkers the alcoholic is an abnormal type." Dr. Williams adds that the individuals whom prohibitory legislation is designed to protect "are precisely the ones who refuse to be thus protected, for by hook or by crook they will secure alcohol," or else they will buy cocaine or morphine, and thus become degenerates. No wonder Professor Munsterberg observed, "Better America inspired than America sober, if soberness is to mean absolute abstinence."

* * * *

The Let us pursue this inquiry further by
Libidinous taking note of other phenomena that seem
Clergyman to bear out doctors and psychologists with
 reference to the relation between total abstinence and the vices and weaknesses of Puritans and perverts. Hardly a week passes in this country without the downfall of a clergyman occasioned by sexual passion unrestrained. In the first month of this year two clergymen, one a hired prohibition agitator, both married men, figured in seduction cases that filled much space in the daily papers of San Francisco. In another State in the same month a clergyman confessed that he had perjured himself for hire in a murder case. In another State the press despatches told of episodes of unspeakable perversity in which a clergyman played a conspicuous part. Four clerical rascals exposed in one month! Nothing unusual in this. Now how are we to account for this frailty of our pietists! This is a question that deserves serious

consideration. It is not addressed to the mocker or the cynic, but rather to persons of good feeling who have the interests of religion and morality at heart. A great responsibility rests on the Christian ministry. It owes above all things good example to the world. It has been said that if a minister takes one step into the world his hearers will take two. Nowadays the wayward minister has on seven-league boots, and the pulpit attracts attention in no small degree by its vices. Numerically a small profession, the Christian ministry furnishes more examples of the lust that is lawless than any other. A most remarkable phenomenon, this, one that should excite more than idle curiosity and at least as much concern as we give to commonplace evils. It would seem to behoove the pulpit itself to take cognizance of the marked susceptibilities in the wrong direction of men whose lives should be visible piety. It will hardly do to account for the spread of depravity in the Christian ministry on the theory that Satan has rounded up all his legions for a drive against the citadel of morality, for as a matter of fact, and perhaps of some significance, ministers with the libidinous temperament are peculiar to only two or three of the five and thirty jarring sects. The record shows that the majority of the clergymen who are less interested in the soul than the body are of the churches that are known in England as non-conformist. These clergymen are generally of the ascetic type, men who were reared in the Puritan atmosphere, who believe that man was made for the Sabbath, and that rum is distilled in the nether regions. Now it is a mistake to assume that these preachers who go wrong are arrant hypocrites. There is not so much hypocrisy in the world as the cynic would have us believe. That a man does what he condemns is not proof that he is a hypocrite. Many a man fails to practice all he wishes or approves. The only genuine hypocrite is the person who professes what he does not believe or who despises and detests what he outwardly affects to admire. No, the clergyman who goes in for adultery or seduction or the practices of

the pervert is not necessarily a hypocrite. More likely he is a man of low vitality and dull imagination whose spirit is willing but whose flesh is weak. But why is there so much of a special weakness of flesh among non-conformist clergymen of the Puritan type? Is it unreasonable to assume that Professor Munsterberg, Professor Partridge, Dr. Williams and Dr. Dana supply the answer? No, the repression of one instinct reacts on another. Exemplification of this is to be found in the history of the pietists and mystics of Germany shortly after the Reformation, and in the history of the Puritans of New England. Popularly it is believed that the Puritans were a very moral people. The fact is that while they loved to censor other people's pleasures and insisted on imposing their own code of ethics on others, there was a positive laxity of morals among them. Charles Francis Adams has pointed out that a very close relationship existed between the morbid spiritual experiences for which the great and good Jonathan Edwards was primarily responsible and the "tide of immorality" which "rolled over the land between 1761 and 1775."

* * * *

Some

Criminal

Types

Let us see if we may not find further corroboration of science in the facts of every day life. A few of these are to be found we believe in the penal institutions of the land. Prohibition agitators tell us that alcohol is responsible for nine-tenths of all crime. From this they argue that prohibition would reduce the cost of supporting police, courts and prisons. But we have yet to learn where any police force has been reduced, any prison abolished, any bench vacated, in prohibition territory. Prohibition statistics as to crime are not of a very authoritative character. They are based on the assertions of criminals questioned in penitentiaries. No criminal likes to admit that he is inherently bad, or that it was agreeable to him to take to crime. He prefers to excite compassion, or to claim indulgence, and so he explains that "liquor did it." This is one

of the familiar jokes of prison life. Nobody but a Prohibitionist takes it seriously. Of course liquor does brutalize some men, and men commit crimes of violence while under the influence of liquor, but the average burglar, the average footpad, the average forger, the average embezzler is not a hard drinker, as any experienced police official will tell you. The average shrewd criminal knows the importance of keeping his wits about him, and nobody hears of a footpad or a burglar under the influence of liquor in the active practice of his profession. Now while liquor does brutalize some men, there are many that appear to have been brutalized by total abstinence. At any rate it is generally the teetotaler who is arrested for disgusting practices that token an abnormal and perverted sexual instinct. This is the testimony of Judge Thomas F. Graham of San Francisco, a veteran jurist, some of whose experience was gained in a criminal court. It is also the testimony of Dennis Duffy, an enthusiastic penologist, who was for years a director of the State penitentiaries of California. According to Duffy there is a room set aside at San Quentin for the religious services of psalm-singers, and most conspicuous in the small congregation are Puritans and total abstainers convicted of sexual crimes. In this connection it may be of interest to observe that one of the most horrible and revolting crimes in the history of this country was committed by a Sunday school teacher of the name of Theodore Durrant. Durrant was a pervert who shunned liquor. He murdered two girls in a San Francisco church where he taught Sunday school, and he concealed their bodies in the belfry.

As Prohibitionists affect concern about the volume of crime it is to be inferred that they would be quick to take an interest in suggestions for the reformation of criminals. So it may be well to point out that life in our penitentiaries tends to confirm men in their evil ways. This it may be shown is in a measure due to total abstinence. Whatever appetite for liquor a criminal may have had before going to a penitentiary

there he is very likely to develop a craving for narcotics. The reason is clear. So strong is the prejudice that has been cultivated against alcohol no warden would have the courage to serve convicts with grog. If he dared the W. C. T. U. would get him. And as it is well nigh impossible to smuggle a bulky package of liquor into a penitentiary, but far from impossible to smuggle in morphine or cocaine, convicts find exhilaration in these drugs. Thus they become victims of the drug habit, and are seldom to be reclaimed. They also become precisely what Professor Munsterberg says is the fate of total abstainers. Life in all penitentiaries is not the same, but it is a matter of common knowledge that drugs are in use among convicts in many of the large penitentiaries; for the evil has been frequently the subject of public investigation. As to life in the penitentiaries of California abundant information is available. These penitentiaries are hotbeds of the most disgusting sexual vices. The problem of curbing these vices is the paramount problem of penitentiary life. Among convicts are many men of education, of good breeding, men not of the professional criminal class. To them the horror of prison life is the awful prospect which is unfolded to them by degenerates in stripes in the first week of their experience behind prison walls. And few of them escape contamination or resist complete demoralization. A terrible indictment this of our civilization! But the unspeakable enormity is never discussed openly. No California prison commissioner, however, will attempt to evade the truth. He will tell you that the penitentiary at San Quentin is being enlarged with a view to providing each convict with a separate cell in the hope that the vice may be controlled.

Now it is not to be dogmatically asserted that the vice is wholly due to compulsory abstinence. The facts are recited merely by way of showing that what Professor Munsterberg declares to be inevitable in certain circumstances is rampant in San Quentin where convicts are denied grog, and where there is

some traffic in drugs, and where men are educated in bestial practices, against the temptation to which they might be fortified with a little liquor. Is San Quentin exceptional among penitentiaries? Hardly is it to be thought that such is the case. Surely one is justified in feeling that the question to be solved is infinitely more important to society than the question whether we should experiment in prohibition all over the country. Further, it is to be suggested that the problem might be solved by allowing convicts grog with the understanding that individuals would be put on a grogless diet whenever they were found guilty of using morphine or cocaine or indulging in sexual perversions. But there is little hope of the suggestion winning acceptance while Puritanism remains a blight on our civilization and the W. C. T. U. pursues its political activities. If our politicians are afraid to revive the canteen notwithstanding the evils that ensued from its abolition, there is no likelihood of their substituting grog for dope in the penitentiaries. There is only this hope to cherish,—that some day the educated women of the country will get together and offset in the interest of public decency the influence of the lopsided sons and daughters of Puritanism.

At this late day in a country that preens itself on the number of its schools and the nobility of its ideals it seems strange that serious consideration should have to be given to the prejudices of the Puritan. A quarter of a century ago Matthew Arnold called attention to the numerical strength of the Puritan in America, saying that this was the answer to the question why we were so short on culture. With all our education the Puritan persists, and the numerical strength of him is still an impeachment of our civilization. He casts a gloom over the brightest expectations of human progress. He is one of the most discouraging signs of the times. What progress can have been made toward the refinements of civilization in a country where the makers of government yield to the persuasions of a third-rate mind in preference to the authority of learning, the teaching of science and the

counsel of experience and common sense? The question is asked in no querulous spirit. There is here no disposition to quarrel. Nothing more emphatically proves the mental weakness of the Puritan than his zeal for the principle of total abstinence. The truth is that total abstinence has never received the sanction of any intellect of the first rank. Wise men and sensible moralists of all ages have deplored drunkenness, but no statesman of the first rank, no clergyman, physician, writer or scholar of the first rank ever urged compulsory abstinence or ever discussed prohibition without affirming the folly and irrationality of it. It is unthinkable that any person of high intelligence should ever be found advocating the rash, intemperate innovations of plodding stupidity. The well-ordered mind reckons with "the mighty trunk and hard husk of nature and habit," and is able to perceive the inevitable mischief of striving for a larger measure of reform than the human animal is capable of assimilating. Further, there is nothing more repugnant to the well-ordered mind than intolerance, which is the principle of prohibition, a demon that "moves in wrath and pauses amid ruin," a spirit whose decalogue is written in the blood of martyrs, whose handiwork was the Inquisition of Spain, the fires of Smithfield and the Blue Laws of Connecticut.



THE LANTERN

Edited by
Theodore F. Bonnet and Edward F. O'Day

*It is better to search for the truth of what
concerns us than to hunt for an honest man*

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Our Diminishing Discomforts

By THEODORE BONNET

Many years ago a great poet who possessed an overpowering passion for freedom and a deep hatred of all forms of tyranny revolted at the thought of becoming a resident of the United States. The poet was a Jew who had suffered from childhood the bitter heart-complaint of his race, the Grief of Israel. He had pondered deeply the tragedy of life, had thought of the great need men have of the gaiety that means impulse and vigor. Grown to manhood, his life was whim, impulse and passion. Having some scorn for most things present, filled with a longing for the overflow of life, he thought Paris was the one city where it could be found. At least there was more freedom in Paris he thought than elsewhere.

Now at that time this country was widely known as the home of the exile, the asylum of the oppressed. Hither came the gagged and persecuted to cast their last fetters off and breathe the pure air of freedom. But the poet though something more than a dreamer, something of a philosopher and a student of politics, the poet who had tasted the sharp and bitter rind of life, shivered at the thought of coming hither. He was sure that here was not to be had the measure of freedom that he craved. His ideal of freedom was not the American ideal. He abhorred discomforts of the soul as well as of the body. The freedom that he loved was the freedom of pursuing his own good in his own way so long as he refrained from trespassing on the freedom of others. Like other poets and many a man who never experienced a fine frenzy he believed

that if a man had faith in the downward path as the road to salvation he should not be denied. The poet, though a German by birth, found in Paris what approximated to his ideal. He was not wholly satisfied, so he studied conditions in other lands. England he detested on account of its Philistines and Puritans. "To live there," he wrote, "is to remain in articulo mortis. I would not even hang in effigy in England." As to residence in this country "that would be even worse," he thought. This country he described as "that frightful dungeon of freedom where invisible chains gall more painfully than the visible ones at home, and where the most repulsive of all tyrants, the mob, exercises its coarse dominion."

These words give us pause because they are the words of Heinrich Heine, the poet of an unquenchable thirst for life and an insatiable appetite for pleasure. A Jew, he was also an ardent cosmopolitan. An intellectual aristocrat, he was a believer in the republican form of government. A democrat, he loved Christ better than Moses. What is the explanation of this paradox—Heine's republicanism and his scorn of the greatest republic of all times? Was it that Heine perceived, like Macaulay, that our Constitution was all sail and no anchor? No, it is not to prevision that we should attribute the poet's aversion.

VON POPULI VOX DEI

By the "invisible chains that gall" Heine meant public opinion, and he knew that public opinion in the United States was undisciplined and omnipotent. He was a democrat, but he saw that the current of democracy was flowing somewhat impetuously in this country. He saw that here instead of rational instruction of the understanding of men and the elevation of the characters of all classes there was being fostered a blind faith in a bit of nonsense done in Latin epigram, the shibboleth of the demagogue—*Vox populi vox Dei*. He remembered that the chief priests and the rulers and the people cried out at once "Crucify him! crucify

him." He remembered that it was the people speaking through the constituted authorities that bade Socrates drink hemlock. He knew that several millions of unfortunates had been sacrificed in modern times at witch trials. Further he knew that all essential progress is typified in the twelve humble men who followed Christ. He knew that great truths always dwell a long time with small minorities. Now it is not incompatible with republicanism to object to a government thought to be influenced by the superstition of the divinity of public opinion. That superstition is as unrepublican as the doctrine that the people may do what they list under the Constitution, above the Constitution and against the Constitution, a doctrine that is an open disavowal of self-government.

Perhaps Heine's timidity was not groundless. Many years after Heine thought it well to stay in Paris Maxim Gorky came among us, and the Philistines and Pharisees fell upon that great artist, and drove him out of the country. Gorky knows something of the minor discomforts of the land of the free. Heine scented them afar off where he was content to accept the best of all possible worlds and make no provision for the next. Heine was a revolutionist with a horror of Philistinism, a Cyrenaic who felt it was nobody's business whether he mixed his wines unwisely or whether he preferred the broad to a narrow road to damnation. His idea of life was to take the moment in its fulness, to employ all his faculties in harmony; and he was sure it was impossible to reconcile himself to existence in this country. Heine was right. This was no country for him. At heart Heine was a Pagan. Nothing would satisfy him but the air of old Athens of the days when Aristophanes, taking advantage of his lyric Bacchic license, dissipated the vapors of Unreason and Pretense and made facts clear to Hellenic perceptions. Even today men of the Heine temperament would find other climes more congenial than ours. For the invisible chains that gall are assuredly among our minor

discomforts. But they are not so bad as they were in Heine's day. Just before our Civil War public opinion was a monstrous despot. It tyrannized over the intellect. It was a brave man who dared to throw his gauntlet at public opinion in the days when abolition was the question uppermost in men's minds. It seemed as if the worst fears of Alexander Hamilton were being realized. Hamilton above all others among the Founders knew the importance of a ramified system of institutions as a check on popular judgment. He was sensible of the danger of making an idol of the majority. The danger was disregarded, and—well, all things considered we are pretty well off. To be sure, bowing to public opinion is following the line of least resistance, and therefore advisable. To be sure, also, there is hindrance to the consideration of things in the dogmatism of the mediocrities made in our institutions of higher education. But, thank God! we still have freedom of discussion, and the illuminati (if there are any hereabouts) may employ intellectual instruments in the service of Truth, if they will only remember the while that the light that burns within must occasionally be dimmed by the darkness of the gloom which they are intent on irradiating. Of course it is not to be denied that our minor discomforts are unpleasant. Even now the poet with a passion for purple patches on the web of life will find much to irritate him. He must not be too loose in his manners. But if he is a gentleman who plays the game; that is to say, if he is capable of fitting in well with his fellow-men, he will not be averse to compromise and conciliation.

THE VALUE OF FAULT-FINDING

The gentle, amiable attitude toward life one may take without being too complacent. One may be disinclined to indict public opinion without neglecting the privilege of mildly protesting against the superstition of *Vox populi vox Dei*. Indeed one should feel it his duty to make an infamous liar out of the

demagogue, for he is the source of most of our discomforts. He is half-brother to the Pharisee. Between them are generated all our plagues and torments, some of which let us consider that we may not lose sight of our faults and weaknesses. Mere fault-finding is the mark of a disordered liver, and one feels that to point out what he believes to be discreditable to his country is to lay himself open to the charge of fault-finding in a mean spirit for the mere gratification of so doing. But as a critic of public opinion one should not be afraid to have his motives impugned, or his liver besmirched. "I do not know," says John Stuart Mill, "how a public writer can be more usefully employed than in telling his countrymen their faults." Mine be this occupation for a brief space, but in no reproachful mood.

There is really not much to complain of; and I should no more think of reproaching public opinion than of speaking disrespectfully of the equator. As a matter of fact public opinion is not so bad as it is represented to be by our politicians. If we could keep away from direct government as far as possible, and be mindful of that very shrewd remark of our first apostle of democracy, Thomas Jefferson, that the people need to be safeguarded chiefly against themselves; and if we could understand the importance of having public opinion articulated through the old institutions that have been maligned by our demagogues, perhaps it would be found that we are not so lacking in sweetness and light as Matthew Arnold imagined. Edmund Burke observing once that half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern might make a field ring with their importunate chink, while thousands of great cattle reposed in the shadow of the British oak chewing the cud in silence, warned his hearers against imagining that those who make the most noise are the only inhabitants of the field. Too often the grasshoppers under the fern are allowed to prevail in this country. By the noisy few the servants of the many are intimidated.

SOME OPTIMISTIC REFLECTIONS

But with all the cowardice and stupidity of our politicians we have much to be thankful for. So it is not hard to cultivate the optimistic spirit; especially not in a country where as a political philosophy pessimism is out of court. If we are not living in the best of all possible worlds there is much reason to believe that after Armageddon it will be better and happier than it was some thousands of years ago. Meanwhile a mere academic inquiry by way of intellectual exercise can do no harm. I am considering here whether we have more or less freedom than was enjoyed by the former generation of Heine's day. To be sure we have. Think of the old prejudice of public opinion against the theatre, not only on the Sabbath but on all days of the week. Consider that dancing was regarded as the invention of Satan. There was whole-hearted condemnation of card-playing in those days. All literature and art were steeped in reticence. Sporadic are the spasms of virtue and always they are followed by revolt, and occasionally by licentiousness as of the Restoration. Look backward and you will see the march of change. Each lustrum masked some subtle advance, the sanction of some particular restraint having vanished. Few are the ancient austerities that remain. But there is still with us that spirit of fierce, narrow, obstinate individualism in the religion that came over on the Mayflower. To this spirit is to be attributed most of our minor discomforts. It is the irony of our history that in the nation born to resist oppression the sentiment of freedom has been chilled if not frozen stiff. Under a government consecrated to the elementary rights of man—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness,—our lives are in a measure ordered according to the dictates of an agglomerate Puritan conscience, not in all things to be sure, but in many. Consider that in this country there is a Sunday question. It does not torment all States alike, but there are States in which boys are

arrested for playing ball on Sunday. In many States people are deprived of the means of recreation and amusement on Sunday. And this interdiction is due entirely to religious intolerance, which as everybody knows is fatal to freedom. Some there are who merely argue that a seventh day of rest is absolutely essential to a successful national career. But we know this is not true. There was at least one people—the Romans—who had no equivalent to Sunday. However, that people may be better for one day's rest in seven may be perfectly true, but it does not justify the broad assertion that national success is impossible without a Sunday. And as to the appeal to Sinai it is a very doubtful argumentative expedient. The Christian Sunday is not the Hebrew Sabbath; its sanction is not the thunder and lightning of the Pentateuch, but the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Nor was the Puritan observance of the Sabbath generally imposed on the Gentile Christians. There is a good deal of covert pharisaism about the championship of Sunday, as about most of the reform movements designed to curtail our liberties. It sounds like thankfulness that we are not as these poor heretics who go to Mass and then enjoy themselves.

Speaking of pharisaism, is it not that which is the cause of most of our minor discomforts? There is in this country an organized hypocrisy of cant, and the spirit of it is pharisaism.

THE PESTIFEROUS PHARISEE

This organized hypocrisy manifests itself in a thousand ways, not a few of which add to our discomforts if we are at all sensitive to what is nauseating. Recently, though somewhat callous I was revolted at the Panama-Pacific Exposition when I saw a placard at the door of the National Cash Register Company bearing the canting device "Closed on account of Sunday." Any other company might have closed on Sunday without affecting me.

The other day an electric sign in Market street, San

Francisco, devoted to advertising big manufacturing concerns, gave notice to the passing throng that it was not lighted on Sunday. Of course the passing throng didn't care a tinker's imprecation whether it was ever lighted, but perhaps Smith & Wesson and other good and pious Sabbatarians, for whose benefit electricity was prostituted to Pharisaism, gained some gratification. They may not care but they lost my trade; for in one respect I am a most devoted follower of Christ. I will explain. Our Lord was a lover of mankind—barring the tribe of the Pharisee. He sympathized with all sinners—barring the tribe of the Pharisee. He had forgiveness for prostitutes, save those that prostitute themselves to cant. Now I am not a lover of mankind. It requires more than divine grace to love mankind: it requires divine power. But there are men who affect love of mankind. They are Pharisees, the worst kind. Them I am able to detest without any difficulty, without an effort, from choice and for pleasure, and therefore I deserve no credit for being a follower of Christ.

But I haven't finished with the tradesmen who advertise that they don't advertise on Sunday. These men contribute to our discomforts and make us profane. They nauseate like the newspaper that boasts that it never takes a liquor ad. What a contemptible piece of pharisaism this is. The newspaper that boasts that it doesn't take a liquor ad. will gladly take a Peruna ad. or any of the patent medicine ads. that contain a larger percentage of alcohol than is to be found in whisky, concoctions that have made drunkards out of women. The average newspaper that boasts that it doesn't take a liquor ad. will do almost anything that is disreputable for hire. THE LANTERN will take liquor ads or ads of any kind that are frank and honest, and that may be read by decent people, and of this the editors do not boast. Hardly anything but pharisaism is barred from these columns, and that is barred not on principle or in the fulness of virtue, but from downright, ineradicable prejudice. At the same time

we feel that it would do us no good to exclude liquor ads. and boast about it, since it is very unlikely that THE LANTERN could ever find favor with the canting tribe of tradesmen that like to advertise in journals that boast of their chemical purity. THE LANTERN will never appeal to the intellectuals of the Christian department store that pays the minimum wage which many Pharisees regard as the direct cause of prostitution. The Pharisee, it may be conjectured, is my pet abomination. He is, and when I am thirsty on a local train in a hot California valley in midsummer, and I find there is nothing aboard for me to drink but deadly ice water, or a poisonous dyed soda water, I think of the Pharisee and soothe myself with the thoughts of him wallowing in coal-oil in Tophet. To be thirsty and unable to slake one's thirst adequately and according to one's taste may be only a minor discomfort, but it is also a bit of tyranny exercised out of deference to what is believed to be public opinion. It is the sort of thing that even a soulful poet might reasonably revolt against.

GOOD TIMES FOR POSTERITY

It is easy to see the defects of our civilization; not so easy to perceive the inevitable changes that are always taking place in society. In the long run the changes are for the better. And it is the irony of social progress that while each generation is working for posterity the changes wrought are usually contrary to, and in despite of, blundering human design. We need not fear that the minds that made the Mann law are directing events beyond their day. God is good to posterity. He will make it plain that the men that condemn vice vociferously are not the ones that hold virtue in the highest veneration; and then the gap of hypocrisy will not be the only vent for the ebullition of the spirits. But meanwhile the struggle for perfection goes incessantly on to the accompaniment of the rollicking laughter of the gods in the background, the same gods that almost roared their

heads off when they saw the Pilgrim Fathers colonizing the country in the name of Providence, making it possible for Tammany to flourish in New York!

In the past is the lesson of the future, and if we take it to heart our sense of humor will be sharpened. If we but remember that out of social conditions far worse than our own former generations came out upon a higher level and into a sunnier air we may escape solemnity and find optimism easy. It is such reflections as these that make one optimistic and cheerful notwithstanding phenomena that seem to be signs of the times. Generally the signs of the times are misleading. Let us not worry about them.

We are told this is the epoch of the bourgeois. Maybe it is. But some day we shall recover the wisdom of the Babylonians who banished the merchant to the outskirts of the town to safeguard the people against the blight of trade. The only objection to the modern merchant is that he supports the vulgar and intellectually dishonest press. But we have some good newspapers in a few of the big Eastern cities, and the merchant supports them too. He does not play favorites. It is a matter of indifference to him whether a paper deserves support; whether it is educating public opinion or appealing exclusively to the prejudices, ignorance and all the mean passions of the multitude. Circulation is all that concerns him, and so he contributes not only to our discomforts but also to his own.

Unfortunately the merchant is our foremost citizen. From the bourgeois mind emanates all the cant of the day and all the hypocrisies of our bourgeois morality which makes it possible for a man to lead a career of highly respectable wrongdoing and enjoy much social prestige the while. It is because the merchant is our foremost citizen that our morality is what it is. As the newspapers live off the merchant they do their best to reflect his sentiments and his ideals. And so we hear a great deal of the ethics of trade, which are so adaptable that they make possible

a multitude of devious ways of attaining success in business. It is right for instance to advertise in any paper that has a large circulation whatever its morals, to whatever extent it may go in fomenting class hatred or encouraging lawlessness in time of industrial upheavals. The merchant is our most vociferous civic patriot. He is for clean government, and for punishing grafters in public office, and for putting big industrial corporations under the control of the government, but it is necessary to adopt stringent regulations to prevent him from diluting his wares and tampering with scales. It is the merchant who defrauds the government in time of war. It is the merchant who sells goods to the municipality not exactly according to contract. The practices of merchants generally have not been greatly improved since Spencer wrote his essay on *The Morals of Trade*.

Under our bourgeois pharisaical morality we have to go thirsty in hot trains through dry States, and in some sections there is but a step from purity to pruriency. It has come to pass that there is a little of cant in everything. But we are troubled chiefly with that which has given rise to the philanthropy of impulsiveness, and the inane idealism that would make society responsible for the crimes of all criminals.

"Unveil any humbug," says Strindberg, "and you will see an idealist creep out to defend it." The principal objection to our idealists is that they taint public opinion with their pharisaism, and distract attention from matters of real importance. It is our idealists who give tone to the degenerate press that celebrates their activities, the degenerate press that is contributing to our minor discomforts. The ideal of a clean and dignified press possessed of intellectual honesty is an ideal that has not yet appealed to our idealists. Yet there is nothing in all the land more in need of correction and reform than the press. For there is want of liberty in those States where a man's character may be traduced at pleasure. Not less important than the life and liberty of the individual is his reputation.

To some men it is dearer than all else. What protection to reputation is given by the laws of this country? Every little while it is explained to us that a free press is a great blessing. We are told that it is absolutely essential to civil liberty. Presumably we all prize civil liberty because it allows all the rights and privileges of man and secures him the enjoyment of all that God and reason and nature have taught him to hold dear. That kind of liberty, however, which cannot be secured except by a free and licentious press frustrates the primary purposes of a free constitution. And when we see a publisher with inordinate political ambition going about wreaking his private revenges through the columns of half a score of journals, and driving men out of public life because they refuse to pay him homage, it dawns upon us that a free press may be a very dangerous instrument in the hands of a conscienceless multi-millionaire animated by private pique and personal resentment.

From these observations let it not be inferred that to me the outlook is at all dark. It is time for a man to worry about his country when it is suffering from melancholia, for it is that which crowns the summit of national achievement. It is coeval with the national self-satisfaction that induces lethargy. Now we are not lethargic. We are striving for perfection, having yet to learn that the utmost to be attained is a firm conviction of the excellence of true virtue. There is here discontent; not lethargy or indifference. The struggle for the unattainable is on, and presently there will appear artists with insight into the social and political foibles of their epoch; and with a sort of Mephistophelian penetration they will depict the soul of the times. Then will come the great Reaction. The dawn of it will be marked by revolt against the men who are tormenting us at present. These men are public benefactors in disguise. They are speeding the halcyon day when the bugle-call of revolt will be sounded. The very intrigues of them are perhaps the expedients by which Providence is leading the

nation to its destiny. For we must be violently shocked before we can realize just what is happening, and things to shock are not wanting. Consider for instance that certain newspapers have entered into agreement to suppress news of libel suits. As a consequence the trials of suits against them are conducted virtually behind closed doors. And so the people, who are under the impression that they make their judges, know nothing of the attitude of some judges toward newspapers in libel suits. Now the reputation of a judge in some communities may be made or marred by a combination of newspapers. It is clear that in such communities the liberty of the citizen is not protected. Thus, you see, beneficent audacity is going some distance. Phenomena of this kind ought to be encouraging to the man sensitive to the minor and other discomforts of the day.

In time public opinion deviates into sense and remedies what is wrong. The history of reaction is always in the making. Always just ahead are the triumphs of Time. It would be a drab age that did not have its meannesses as well as its heroisms. Beneath the surface with all its irony, all the cant of dull mediocrities, all the glitter of material opulence, are new forces moulding the courses of the nation. Be sure of it, new inspirations are coming, and current wild-eyed enthusiasms will presently subside. The things that are happening here have happened somewhere in almost every century of the Christian era. And always comes the reaction induced by the impatience of Common Sense, followed by the inevitable wholesome appeal to the enduring elements of human emotion. So let us

“Rejoice in the goods that God gives us
By the hand of beneficent ill,
And be glad that He leaves to our lives
Means to make them heroical still.”

We are not always to be governed by the opinion of people who live in isolation and sterility—neither by the opinion of the moralist who makes morality hideous, or of the merchant whose principal problem is the selling of his goods, or of the farmer who thinks urban folks should go to bed with the chickens.

THE RETURN

A little hand is knocking at my heart,
And I have closed the door.
“I pray thee, for the love of God, depart;
Thou shalt come in no more.”

“Open, for I am weary of the way.
The night is very black.
I have been wandering many a night and day.
Open. I have come back.”

The little hand is knocking patiently;
I listen, dumb with pain:—
“Wilt thou not open any more to me?
I have come back again.”

“I will not open any more. Depart.
I, that once lived, am dead.”
The hand that had been knocking at my heart
Was still. “And I?” she said.

There is no sound, save, in the winter air,
The sound of wind and rain.
All that I loved in all the world stands there,
And will not knock again.

—ARTHUR SYMONS.

MR. SAMUEL WELLER

By EDWARD F. O'DAY

Is it open to controversy that of all the men-servants delineated for our edification in the works of those great historians, the biographical novelists, Mr. Samuel Weller stands first in importance? The pardonable jealousy of a deep affection scouts the possibility of serious debate. Sancho Panza, Roderick Random's Strap, Peregrine Pickle's Pipes, Tom Jones' Partridge, Tristram Shandy's Uncle's Corporal Trip, Major Pendennis' Morgan, Charles O'Malley's Mickey Free—they are all outstanding figures, men of mark whose lives are fraught with significance, steeped in interest. But who shall say that any of these presents for our consideration a career, a character, a moral influence, a philosophy comparable with that of the heroic personage whose life was written by Mr. Dickens and whose portrait was done so often by the vivacious Mr. Hablot K. Browne, more familiarly known as "Phiz?"

The execution of a more comprehensive plan prevented the biographer of Mr. Weller from presenting his early career in accordance with the rigid rules of chronology. Mr. Dickens was more immediately concerned with the epoch-making transactions of the Pickwick Club when the arresting figure of Mr. Weller flashed into his field of vision. Sound appraiser of values that he was, he lost no time in making us intimately acquainted with the newcomer, and we must thank Mr. Dickens for applying himself to his labor of love as enthusiastically as Mr. Boswell entered on his after that first meeting with the great Doctor Johnson. But Mr. Dickens left much to inference. Moreover he allowed Mr. Weller to tell a considerable part of his own story; and in so doing he embedded important facts in a brilliant text from which they must be detached if they are to take their proper orientation. Mr. Weller's life, character and philosophy seem entitled to more orderly treatment.

I.—HIS LIFE

Samuel or Samivel Weller (for the Christian name is spelled both ways) was born in London in the parish of St. Mary-le-Bow. This fact is not to be found in the text of our sole authority, "The Pickwick Papers," but is deducible from the cockney accent without which Mr. Weller never utters himself and which, sounding on the ear with the sweetness of Bow Bells, lends an irresistible charm to his remarks, however casual. The year of his birth is uncertain, but it was probably *circa* 1800, which would make Mr. Weller about twenty-seven years of age when he met Mr. Pickwick and so rose to the prominence in history from which he can never be put down.

Samuel Weller was the son of Anthony Weller, better known as Tony, a coachman who enjoyed excellent repute in his ancient and honorable profession. The elder Weller deserves a special biography of his own, but it must suffice here to state that he was, on the testimony of his son, *fat enough for anything—uncommon fat, to be sure*, and that he had a cultivated aversion to matrimony. However, congenital inclination toward wedlock ran in the Weller family, and Mr. Tony Weller succumbed, becoming *a victim o' connubiality, as Bluebeard's domestic chaplain said, with a tear of pity, ven he buried him*. Weller Senior told the story, succinctly and delicately, in the following words, on one of the numerous occasions when he lifted his voice against the gentler sex:

"You're never safe vith 'em, ven they vunce has designs on you: there's no knowin' vere to have 'em: and vile you're a-considering it, they have you. I wos married fust, that vay myself, and Sammy vos the consekens o' the manooover."

How many other children were the *consekens o' the manooover* we are not permitted to know. That there were other boys is certain, for when Samuel Weller was accused, not unjustly, of being a wag, he admitted that his eldest brother was troubled that way, adding, "It may be catching—I used to sleep with him."

Of Samuel Weller's tender, formative period we know too little, hardly as much as we know of Shakespeare's. That he attended school for a while we may take for granted because on a certain occasion when his father referred to *them sums in the 'rithmetic book 'bout the nails in the horse's shoes*, Samuel intimated by a nod that he recollected the problem. But whatever proficiency he may have attained in arithmetic, his mastery of another R was not such as to afflict him with the *cacoethes scribendi*. On the single recorded occasion when he penned a letter—to be accurate, it was a Valentine—he “reclined his head on his left arm, so as to place his eyes as nearly as possible on a level with the paper, while glancing sideways at the letters he was constructing, to form with his tongue imaginary characters to correspond.” It is set down also that he corrected his writing by the expeditious process of smearing out wrong letters with his little finger. We know too by court records that when asked by Mr. Justice Stareleigh whether his name was spelled with a V or a W, he replied:

“That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my lord. I never had occasion to spell it more than once or twice in my life, but I spells it with a V.”

Let it be added in justice that though a halting penman, he had something of the Chesterfieldian instinct for correspondence. Brevity was his aim. “She’ll vish there was more, and that’s the great art o’ letter writin’.” The genius who uttered that should have cultivated the epistolary habit, but his was not a writing set. So little were his friends beholden to Cadmus the Phoenician that once, on receiving a letter, he remarked: “Werry odd that. I don’t recollect any gen’l’m’n in my circle of acquaintance as is capable o’ writin’ one.”

For the rest, his educational program had been sternly simple, as his father informed Mr. Pickwick: “I took a good deal o’ pains with his eddication, sir: le’ him run in the streets when he was werry young,

and shift for his-self. It's the only way to make a boy sharp, sir." That Weller Senior was justified by the result of this *ratio studiorum* who shall deny?

Of Samuel Weller's experiences during this undergraduate period we know something from his own picturesque words. He states that when he was *first pitched neck and crop into the world, to play at leap-frog with its troubles, he was a carrier's boy at startin'; then a vagginer's, then a helper's, then a boots*. From the same reliable source we know that *arter he run away from the carrier, and afore he took up with the vagginer, he had unfurnished lodgin's for a fortnight*, namely the dry arches of Waterloo Bridge which were much frequented by unfortunates not "up to the twopenny rope." He also slept in the markets, presumably in Covent Garden; but for a time, doubtless when luck flashed him a passing smile, he lodged in the same house with an extraordinarily ingenious caterer who metamorphosed cats into *beefsteak, weal or kidney pies, 'cordin' to the demand*.

At some time during this period of trial our hero's mother died, leaving four hundred pounds to be divided between her husband and son. But Samuel *never had any of it, worse luck*, because a chance meeting at Doctors' Commons with one of the enterprising gentlemen who touted for licenses led Weller Senior into a second marriage with the widow Susan Clarke, and not being of a mercenary turn our hero did not press his residuary claims at law.

When Mr. Weller first met Mr. Samuel Pickwick, his future master or "hemperor," as he loved to call the benevolent old gentleman, he was Boots at the White Hart Inn, High Street, Borough, London. He hadn't seen his father for two years or more, but was fighting single-handed and manfully against a cruel world. He was in straitened circumstances, for, as he afterwards told the jury in the *cause celebre* of Bardell vs. Pickwick, he had *a reg'lar new fit out o' clothes that mornin'*, and *that was a werry partickler and uncommon circumstance vith him in those days*.

As he himself called attention to this delicate matter it may not be impertinent to dwell in passing upon his habiliments. When Mr. Pickwick discovered him at the White Hart busily employed in brushing the dirt off a pair of boots, his clothes were not elegant. He was habited in a coarse-striped waistcoat, with black calicó sleeves, and blue glass buttons; drab breeches and leggings. A bright red handkerchief was wound in a very loose and unstudied style round his neck, and an old hat was carelessly thrown on one side of his head. Still he was attached to these serviceable garments, especially to the hat of which he had occasion to remark that it wasn't *a werry good 'un to look at, but an astonishin' un to wear, and afore the brim went, it wos a werry handsome tile*. As it was lighter without the brim and as every hole let in some air he called it with that touch of poetry frequently discernible in his speech his "ventilation gosamer."

The momentous incident of Mr. Weller's induction into Mr. Pickwick's service is only to be told adequately in the words of his very careful biographer:

"Wages?" inquired Sam.

"Twelve pounds a year," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Clothes?"

"Two suits."

"Work?"

"To attend upon me; and travel with me and these gentlemen here."

"Take the bill down," said Sam emphatically. "I'm let to a single gentleman, and the terms is agreed upon."

The new man servant was proud of his title, *as the Living Skellinton said ven they show'd him*; and besides was there not to be change of air, plenty to see, and little to do? And did not this *suit his complaint uncommon*? That there was from that time plenty for Mr. Weller to see and lots to do, all readers of "The Pickwick Papers" will agree. To traverse step by step the rest of his history would be a work of supererogation. We need not tell how he set off with

his master for Eatanswill where that tremendous election contest of the Blues and the Buffs took place. Or recount how, after many adventures in that interesting neighborhood, he accompanied Mr. Pickwick to Bury St. Edmunds for the purpose of exposing Mr. Alfred Jingle. Or how that commendable undertaking was frustrated by the cunning of Mr. Job Trotter. We need not remind any reader of the return to London for the preliminaries of the breach of promise suit, and of the affecting meeting between Weller Senior and Weller Junior in a Cheapside tavern. Or of how master and man, picking up Mr. Jingle's trail again, journeyed to Ipswich.

It was at Ipswich that the inclination toward matrimony hereditary in the Weller family first manifested itself in Samuel. He met his fate in the person of Mary, a housemaid in the home of Mayor Nupkins. It was a case of love at first sight. Mr. Weller admired Mary's pretty face, neat figure and small hands. But he was no mere hedonist. Her *elegance and wirtew* appealed to him with even greater force. She was indeed *a superior 'ousemaid*, as the elder Weller was forced to admit. Was she not *werry plump and vell made, with werry pleasant and conformable manners?* She showed her good sense by falling as deeply in love with Samuel as Samuel with her.

There is no need of detailing the Christmas festivities at Manor Farm, Dingley Dell near Muggleton. Or of emphasizing Mr. Weller's part in the breach of promise trial. Or of recounting the jaunt to Bath and thence to Bristol where Mr. Weller's love-making was resumed. Or of narrating all that happened to Mr. Pickwick and his faithful servant in Fleet Prison. Or of repeating the exciting adventures that enlivened the return to Bristol. Or of dwelling on the visit to Dorking where our hero saw condign punishment meted out by his father (a widower again) to the Shepherd of Emmanuel.

Indeed there had been plenty for Mr. Weller to see! And of all he saw, surely *pars magna fuerat*.

His wanderings over, Mr. Pickwick retired to a house at Dulwich, a pleasant house with a large garden, situated in one of the most pleasant spots near London. It goes without saying that Mr. Weller refused to leave his master. After two quiet years Mary became Mr. Pickwick's housekeeper and Mr. Weller's wife. Two sturdy boys blessed the union. There was no more adversity for our hero. He had two hundred pounds invested in the Funds, a legacy from his step-mother, and his principal duty consisted in reading to Mr. Pickwick and in making comments on what he read, which, you may be sure, "never failed to afford Mr. Pickwick great amusement."

II.—HIS CHARACTER

For the high moral character of Mr. Samuel Weller we have the impartial testimony of the Landlady at the White Hart who informed Mr. Pickwick that with the exception of "one amiable indiscretion, in which an assistant housemaid had equally participated," his social conduct had been quite blameless. It is quite true that this same Landlady once called him "lazy and idle," but she was in a passion at the time. His conversation was rarely debased by profanity; it was in no need of that naughty spice. Pains-taking investigation reveals only two occasions when he forgot himself. One was when he had himself arrested for debt in order to be with Mr. Pickwick in the Fleet and closed conversation on the subject with a pardonable: "Damme, there's an end on it." The other was when he demanded in some heat: "What the devil do you want with me, as the man said wen he see the ghost."

As for his drinking habits, there can be no doubt that he imbibed too freely at the Angel, Bury St. Edmunds, where he was elected into the tap-room chair by the unanimous voice of the company. In the morning he was constrained to pay a young gentleman from the stable a half-penny to pump over his head and face. The fact is, he *felt like a walking brandy*

bottle and was quite staggered. In his drinking he had *a werry good power o' suction*, and could empty a pot of ale at one draught. He liked a bowl of punch and stood it well. Madeira he fancied too, and was not averse to brandy in "a magnum of extra strength." Judged by the standards of his day when the master punished his two quarts after dinner and the man lived high life below stairs to the best of his physical and mental ability, he was almost austere abstinence.

In his eating he was not merely temperate but cautious. He was fond of *weal pie*, but mark the reservation: "Werry good thing is weal pie, when you know the lady as made it, and is quite sure it ain't kittens." And he liked tongue: "a werry good thing when it ain't a woman's."

Of his filial duty there is not a censorious word to be said. He was very devoted to his father, but was careful that filial submissiveness should not degenerate into spineless pliancy. "If ever I wanted anythin' o' my father, I always asked for it in a wery 'spectful and obligin' manner. If he didn't give it me, I took it, for fear I should be led to do anythin' wrong, through not havin' it." Could anything be more admirable than his ancient rule, this simple plan? His filial piety showed itself in the affectionate nicknames he lavished on his beloved father. "Old Nobs," "my ancient," "the old un," "old codger," "old feller," "my Prooshan Blue," "corpilence," "old ghost," "old image" and "a old picter-card" were some of his favorite endearments.

His was militant, not passive virtue. He was always ready to fight for Mr. Pickwick or a principle, and he cared not whether the adversary was that eminent Sawbones Mr. Allen, that peerless sportsman Mr. Winkle or an intrusive bailiff. And he was a good fighter too. Once he *spiled* a beadle in three rounds. On another occasion he knocked down Mr. Gummer, the Ipswich constable, having previously, with the utmost consideration, knocked down a chairman for him to lie upon.

Of versatile ability, whatever he did he did well. He was a good Boots. He could put on a pair of shoes "a polish which would have struck envy to the soul of the amiable Mr. Warren, (for they used Day and Martin at the White Hart)". He himself bears witness to his adaptability, admitting modestly that even as an oyster he could *ha' managed to pick up a respectable livin'*.

It is difficult to speak of his social graces without slipping into superlatives. He was so polite that he hesitated to answer a scolding woman, remarking with fine tact and subtle implication: "Wouldn't be genteel to answer 'till you'd done talking." His "most engaging wink" I shall not dwell upon for fear of waxing lyrical. That he was superior to his position and knew the usages of the best society there can be no doubt. "I never heerd a biled leg o' mutton called a swarry before. I wonder wot they'd call a roast one." But he was not the man to adhere slavishly to the conventional terms of social usage. He delighted in pet names. Thus Mrs. Bardell's son was "young township" and "hinfant fernomenon." The Fat Boy was "young twenty-stun," "young dropsy," "young opium eater" and "young boa constrictor." A hostler's boy is "young brockiley sprout." A footman is "six foot." As he rendered with great effect that touching ballad,

Bold Turpin vunce, on Hounslow Heath,
His bold mare Bess bestrode-er,

it is patent that he sang prettily, but this was probably a natural accomplishment, not the result of cultivation.

III.—HIS PHILOSOPHY

Mr. Samuel Weller was a philosopher and the son of a philosopher. "It runs in the family, I b'lieve, sir," he told Mr. Pickwick; "my father's verry much in that line." And he followed up this remark with as concise a definition of philosophy as is to be found

anywhere: "If my mother-in-law blows him up, he whistles. She flies into a passion, and breaks his pipe; he steps out, and gets another. Then she screams wery loud, and flies into 'sterics; and he smokes wery comfortably 'till she comes to again. That's philosophy, sir, an't it?" Mr. Weller's was the Stoic philosophy of content. "We eats our biled mutton without capers, and don't care for horse-radish wen we can get beef." He had pondered the great question of sorrow, and knew the spurious from the genuine. Thus he said of tears: "Some people has 'em always ready laid on, and can pull out the plug wenever they likes." And he sapiently added that they "never yet wound up a clock or worked a steam ingen." Like Sancho Panza (who was of the same school) he believed in the virtue of sleep: "There's nothin' so refreshin' as sleep, as the servant-girl said afore she drank the egg-cupful o' laudanum." An intelligent tolerance saved him from becoming pessimistic. He knew human nature too well to be shocked by little irregularities. The fact that the bar-maid at the Town Arms, Eatanswill, was bribed *to hocus the brandy and water of fourteen unpolled electors as was a stoppin' in the house* was far from destroying his faith in the efficacy of the franchise. Perhaps there was just a tinge of fatalism in his philosophy. "It's over, and can't be helped," he remarked, "and that's one consolation, as they always says in Turkey, ven they cuts the wrong man's head off." Strong for principle, he was too keen a student of motives not to know that it sometimes cloaks self-interest: "Hoorar for the principle, as the money-lender said ven he wouldn't renew the bill."

It was Mr. Weller who made the remarkable discovery that nobody ever saw a dead postboy or a dead donkey, "cept the gen'l'm'n in the black silk smalls as know'd the young 'ooman as kep a goat; and that was a French donkey, so wery likely he warn't wun o' the reg'lar breed." Another of his discoveries is equally important: "It's a wery remarkable circum-

stance that poverty and oysters always seems to go together."

Mr. Weller's allusion to the French donkey proves that he was acquainted with the works of Sterne, or at least with "The Sentimental Journey." Indeed, his literary studies probably covered a wide range, though he shunned the tiresome pose of frequent quotation. That he admired Milton may be surmised from his veiled reference: "Avay with melinchorly, as the little boy said ven his school-missis died." (It would not be far-fetched to suppose that he himself was the little boy who used this beautiful language.) He must have been fond of dramatic literature, for we find this allusion to Marlowe: "No one else'll do, as the Devil's private secretary said ven he fetched avay Doctor Faustus;" and the following pregnant comment on that well known tragedy of common life "George Barnwell" by George Lillo: "Everybody knows wot sort of a case his was, tho' it's always been my opinion, mind you, that the young 'ooman deserved scragging a precious sight more than he did."

He knew history, and had wandered in its by-paths where fact does scorn the pleasant company of myth. The story of the Wandering Jew he compresses into a sentence: "A sportin' character you have perhaps heerd on, as wos always doin' a match agin time, and never vent to sleep." And does not this shed a flood of light on the conditions that obtained during the stormy days of York and Lancaster: "Business first, pleasure arterwards, as King Richard the Third said wen he stabbed the t'other king in the Tower, afore he smothered the babbies?" Some of his historical allusions are obscure. "Fall on, as the English said to the French when they fixed bagginets," probably refers to Waterloo; and "Ve make no extra charge for the settin' down, as the king remarked wen he blowed up his ministers," seems to point to some incident in the annals of the Russians Czars.

While the sayings so far quoted could undoubtedly

be traced to historical sources by the patient student, it is quite possible that others he uttered were the fruit of his own invention. Clergymen invent pretty little apologues and anecdotes to impress Sunday school children; why should not a philosopher show his originality in the same way for a purpose equally good? It is not improbable that the following had their origin in Mr. Weller's powerful brain:

If you wally my precious life don't upset me, as the gen'l'm'n said to the driver when they was a carryin' him to Tyburn.

Vich I call addin' insult to injury, as the parrot said ven they not only took him from his native land, but made him talk the English langwidge arterwards.

It's a great deal more in your way than mine, as the gen'l'm'n on the right side o' the garden vall said to the man on the wrong un, ven the mad bull was a comin' up the lane.

The wery best intentions, as the gen'l'm'n said ven he run away from his wife cos she seemed unhappy with him.

Now we look compact and comfortable, as the father said ven he cut his little boy's head off, to cure him o' squintin'.

I only assisted natur,' as the doctor said to the boy's mother, arter he'd bled him to death.

* * *

It was a domestic, Maria by name (perhaps an Elizabethan ancestor of Mr. Weller's beloved Mary), who declared: "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em." The reader will probably agree that it was Mr. Weller's unique privilege to transcend the limits set by this statement. He was born great, the great son of a great father. He had additional greatness thrust upon him by the circumstance of his connection with the immortal Mr. Pickwick. But over and above all this he was able to achieve greatness of an enduring kind not only for himself but also for his biographer Mr. Dickens.

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

By THEODORE BONNET

Every little while some wise British critic spitefully observes that Americans have contributed nothing to literature or to the arts. In the opinion of the average British critic what there is of belles lettres in the United States was inspired by citizens of the English province of the Republic of Letters. This is not the opinion of the best informed British critics. Men versed in the history of literature are well aware that the inspiration of a great movement in art and literature came from the United States. It was Edgar Allan Poe who inspired Charles Baudelaire and through him a whole school of French poets and short story writers. From this school Aubrey Beardsley and Algernon Swinburne received their inspiration. It was as a result of Charles Baudelaire's absorption of the thoughts and ideas of the author of "The Raven" and "Annabel Lee" that the English esthetes were fired with the gospel of imagination. Poor melancholy Poe! Exquisite visionary caught up in a real world, and stifled in an atmosphere of commerce and morality, grave enough were the accusations levelled against him in a life-time of tragic sorrow! But now comes the charge that he was the first apostle of Decadence! Well, it is not a matter to be ashamed of, for the Decadents were the vanguard of the Symbolist movement, and Symbolist literature, 'tis said, is to be the literature of the future. Charles Baudelaire was the connecting link between Poe and the Symbolist movement. By his translations of Poe a new glory was contributed to French literature. Pondering *The Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque* he invited the Poe mood. Like Poe he did a lot of pondering on the dregs and lees of life, and through him Poe became a dominant influence in three literatures. Like Poe he was misunderstood and suffered, and while the cup that sparkles near the brim was sparkling for him Death

dashed it from his lips. Also like Poe he was pursued by the Philistines, as his friend Theophile Gautier tells us: "Baudelaire's reputation, which for some years had not extended beyond the small conclave which every budding genius draws to itself, burst out suddenly when he presented himself to the public with the nosegay of 'The Flowers of Evil' in his hand. The law was aroused, and a number of poems so learnedly, so abstrusely immoral, so shrouded in veils and forms of art that they required, to be understood by readers, a very high degree of literary culture, had to be withdrawn from the volume and replaced by others less dangerously eccentric. Usually books of poems do not attract much attention, but light and talk burst out at once upon Baudelaire, and when the scandal passed it was seen that he had produced that very rare thing, an original piece of work possessing a savor all its own." The savor is especially pronounced in a poem called "The Corpse" which, Victor Hugo said, gave Paris a "new shudder." In this poem he reminds his sweetheart of a corpse they had seen by the roadside on a sweet summer day:

"The wanton limbs stiff-stretched into the air,
Steaming with exhalations vile and dank,
In ruthless cynic fashion had laid bare
The swollen side and flank.

"On this decay the sun shone hot from heaven
As though the chemic heat to broil and burn
And unto Nature all that she had given
A hundredfold return."

The poet goes into minute details that make the horrible picture perceptible to at least two of the senses, and he tells his sweetheart that such is her fate:

"Yes, such will you be, Queen of every grace!
When the last sacramental words are said;
And beneath grass and flowers that lovely face
Moulders among the dead."

Baudelaire could not think of mortal loveliness without seeing the gnawing worm at the perishable flesh. His imagination was plunged into the perverse. Like Poe he loved the macabre, and he sang sweetly of decay and of death, reveling in morbid images and bizarre visions. But Baudelaire was not like the Decadents that came after. There was nothing of affectation in his work. If he reminded his readers that the grave awaits even the rich, and that all is vanity in this world it was not to create a sensation. If he painted his revolting pictures in phosphorescent colors of corruption it was because he was above all things an artist. As Gautier said of him, "No man soared higher in the blue regions of spirituality." He hated evil, and he never sought to make vice attractive. There was nothing of the sensualist in Baudelaire. He depicted depravity and perversity in repugnant hues, and was constantly reminding his readers of the end, as, for instance, in "The Dance of Death" where he calls on the skeleton thus:

"O irresistible with fleshless face,
Say to these dancers in their dazzled race:
'Proud lovers with the paint above your bones,
Ye shall taste death, musk-scented skeletons.'

"In every clime and under every sun,
Death laughs at ye, mad mortals, as ye run;
And oft perfumes herself with myrrh, like ye;
And mingles with your madness, irony!"

Something of the same thought coupled with the idea that there is an ugliness of soul beneath the perfection of the body and that the spirit of evil is mingled indistinguishably with the frail beauty of the flesh is to be found in a poem which he called

AN ALLEGORY

Here is a woman, richly clad and fair,
Who in her wine dips her long, heavy hair;
Love's claws, and that sharp poison which is sin,

Are dulled against the granite of her skin.
Death she defies, Debauch she smiles upon,
For her sharp scythe-like talons every one
Pass by her in their all destructive play:
Leaving her beauty till a later day.
Goddess she walks; sultana in her leisure;
She has Mohammed's faith that heaven is pleasure,
And bids all men forget the world's alarms
Upon her breast, between her open arms.
She knows, and she believes, this sterile maid,
Without whom the world's onward dreams would fade,
That bodily beauty is the supreme gift
Which may from every sin the terror lift.
Hell she ignores, and Purgatory defies:
And when black Night shall roll before her eyes,
She will look in Death's grim face forlorn,
Without remorse or hate—as one new born.

Women to Baudelaire were symbols of evil, perversely corrupt. The delights they furnish are more deadly than poisonous draughts. But to one of the sex he addressed some tender verses—"A Brown Beggar-Maid:"

White maiden with the russet hair,
Whose garments, through their holes, declare
That poverty is part of you,
And beauty too.

To me, a sorry bard and mean,
Your youthful beauty, frail and lean,
With summer freckles here and there,
Is sweet and fair.

Your sabots tread the roads of chance,
And not one queen of old romance
Carried her velvet shoes and lace
With half your grace.

In place of tatters far too short
Let the proud garments worn at Court
Fall down with rustling fold and pleat
About your feet;

In place of stockings, worn and old,
Let a keen dagger all of gold
Gleam in your garter for the eyes
Of roués wise;

Let ribbons carelessly untied
Reveal to us the radiant pride
Of your white bosom purer far
Than any star;

Let your white arms uncovered shine,
Polished and smooth and half divine;
And let your elfish fingers chase
With riotous grace

The purest pearls that softly glow,
The sweetest sonnets of Belleau,
Offered by gallants ere they fight
For your delight;

And many fawning rhymers who
Inscribe their first thin book to you
Will contemplate upon the stair
Your slipper fair;

And many a page who plays at cards,
And many lords and many bards,
Will watch your going forth, and burn
For your return;

And you will count before your glass
More kisses than the lily has;
And more than one Valois will sigh
When you pass by.

But meanwhile you are on the tramp,
Begging your living in the damp,
Wandering mean streets and alleys o'er,
From door to door;

And shilling bangles in a shop
Cause you with eager eyes to stop,
And I, alas, have not a sou
To give to you.

Then go, with no more ornament,
Pearl, diamond, or subtle scent,
Than your own fragile naked grace
And lovely face.

With all his deep feeling on the subject of vice Baudelaire was no preacher. His chief concern was with art and poetry. With Poe, for whom he felt a singular affinity, he held that poetry had no other end than itself, no other mission to fulfil than that of exciting in men's minds the sensation of the Beautiful. "No poem," he said, "could be so great as that which has been written solely for the pleasure of writing a poem. Not that poetry does not ennoble manners or elevate men above sordid interests, but if the poet has sought to attain a moral end he has lessened the poetic force of his poem." These observations which he might have borrowed from Edgar Allan Poe are the very salt of all the philosophy of the English School of Esthetes.

This is a world in which everything is taken to market—including ideals.

Reform movements have been a great help to the ostracized. Many a social outcast has "come back" by espousing one of the multitudinous causes of humanity.

Among our heaviest inflictions must be counted the love of our neighbor who constitutes himself an example to be ignored at our peril.

Diogenes then lighted a small lantern "Hold, friend Diogenes," said the Caesar; "thou wantest not thy lantern to discern an honest man, whom, if thou didst seek, I must needs say thou hast come to the wrong place to find one"—Count Robert of Paris, Chap. XVII.



THE LANTERN

Edited by
Theodore F Bonnet and Edward F O'Day

*It is better to search for the truth of what
concerns us than to hunt for an honest man*

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Our Vicious Morality

By THEODORE BONNET

It is fortunate for the masses that their time is pretty well laid out for them. They are spared many intricate problems that vex the souls of men in the strange spiritual latitudes to which we have drifted. They might be wasting a lot of time devising means of safeguarding the minor virtues as a matter of civic duty. For in these strange spiritual latitudes it is only the major vices that are unmolested. The fact is we have a topsy-turvy morality. It appears that the most damnable of the vices are those that spring from the lusts of the flesh. The main thing is to keep man's mortal part—inside and outside—undefiled. For the transgressions of the mind there is nowhere a reproach. Preoccupied with the primitive instincts our most aggressive moralists preach a morality that has nothing to do with the duties of man to man, and the word "virtue" as they understand it has so shrunk in meaning as to justify a view of life no wider than Mrs. Grundy's. These sentinels of society are conducting a crusade against Nature. They have no quarrel with the artificial as such. If they overturn the gaming table, or interdict the racecourse, it is not because these are artificial products of civilization; merely that they offend against a particular code of ethics.

According to their conception morality is "uplift" and spirituality means spinelessness. So they are for refining convicts and they are opposed to a patriotism that may necessitate readiness to fight for one's country. They are for extirpating prostitution, and

for making the marriage bond more flexible. Pugilism they have suppressed because it is brutalizing, and moving pictures of a prizefight are excluded from the country; but the disgusting pictures illustrative of bestial episodes in the career of a deliberate drunkard are reeled off without hindrance, it being assumed that they teach a moral lesson.

The morality of our moralists appears to be incompatible with the cultivation of intellectual decency. Zealous for the minor virtues, our moralists are indifferent to important principles. They have given rein to some ugly vices. In their furious zeal for divers causes they have sanctioned the practice of intellectual dishonesty, which is probably the unpardonable sin, and they are making the most atrocious conduct the most familiar. Whilst damning sins they have no mind to they are "compounding for sins they are inclined to," the worst of them being misrepresentation and deliberate falsehood. The progress of all our reform movements is due either to suppression of the truth or distortion of it. At this moment there are reformers urging in some States the adoption of political devices that have been experimented with in other States, and they are asserting falsely that the wisdom of those devices has been vindicated. It is thus that progress is made in politics.

There are preachers preaching the efficiency of the so-called "redlight abatement law," though they very well know that almost everywhere it has been enacted there has been more or less demoralization. They know that the tendency of it is to transplant prostitution, to cause it to invade residence districts and business districts. Further they know, unless they are steeped in stupidity, that the efforts thus far made to extirpate prostitution have only tended to verify the Lecky dictum that the prostitute is "the priestess of humanity." Another example of intellectual dishonesty is furnished by professional prophets of pro-

hibition. They are well aware that by decreasing the consumption of beer and wine and increasing the consumption of distilled spirits and drugs prohibition has proved a curse. But they will not desist. Truth is never the object of the zeal of our raging reformers. Thoroughpaced sticklers for their prejudices, apparently they find truth a great inconvenience if not a positive hindrance.

Truth is really a matter of more than minor importance, especially when the Jeremiahs are marching up and down the land sounding alarums and exhorting the people to mend their ways by conforming to new standards. "The devils," says the author of "The Religio Medici," "do not tell lies to one another; for truth is necessary to all societies; nor can the society of hell subsist without it." But here we are undergoing reform at the hands of moralists who have no aversion to intellectual dishonesty. Here for instance are the peace propagandists solemnly informing us that an Armament Trust is behind the movement to increase the size of our navy and provide adequate coast defense. These men have invaded our public schools in some States, where, by what has been authoritatively pronounced "grossly unjust pictorial reflection upon soldiers" and by misrepresenting the service which a soldier gives to his country they endeavor to create hostility to what may become at any moment the imperative duty of patriotism. Here is falsehood enlisted in the service of the New Morality. And we are told that it is applauded by school superintendents, the same in all probability who take instruction from the sanctimonious ones of Westerville, Ohio, the seat of the Prohibition propaganda that long ago invaded the public schools and filled textbooks with lies on the subject of alcohol. Thus is the youthful mind poisoned by moralists with a holy zeal for the purification of the body.

Now very much akin to these conscienceless moralists, who, generally speaking are of a very low order of intelligence, are the intellectual pretenders of our

universities. I mean those fountains of opinion whom President William Murray Butler of Columbia University has been discussing of late—the men of what he called the “professorial class,” who are eternally giving public counsel on all matters of public interest whether they know what they are talking about or not. These men, to put it mildly, are prostituting the prestige of learning. They are supposed to have faculties and aspirations above the common herd, to be capable of leading their countrymen on to greater achievements in virtue, intelligence and social well-being. It ought to be their aim to cultivate a love of truth for truth’s sake and a taste for the intellectual pursuits that form great minds. But all the while they are stooping to intellectual dishonesty—appearing learned to the ignorant, if ridiculous to the wise.

The man of this type is a shining example of the New Morality. The professor who goes to church on Sunday to sing the Psalms of David, who drinks grapejuice through the week, remains loyal to his wife and cherishes the happiness of his hearth, is nowadays counted a paragon of virtue. Indubitably he has certain virtues. Nevertheless he may be a hideous cancer in the commonwealth; for he may be converting the channels of instruction into feeders of social and political disease.

The point is this,—morality does not mean austerity, and a man who is lewd and given to debauchery may be a far less undesirable citizen than the social reformer who lies in the interest of his propaganda, or the college professor who rushes into print to discuss great issues on which he is imperfectly informed. In a country that depends for its safety and its progress on free discussion of all questions there is nothing more important than a certain positive virtue of the mind; nothing to be held in greater contempt than the ostentatious parade of superficial knowledge.

Adam Smith in his elaborate treatise on morals, though he has very little to say of the decorous virtues, devotes many pages to the kind of men of

whom President Butler complains. The virtuous man, according to Dry-as-Dust Adam, always studies seriously and earnestly to understand whatever he professes to understand, not merely to persuade other people that he understands. His talents may not be very brilliant but they are perfectly genuine. He doesn't impose on you "by the devices of an artful impostor, or by the arrogant airs of a pretentious pedant. He is opposed to all the quackish arts by which other people so frequently thrust themselves into public notice and reputation. He does not cultivate the favor of those little clubs and cabals who, in the superior arts and sciences, so often erect themselves into the supreme judges of merit, and who make it their business to celebrate the talents and virtues of one another." These words the great philosopher wrote nearly two hundred years ago, but they seem pregnant with allusions to personalities of our day.

Now the man who is virtuous according to the philosophy of Adam Smith is one who would feel a horror at the thought of exposing himself to the disgrace which ought to attend upon the detection of falsehood or the exposure of ignorance parading as knowledge. But in our lackadaisical day when the proselyting spirit is taken as proof of superior virtue there is no such sense of horror. And so we have an Edison, a great inventor, damning the cigarette and discussing tobacco as though he were a prophet of the medical world. We have a Burbank, a great potato grower, celebrating a friend as the greatest literary genius in America. We have a Bryan in high office, a successful popularizer of himself, learned in nothing but the art of the demagogue, posing as an authority on a subject to which great physiologists, psychologists and statesmen have given the profoundest study without being able to concur in his judgment. All over the land are college professors utterly ignorant of the elementary principles of the science of law lending the prestige of their profession to

movements for the reform of the bench and bar. All over the land are college professors utterly ignorant of the science and history of government, scoffing at the Founders of the Republic and urging radical changes in the character of our institutions.

Watching the activities of these unmoral reformers one cannot help wondering whether we are not in the midst of the period that Amiel saw approaching when he predicted as one of Time's revenges the era of equality which would be marked by mediocrity, and the multiplication of the Philistine, the presumptuous ignoramus, the quack who plays at science and the featherbrain who thinks himself the equal of the intelligent. Consider the quacks who are playing at political science, and the presumptuous ignoramuses propagating fads and setting up new standards of conduct. And consider the downright intellectual dishonesty of them.

Many years ago Herbert Spencer called attention to the enormous mischief that is caused by mis-statements and exaggeration. "Bloodshed, loss of life, national disaster," he said, "are in considerable measure traceable to careless speech." In his essay on this subject Spencer seems to have had a prevision of the present war in Europe. At any rate, speaking of the way in which passions are aroused and intensified by exaggeration he suggested war might be the consequence. "It must surely be perceived," he said, "that this universal misuse of language is at the present moment a source of international danger. Obviously the animosity lately generated, which, as I hear from a German friend, especially characterizes the young, may hereafter be a cause of wholesale slaughter, resurgence of savagery and vast financial burdens."

Spencer's warning was against the exaggeration and mis-statement of "careless speech." He had no thought of the deliberate misrepresentation that we have to deal with in these days. Not that misrepresentation in controversy was unknown in England in Spencer's day. It was known in Rome, even in

Cicero's day, and it was the vice that led to the downfall of the Republic. But in Spencer's day such was the intellectual tone of England that the controversialist who deliberately perverted the truth became anathema. Public sentiment directed by an honest press was intolerant of intellectual depravity. To be detected in misrepresentation was as bad as to be caught cheating at cards. It was for "poisoning the wells of controversy" that Kingsley was brought to shame and humiliation at the hands of Newman.

This aversion to the common practice of our time was true not only of Spencer's day, it was true even of the reign of Charles the Second, when there was no great respect for the decorous virtues. In those days a certain degree of licentiousness was deemed the characteristic of a liberal education. It was associated with generosity, sincerity, magnanimity, loyalty; in short to be something of a libertine was to be a gentleman and not a horrible Puritan. Severity of manners and strict propriety were unfashionable and associated with cant, cunning and hypocrisy.

If we were to judge from the company in which we find the severely decorous virtues flourishing today perhaps we might be justified in concluding that the gay blades of the reign of Charles the Second were not far wrong in their conception of morals. Whom do we find preaching these virtues today? Principally the men who are engaged in all our divers reform movements, the men who would desolate the country to prove that they are the only ones fit to live in it. These are the men with that proselyting spirit, which is a matter of morbid temperament characterized by the desire to compel everybody to their way of thinking. This spirit is always alert for a pretext to let loose its malevolence and indulge its domineering humor while going about breeding rancor ostensibly for the glory of God and the salvation of men. In the men of this spirit the wish for personal success takes precedence of the wish to establish the truth. And so through their activities the people of one State are

led to believe that a reform adopted in another State has vindicated all its virtues, when as a matter of fact it has intensified the evils it was guaranteed to extinguish. Hence the spread of the redlight abatement law and prohibition and many laws regulating personal conduct such as those that have stimulated the unnatural vices in Los Angeles and made the policeman the final arbiter of morals in society.

It is all very well and quite sensible to restrain the physical appetites, to discipline the passions of the flesh, but the great and splendid virtues are not the pale flowers of continence. Nor are the vices that flourish in the brothel and the saloon the ones most to be deplored. Governance of the sex instinct is the least of the virtues. It is attained in time without effort. In some folks chastity is no virtue at all. Which reminds me that evil, not virtue, is the foundation of society. Banish evil from the world, and there would be no need of society. It is for this reason that God made evil immortal, evil being the final cause of good. To keep society intact there must be a certain amount of morality and goodness, but not the kind preached by the thunderers of our Puritan pulpits who would exterminate all temptation that appeals to the lusts of the flesh, and thus make universal the virtue which knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, "a blank virtue, not a pure," Milton called it. It would be well were men generally to understand that morality does not mean abstinence from the joys of the voluptuary and concern for the ties of kinship, though these ties are the deepest roots of well-being. It would be well were men generally to understand that justice is the last and greatest of the four cardinal virtues: that valor, benevolence, generosity of soul, a sacred and religious respect for the peace and happiness of one's neighbor are what constitute the character of the moral and virtuous man. These are the virtues not to be found in the social reformer whose temperament has inclined him to the occupation of the furious propagandist. He has no

respect for the peace and happiness of his neighbor; no respect for anything save his own crotchets. A shrieking and biting goes on through the land the like of which has not occurred in the world since Nero fiddled and danced to the burning of decadent Rome, and the cause of it all is a morality that means a negation of most of the moral sensibilities that make half the warp and woof of human history. This is a morality without any reverence for the truth, a morality that has a Hobson for a prophet, a morality out of which has come the yellow journal that silences controversy by imputing sordid motives to its adversary, out of which has come the polemic who is full of statistics taken from nowhere and the propagandist whose conduct implies the maxim that to be virtuous you must first despise the truth.

The most discouraging sign of the times is the increase of knowledge and decrease of understanding.

It is well not to overlook the Opportunity to develop the best that is in us.

The average citizen—A pompous person who cannot detach his mind from the social mass with which it has coagulated.

THE LADY OF MY DELIGHT

By EDWARD F. O'DAY

In the small volume which contains the collected poems of Alice Meynell the place of honor is given to a masterpiece of eighteen lines. "The Shepherdess" is the supreme expression of this great English poet, the finest gem of her unflawed art, the unsurpassed example of what Francis Thompson called "her own carved perfect way." Should this poem perish, poetry would feel the impoverishment very keenly. Should all of Alice Meynell's poems except this one perish, her place in poetry could still be fixed as surely as Sappho's has been fixed by the Hymn to Aphrodite:—

She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white;
She guards them from the steep;
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
And folds them in for sleep.
She roams maternal hills and bright,
Dark valleys safe and deep.
Into that tender breast at night
The chastest stars may peep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.
She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Though gay they run and leap.
She is so circumspect and right;
She has her soul to keep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

Alice Meynell has her soul to keep, and right circumspectly does she keep it. Her white thoughts she holds in constant sight, and however gayly they run and leap, they do not gambol wantonly like the unshepherded thoughts of base poets who unfrock themselves in the sight of Heaven by blaspheming their divine ordination. Alice Meynell is the poet of sanctifying grace. She brings no mortal sin into the

shrine of song. "Into that tender breast the chastest stars may peep," and angels too. She is a vestal matron in the temple of poetry, the unstained singer of an impure day; and we must cleanse our souls before we are worthy to kneel with her at the altar where she offers her spotless lilies of song.

The texture of her mind is delicately formed. She treads only the strait path of imagination and walks daintily in the way of dreams. She rejects the commonplace, cannot conceive the vulgar. Her thoughts are rare. An aristocrat of art, a high-bred scorner of all that is obvious, she is impatient of the lesser links in a chain of exquisite thought. She compacts her meaning. She longs to express the inconceivable. Her frequent dwelling place is on the peaks in the ethereal altitudes of song. That high air has not made her wan. There is no pallor on her brow, though she pales sometimes under stress of intellectual effort. Such poems as "The Letter from a Girl to Her Own Old Age" and "The Young Neophyte" ask much of those who would read them aright, though not too much. She is exacting, but not exigent. Because the web of her poetical weaving is subtle, it is sometimes difficult for us to see all its beauty. She shows herself to no dull vision. From her company the crass are forever barred. If we are gross with the fat of materialism, thick with the coarse wrappings of life, we may not share her spiritual vision.

Alice Meynell is a Roman Catholic. One must reckon with that fact, else there can be no appreciation of her work. One need not hold her faith, but one must love it a little. She lives in a world within our world but not too much touched by it; a world where chastity and poverty and obedience point the way to perfection; a world where saints and miracles are not unknown; a world where priests perform the perpetual sacrifice; where nuns bow down in perpetual adoration; where men and women with the faith of children kneel reverently before "the paten and the cup." It is a world hard for some of us to find, but

when we enter its uncloistered courts we learn with surprise what a happy world it is. This world of faith informs her every line. Her thoughts and words have the innocent boldness one finds in the pages of Saint Theresa. In her "Veni Creator" she is not afraid to pray:

Come to our ignorant hearts and be forgiven.

Of a godless land she writes with daring sublimity:

In ambush at the merry board

The Victim lurks unsacrificed;

The mill conceals the harvest's Lord,

The wine-press holds the unbidden Christ.

Sending her mind through the universe she boasts in the presence of "the innumerable host of stars" that Christ was crucified for this world alone; and yet she ponders the possibilities of other redemptions:

In the eternities

Doubtless we shall compare together, hear

A million alien Gospels, in what guise

He trod the Pleiades, the Lyre, the Bear.

She is conscious of a guardian angel ever at her side, and of a guardian angel ever at the side of her beloved. This consciousness is her balm when she indulges in "Thoughts of Separation:"

Who knows, they may exchange the kiss we give,

Thou to thy crucifix, I to my mother.

Only the pure of heart may hazard such imaginings.

Her creed has molded her mind. Perhaps if she were not a Catholic she would not be a poet. This will not seem strange to those who have understood Crashaw and Patmore and Francis Thompson. So Catholic is she that, while her poetic creed may be separated from her religion, the division is an artificial one and not quite fair to her. But I do not flatter myself that I can do Alice Meynell justice.

There are, she tells us, "two luminous passions" that "reign high in the soul of man." One of these is love. "Fair love," she calls it, "the visiting vision

of seven centuries." Seven centuries? What is her meaning there? She is thinking of Dante and his Beatrice. Was it not some seven centuries ago that Dante first saw his glorious lady, and the cry came from the depths of his being, "Here beginneth a new life?" Truly it was the stirring of a new life in that weary old world of his. Through all the following centuries that cry has sounded and that new life has stirred. It more than stirs in Mrs. Meynell. It is her energy, her effluence.

Alice Meynell is in love with love, as Dante was. She has been swept on the high tide of passion:

I would not miss

His sudden tryst; the long, the new
Surprises of his kiss.

There is no mock-modest mincing of desire:

How shall I thrust thee apart

Since all my growth tends to thee night and day—

To thee faith, hope and art?

Swift are the currents setting all one way;

They draw my life, my life, out of my heart.

And again:

The time is now! Call in, oh call

Thy pasturing kisses gone astray

For scattered sweets; gather them all

To shelter from the cold.

Throng them together, close and gay,

And let me be the fold!

And yet the body is to her a palace "where the high senses hold their spiritual state." This is no contradiction in impulses, for she knows that true love consecrates the body, that the caresses of true lovers express an emotion not merely physical. But her love of love is marred by no affectation, no sentimentality. She can celebrate "the unique rejection of a kiss" proudly, with no hint of tears. Nor does she speak the language of sentiment. We know how deep, how strong is the love of those who have never learned, who are lifted by their passionate sensitiveness above

the need of ever learning the ordinary language of sentiment. Hers is the tongue of those privileged ones. She has lines as moving as a quick and close embrace, as overwhelming as a sudden kiss that burns to the very heart. She sings the love that is awake even in dreams, the love that "comes filling with happy waves the open sea-shore of the soul." It is a gentle love, and it has that motherliness inseparable from the perfect, pure love of woman:

I fain would put my hands about thy face,
Thou with thy thoughts, who art another Spring,
And draw thee to me like a mournful child.
Nor is it without that sweet dubiety which has its special rapture:

Is there no sweet lost air
Old loves could wake in him, I cannot share?

Love is in her heart always. It abides
In the blue Heaven's height,
And in the sweetest passage of a song.

It dominates even the phantasmagoria of sleep:
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,
Must doff my will as raiment laid away,
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

She knows the confidence of that high love which has mounted beyond the need of questioning. She is not afraid to surrender her whole being, for her heart beats in perfect blamelessness:

My heart shall be thy garden. Come, my own
Into thy garden; thine be happy hours
Among my fairest thoughts, my tallest flowers,
From root to crowning petal thine alone.

It is a love that has its secrets too, secrets kept in the womanly fear that too much frankness might destroy some of love's preciousness; yet there can be no misunderstanding, for

Your love doth press
And reach in further than you know.

Is it not significant that among her Later Poems the following should be the last, the final tribute which, it may be, she will never try to better? It is addressed, as all her love poems are, to her husband Wilfred Meynell.

Home, home from the horizon far and clear,
Hither the soft wings sweep;
Flocks of the memories of the day draw near
The dovecote doors of sleep.
Oh, which are they that come through sweetest light
Of all these homing birds?
Which with the straightest and the swiftest flight?
Your words to me, your words!

All her words of love are precious words, for she
Has not pressed
Her unskilled fingers, but her breast
Upon those silent sacred strings,

and the strings vibrate in unison with the beating of her heart. And they are all revealing words because they are the irrepressible utterances of a nature confirmed in reticence. Are not the most revealing words born of silence, of that mysterious silence in which the mind has had communion with infinity? Alice Meynell loves silence, as the saints have loved it. One can think of her life as a succession of spiritual retreats. "Silence, the completest of thy poems, last, and sweetest," she sings. Indeed, she keeps silence "like a star." She never breaks it except meaningfully. She utters no empty word. And when she sings, her music strikes on silence as on a little silver bell; its echoes float, wave on lessening wave, into the hushed sanctuary of the soul. She is aloof. "O Poet, more than ocean, lonelier," she sings. Darkness and solitude shine for her. She knows "little solitudes of delight." She says to her beloved:

My silence, life returns to thee
In all the pauses of her breath.
Thou art like silence all unperplexed,
A secret and a mystery.

There is no tumult in her breast. Hers are no frenzied oracles; perhaps that is why they are never incoherent as the utterances of the Sibyl were. In the poem called "The Two Poets" she tells us how poetry is born. The silent wind strikes the dumb tree, rustling its passive leaves to speech. A silent wind quickening a dumb tree! It is her figure for inspiration. And that untutored utterance, that great word which brings a dark meaning to light—whose is it, the wind's or the tree's? Her answer is: There can be no inspiration, as there can be no love, without communion. Both the wind and the tree are poets. Yet the poet is unimportant; it is the poem that matters. For Alice Meynell inspiration is born not in silence alone, but in silence joined to humility. I think she would have us hold that love is born that way too.

There is another "luminous passion" which Alice Meynell finds reigning "high in the soul of man." It is

Love of Nature—love to tears—

The modern passion of this hundred years.

This too is her passion. She loves Nature unto tears, and past tears to understanding. She reads the divine purpose in Nature as unerringly as she disengages the divine design in God's gift of love. All the sweet earth's dimmest mysteries are open to her. She knows "the secrets of the seeds of flames hidden and warm with flowers." She loves the burst of summer in the unfolding South. How her being "flows to Italy!" And still she can also love "a slender landscape and austere." In Kensington Gardens she muses sadly on dead leaves, though not too sadly, for the leaves will live again with the spring-tide, and while she walks across their "broken hearts" her eyes are turned toward golden summer. So she muses on the dead leaves with a tempered sadness, just as she meditates before the altar on Christ crucified but living. She loves the flower hid in the close bud and "the yet leaf-folded violet," the miracle of emerg-

ing life. She loves "June and the wild hedge-roses." She greets the lonely beech and the new-come birds singing in the alder-trees. She loves alike "the gleam of secret splendid sombre suns," and the hills of Spring flushing with a dust of flowers. She lives in the wild wind out of the long west and yearns to "the tender mountain tops and delicate." Contrasts heighten her intellectual pleasure, so she welcomes the rain in Summer no less than the west wind in Winter. She cannot behold a daisy without ecstasy:

What will it be to look

From God's side even of such a simple thing?

Sargent has drawn her, a slender woman, her hands pressed to her heart; "the eyes are a little weary." Looking at his picture, one seems to understand why she is uneasy in the presence of Ease; why, guarded by the vigilant angel Fear, she is unafraid; why, spurred on by the diligent angel Labour, she has no fatigue; and, agonized by the inexorable angel Pain, she is very happy. Some of the greatest in Great Britain thought that on her instead of on Robert Bridges the high tribute of the laureateship should have been bestowed. She did not need it. What king can enhance the glory of her who enriched us with "The Lady Poverty," "one entire and perfect chrysolite?" She is the laureate of the higher life, luring us beyond the cares and anxieties of our petty days by the enticements of a spiritual music.

You, if my soul be augur, you

Shall—O what shall you not, Sweet, do?

The celestial traitress play,

And all mankind to bliss betray;

With sacrosanct cajoleries

And starry treacheries of your eyes,

Tempt us back to Paradise!

But I cannot impart her charm, for I cannot draw her soul as Sargent did. There is that about her perfect art which baffles words less subtle than her

own. Even Francis Thompson who knew and loved her acknowledged the difficulty:

Oh, but the heavenly grammar did I hold
Of that high speech which angels' tongues turn gold!
So should her deathless beauty take no wrong,
Praised in her own great kindred's fit and cognate tongue.
Or if that language yet with us abode
Which Adam in the garden talked with God!

So let me hark back to her poem of "The Shepherdess," and have done. Into the life of him whom Heaven favors there comes, one day and forever, a Lady of Delight. She is fair, this Lady of Delight, and her thoughts are beautiful. Her heart is golden. Her soul is beyond compare. There are no smiles, no tears like hers. To know her is a prayer, to love her a sacrament. Think of her, add the rarest gift of poesy ever bestowed upon a woman, and you have Alice Meynell.

Dancing is an art that the ungraceful continue to affect.

If love prefers contrasts to similitudes how is it that we frequently find an inane woman wedded to an asinine man?

Ninon De L'Enclos knew how to impart bewitching charms to the pleasures of sense, and so at eighty she was loved by men of twenty, and her mirror never gave her a heart ache.

BUTA

By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

We waded through the shallow tidal river in the moonlight, and getting off our horses sat down on a sandbank on which grew sea-pinks, a little woody ragweed, and some dwarf sea-hollies, and began to smoke.

The river in the moonlight seemed a sheet of quick-silver, the little wavelets of the rising tide scarce breaking its calm surface, and in the still night air was heard the occasional flight of sea-birds, of passing cranes, and now and then from the low scrub which fringed the river-banks a jackal yelped.

The tortuous valley flanked by rocky hills seemed to lead into infinite space, so lovely it appeared, twisting and lengthening out in the mysterious light. The ruined Roman town, massive, and built apparently to show, even in its ruin, that the builders built for all time, half filled the lower end. The docks for the galleys, now long crumbled to shapeless mounds of bricks, and used for saltpans, served to remind one that a power great as is our own had once possessed the land. Silent and beautiful the moon shone out on stunted palm tree and on lentiscus scrub; on the deserted gardens, fenced about with cactus, in which grew pomegranate, orange, and fig trees; and in the distance the white walls of the old Arab town gleamed bright along the sea. No human being was stirring, and as we smoked the horses now and then lifted their heads, pricked up their ears, and looked as horses will at night, as if they saw something invisible to human eyes.

We sat and smoked, and Nazim then broke silence, and took up the conversation which we had left unfinished an hour ago in town. "How strange you English are!" he said. "We never know whether it is you that deceive the world and God, or if it is yourselves that you deceive. When I was manager down at Cape Juby I knew an Arab girl. Her name I

think, was Rahma, but that matters little to my theory or my tale. So if you like I'll tell you what I know of her, and why her name was changed from Rahma, which means 'merciful,' to Buta, which, as you know, is how the Arabs pronounce a certain Spanish word." The horses settled down to wait, hanging their heads with the resigned, self-sacrificing air which horses as well as men adopt when they are constrained to do something that pleases them. We, after a protest as to Anglo-Saxon *bona fides* both towards God and man, settled ourselves to listen, while from the river came the murmur of the flowing tide lapping against the banks, and carrying little promontories of sand into the stream. Then Nazim, with the look round at his audience which bespeaks the story-teller, launched into his tale.

"Sometimes I think that the four years I spent at Juby in the factory (where we sold nothing) were the best of all my life. The desert and the sea, the one flat and broken, but by the 'suddra,' what you call camel-thorn bushes, eh? the other shipless and stretching to nowhere, or perhaps to somewhere; but somewhere is all the same as nowhere if you know not where it is. Hot? no, not too hot; rather too cold sometimes, with the perpetual trade wind. Dull? no, not too dull either, for the affairs of the tribes are just as interesting, if you speak their tongue and know their ways, as are the matters of the larger tribes, French, German, and the *bona fides*, what is it you call it, Englishmen. In the morning I used to mount my horse and ride about, my rifle in my hand, sometimes alone and sometimes with the Arabs, cantering along the shore or through the bushes, hunting gazelles, and now and then firing at wandering Arabs and being fired upon by them. Scarcely a day passes in the desert without some powder, as the Arabs say. Rahma? ah yes, I'm coming to her. Well, inside the fort and factory there were packed fifteen or twenty clerks, almost all Scotchmen, chosen for their good morals and their bookkeeping. Now I shall tell you

why it is that we say all you English try to deceive both God, man, and the whole world; why I think sometimes that you deceive yourselves, but seldom one another. You know that God (Allah, I mean) made man pretty much all the same, no matter if he be Turk or Jew, Frenchman or German, Spaniard, and all of him. All these men, now, when they see pretty woman, look at her and say she pretty; they smack their lips and they look at her as if they like to take her for themselves. Englishman he just like the rest, but he act differently; when he see pretty woman he pretend not see her, he look right through her as if she made of air. He say, 'Yaas, I think I see, but I'm not so sure,' but at the night he send a little boy to ask her come and speak with him. That why I say Englishman is a man different to all the rest, quite *bona fides*, as I hear you say."

"But Rahma, Nazim, when is she coming on the scene?" we said, as the tide was flowing, and we did not want to ride two or three miles upstream to find another ford. Not that anything in particular stopped us from mounting and crossing then, but that the moon was bright, and the melancholy of the night was on us, and we knew Nazim was a good storyteller, and having been brought up speaking English and with Englishmen, though liking us, knew all our weaknesses.

So he began again, "Ah, Rahma! yes, I see her now, sitting at the black tent door facing the sea; not many hundred yards from the factory; handy, you know, for your *bona-fide* clerks to talk to her, as they took their walk after what they called the labors of the day were done. Hers was a little, low, black camel's-hair tent running up to a peak, and pegged in the summer about a foot above the ground, so that you saw all that was going on inside. Her husband had been killed by the bursting of his own gun whilst fighting with another tribe, and she lived all alone with her two children. One was her husband's and the other sent from God, but she loved both of them

(especially God's child), and dyed their hair with henna, and hung necklaces of beads around their necks. Her property was a few goats, a sheep or two, and an old loom like those they use in the Hauran—not that she worked at it too frequently, or worked at all, except to carry water in the evening from the well back to the tent. The people of the tribe were kind to her, and gave her what they did not want themselves, after the fashion of all kindly souls who have enough to eat.

"How paint a palm tree or describe an ostrich running on the sand, a serpent on the rocks, or a fair woman as she walks taking men's eyes into her net? The pen, eh; what, mightier than the sword? You say so, but then no one believes it; it is a saying made for serious fools, whose brains are in their bellies; but wise men shake their heads; so I will try, you must not laugh, eh?

"A palm tree with its head in fire, its roots in water, rustling with every breeze, turning its leaves towards the sun that looks at it, or looking at the sun, as you best like; just as a woman turns her head towards the eyes of those who look at her.

"Tall, brown, with velvet eyes, long fingers, slender feet, her nails stained orange-colored with the henna, and when she walked a lengthening of the joints as when a desert mare canters along the sand. No, no, nothing of that sort. I never cared for her but as a picture, but as a type of the race that says so much to me, for its traditions, its literature, and above all the carriage of its sons."

And daughters, someone said.

"Yes, daughters too, but again only as pictures, for the infection of your civilization has spoiled me for simple things, and what should I say, even in my own tongue, to a daughter of the tents? Yes, thrice accursed is your civilization in its effect on men of other races, not born within its smoke. What has it done for me? What has it done for the young Syrians on whom your missionaries impose their

hands, and teach them English, French, bookkeeping, and Scripture history? as if an Englishman or an American could teach a Syrian the history of Christ, who was born amongst ourselves.

“True, true, you civilize us, and we drift into your proletariat, and perhaps may prove as dangerous to you as did our ancestors to Rome; but I will not philosophize after your fashion, but go on with my tale.

“‘Not too fat, not too thin,’ the poet says, and adds, ‘look not upon a woman or a fine horse, for looking leads to lust; and lust’—but you, as Englishmen, know well that subjects of that sort are not discussed. That which you cannot see does not exist, that which you do not hear has never been. The ostrich is the wisest of all birds, not that he has more sense than all the rest, but that he knows when he conceals his head beneath the sand that he is hidden from himself.

“Rahma, the merciful; it is an attribute of God (Allah, I mean); we call him merciful; and in a man it is good to follow God, to be like him as far as man may be, but for a woman, mercy is not so safe. Accursed be all men and women born from mothers who never yet said no. How it first happened I am not quite sure, but by degrees Rahma became acquainted with several of the clerks. They said they took an interest in her; some hinted that she would become a Christian if she were handled well, but none of them talked with her openly, but went by night to show their interest and their zeal for her soul’s welfare—after the English way. Welfare of the soul, that is the trade-mark of you English. No, no, I do not mean to offend; but then, you see, you are, above all things, a commercial nation, and the soul is cheap, whereas the body is a costly thing to help. Buy in the cheapest, and sell, eh—well to anyone who wants to buy, that’s how you look at it, I think?” He ceased a moment, and one Anglo-Saxon (there were three of us, two Britons

and a Yankee) looked aghast, being convinced of the superiority of our race, our faith, our principles, and everything that appertained to us. A cormorant skimmed up the river, its neck outstretched, its wings just dipping in the stream; it saw us motionless, our horses standing listlessly, resting a hind leg and swinging their tails sleepily, and swerved across the water, uttering its hoarse cry. Then once again the story-teller took up his reminiscence of the Arab girl.

"The end of the swimmer is to be taken by the sea, we say; and so it was with Rahma; not that she ever swam. You know the Arabs on the coast look on the sea, the black, the mysterious, the unfathomable, with horror; but she was taken sure enough.

"Why taken though? I should not say taken, perhaps, for she lives yet; and when a stranger, coming to the place, inquires, they tell him, 'Yes, Rahma (that is, "El Buta," as we call her) lives in that tent close to the tamarisk bushes by the well. There, friend, you have your house; and she has drink, too, drink of the Christians. Accursed be the sons and daughters of the mothers who have never yet said no."

He ceased, and we, having listened to his story, did not protest, but sat a little, silently watching the rising of the three Maries just behind the hill. Mounting, we crossed the river, which now was almost full, and struggling through the stream, our knees bent backwards, and our feet tucked up upon the horses' backs, emerged on to the hard, sandy beach: then, having caught our stirrups, shouted in the moonlight to our horses and galloped back into the town.

A SONG OF BAD BOOKS

By EDWARD F. O'DAY

The naughty tales by Boccacce told
I must confess I've read with glee,
The risky contes of Margaret bold
Are funny though they're rather free,
Droll yarns by Balzac tickle me;
I've read La Fontaine's fabliaux,
I've chortled with Massuccio,
Have delved in Straparole a bit;
But for my life I cannot go
Erotic books by women writ.

I don't like classics bowdlerized,
My stomach's used to hearty feeding,
I'm very rarely scandalized,
And though I reverence light and leading,
I'm far from prudish in my reading;
But books that deal with amorous rages,
With tiger skins and dangerous ages
I'm quite content to pretermit;
Let callow readers turn their pages,
Erotic books by women writ.

I like the quips of Roman Martial,
I laugh with fat old Rabelais,
I won't deny I'm more than partial
To Sieur Montaigne's facetiæ,
Erasmus pleases when he's gay;
In sooth I think it is no sin
With wits unexpurgate to grin;
But blushes o'er my features flit
Whene'er I read a Cross or Glyn.
Erotic books by women writ.

L'ENVOI.

Dealer by whom my brain is fed,
My heart thee prays in lowlihead
To send me books of seemly wit,
But if you can't, don't send instead
Erotic books by women writ.

AUTO DA FE

Edited by EDWARD F. O'DAY

I shall never marry. . . . This truth flashed on me last night for the first time. It startled me a good deal—laid a train of thought that kept me up an extra hour. However, when I retired I slept as soundly as usual.

I shall never marry. . . . Strange, how a momentous conviction like that leaps from some long-shut chamber of the brain to become a part of consciousness! You don't invite it. It simply comes, shocking you with its blatant assertiveness. . . . I shall never marry? Nonsense! Of course I shall some day! When the right girl appears. . . . No! There is no right girl for me. . . . Decidedly, I shall never marry.

When did I reach that decision? Last night I racked my brain to find out. In vain. That decision grew imperceptibly within me. It is now a part of me, its roots buried in the inmost of me. And I didn't know it till last night. When the truth came to me last night it was not a decision; it was a settled conviction. I cannot change that conviction now, no matter how I try. Sentence has been passed upon me, and the time for appeal has gone by. Most certainly I shall never marry.

I suppose this is tragedy of a sort. My tragedy, mine alone, of course. There are no heart breaks. . . .

* * * * *

My library desk was full to overflowing. Pamphlets, papers, letters had accumulated for years. I have a horror of destroying such things. . . . Or is it laziness? No, there is sentiment mixed up in the feeling somewhere. . . . But something had to be done. The clutter must be ordered. I told Parkyns to redd up. . . . "I shall look over the letters, Parkyns, and set aside those I want. The rest you may burn."

* * * * *

What a lot there were! I shrank from the task of

sorting them. But it had to be faced. There they waited on the table near the fireplace, the better half of years of correspondence. Yes, the better half. . . . The letters one receives are usually better than the letters one writes, are they not? I have always thought so. . . . I tumbled some of the heaps. Envelopes in all sorts of handwritings, in all dainty shades of stationer's colors, with all kinds of seals. Some of them black-edged in grim reminder of mortality, but not many. Very few postals. Why do not people send me picture postals? They never have. . . .

How one does forget handwriting! This for instance, a delicate feminine superscription. Let me see. . . . Hers! How could I forget? Once my blood raced at her name. I wonder where she is now. . . . This, and this, and this? Why all these should have been burned years ago. How careless one is with letters! . . . "Parkyns, you may burn these."

A red silk ribbon! Quite a packet this! Decidedly, I was orderly in those days. Let me see. . . . Let me see. . . . Ah! . . . These! These are different! . . . "Parkyns, I shall not want you again tonight." . . . I look at Parkyns, but I am thinking of this packet I hold in my hand. Confound the fellow! Why does he not go? He brings the siphon and the decanter. But I shall not drink tonight. . . . At last he withdraws.

* * * * *

My hand trembles as I untie the red silk ribbon. Silly! And my heart is thumping. Very silly! Perhaps it would be better to toss them unread into the fire? Decidedly. Why go over all that dead past again? I know what is here, and there are many others to look through. Into the fire with them. . . .

Just one look, though. To remind myself what a fool a man can be. A man? I was a boy then. . . . "And oh, how it was sweet!" Nonsense! Well, a hasty glance. . . .

* * * * *

The clock strikes one, and my heart leaps to the sound. I did not know there was so much emotion left in me. The past hour has been full of pangs, flutterings, stirrings of old sensations. Sweet sensations but bitter too. . . . Was I a fool to love her? I suppose so. And yet, and yet. . . . Oh, how can I tell!

All that is left of the happiest time of my life, this packet of letters. The documents of a fool's Paradise. She never loved me. I can read that now, but at the time these letters were very precious. How one does read meanings of one's own fond fancy into a woman's letters! She had a soul, but not the soul I gave her. In her own real soul, the soul I did not know then, there was no affection for me. That is plain now. Why did I not see it then? That was impossible, of course. . . . I wonder if she's happy?

Into the fire! They blaze, as my heart used to blaze in those dead days. . . . Ashes now. . . . In my heart there are ashes too. . . .

I am getting sentimental. . . . I think I shall get drunk. No, I shall go to bed.

* * * * *

I slept as soundly as usual. . . . I shall never marry.

Editor's Note: This autobiographical fragment was taken from the papers of the late Mr. J. Q. D., a literary man who never published anything. He married three times, and is survived by two widows and seven children.

A woman goes into politics as the last asylum of her pretensions.

Irony—Congratulating the groom when you know the lady played every card in the pack and dealt from the bottom to make the thing a cinch.

THE LEMON FLOWER

By ALLEN UPWARD

In the life of the exquisite poet Wong this passage occurs:

One day the magnificent Emperor Kublai, while seated in his garden, discoursing with his favorite poets, put to them this question: "What is the greatest instance of friendship?"

One of those present replied:

"I have heard that the rich mandarin Ching Hsing despoiled himself of everything he possessed, and having put the price of his estates into a bag, sent it to his friend Wu, whose property had been confiscated. It seems to me that no friend has exceeded the generosity of Ching."

Another of the poets, however, responded:

"Wealth in itself is not a great thing since its loss can be replaced. It is related of the famous philosopher Men-Tzao that, having observed that the eyes of his friend Yi frequently sought his wife's face, he commanded the woman to go to him, and say,—'Thy friend Men-Tzao sends me to thee.' Surely there can be no greater evidence of friendship than this."

A third member of the circle spoke thus:

"The utmost that one friend can offer to another is his life. The historians of the Hans inform us that the celebrated commander Meng, having heard that his friend and comrade Le was condemned to death, went to the place of execution, and suffered himself to be beheaded in his stead. Meng, therefore, seems to me to have achieved the most exalted nobility in friendship."

When all the others had confessed that they were unable to produce any greater instance of devotion,

the magnificent Kublai turned to Wong, who had remained silent, and asked him:

"But what does Wong say? Are you of the same opinion as your brethren? Surely you cannot tell us of any more striking proof of friendship than this of Meng."

Wong, after considering for a moment, answered:

"Each of the acts of friendship which have been related merits the praise of perfection, since each of these honorable personages did what his friend required. The death of the mandarin Ching would not have benefited Wo; neither would the wealth of Men-Tzao have been a solace to Yi; nor could the wife of Meng have extricated Le. Nevertheless it seems to me that I have heard of something even more remarkable than the generosity of these friends.

"This trait is recorded of the illustrious and sublime poet Wang Po on the following occasion. The Viceroy of the province of Hunan offered the prize of a robe of silver tissue for an ode on the Imperial birthday. Wang Po, after he had sent in his own poem, found that his friend Sun had also written one, which, however, he was unable to present to the board of judges, through not having enough money to pay for the copying of the ode on yellow silk in letters of vermillion, as is prescribed by etiquette in the case of such compositions. Wang Po, although he perceived that Sun's ode was superior to his own, ordered it to be copied at his own expense, and transmitted it to the board. A report of what had taken place having come to the ears of the Viceroy, he awarded the silver robe to Sun, but ordered a robe of gold brocade to be given to Wang Po, since the beauty of a generous action exceeds the beauty of a poem as far as the value of gold exceeds that of silver.

"This, therefore, O great Emperor, appears to me

to be the most conspicuous instance of friendship. For even as the flower of the bitter lemon, when trodden on, exhales the most delicate perfume, so does the mortifying passion of literary envy, when trodden under by friendship, yield a fragrance surpassing that of the lemon flower."

The victorious Kublai responded:

"Since it appears to me that the poet Wong understands the nature of true friendship better than any of the others who have spoken, henceforth I desire that he may be reckoned as the foremost of my friends."

No successful politician can afford to be a gentleman.

When we speak of a deserving person we mean somebody who hasn't made good.

If there is any difference between praying from the housetop and professing publicly the love of humanity it's hard to discover.

A woman under forty-five can afford to look her age if she knows where to bestow her love and how to make it worth while.

If ever a revolution occurs in this country it will be against politicians, and the people will be so mad that not one will be spared.

INTOXICATION

A PROSE POEM BY CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

(Translated by F. P. Sturm)

One must be for ever drunken: that is the sole question of importance. If you would not feel the horrible burden of Time that bruises your shoulders and bends you to the earth, you must be drunken without cease. But how? With wine, with poetry, with virtue, with what you please. But be drunken. And if sometimes, on the steps of a palace, on the green grass by a moat, or in the dull loneliness of your chamber, you should waken up, your intoxication already lessened or gone, ask of the wind, of the wave, of the star, of the bird, of the time-piece; ask of all that flees, all that sighs, all that revolves, all that sings, all that speaks, ask of these the hour; and wind and wave and star and bird and time-piece will answer you: "It is the hour to be drunken! Lest you be the martyred slaves of Time, intoxicate yourselves, be drunken without cease! With wine, with poetry, with virtue, or with what you will."

Philanthropy—A species of vanity which prompts the criminal rich to give money to institutions.

Charity—The kind feeling that prompts a poor man to help one who is more in need than himself.

Anna—So at last Mrs. Swagger found her husband out.

Tom—That wasn't it. He never found her in.



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THE LANTERN

Edited by
Theodore F. Bonnet and Edward F. O'Day

*It is better to search for the truth of what
concerns us than to hunt for an honest man*

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¶ The Lantern has nothing to offer for subscriptions but the contents of the volume.

¶ The Lantern will shed its beams on candidates for canonization, and light the intellect on the way to entertainment.

THE LANTERN

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A Famous Wit And Beauty

By THEODORE BONNET

There are names that have the magic of moonlight in them, that stir one like a passionate melody. They are the names of notable women who made history and by their fragrant tenderness and keen intellect imparted to life a delicate flavor. These women without exception were remarkable for a personality preternaturally charming. In recalling them it is well for moral reasons to be mindful that they were extraordinary women and not to be emulated by mediocrities. One of the most remarkable of them all was that beautiful super-woman, Ninon de l'Enclos, who conducted the most brilliant salon in Paris in the years immediately preceding the reign of Madame de Pompadour. She was remarkable chiefly for the length of time she queened it over the hearts of men. She was a bewitching beauty in her sixties. Some of her contemporaries say she was a great beauty at eighty. Others, among them Madame de Sèvigné and Voltaire, give testimony to the contrary. As to Madame, her judgment may have been biased by the circumstance that her husband, the Marquis de Sèvigné, was among Ninon's lovers, and by the folly of her son who fell in love with Ninon after his father's death. Voltaire may be taken as a credible witness though it may be that he had the prejudice which some men derive from a sense of obligation. In her old age Ninon perceived Voltaire's genius in the bud, and she welcomed him to her salon, and by her will she bequeathed him one thousand francs to buy books. So Voltaire remembered that she was

no beauty at eighty. There are other things that Voltaire remembered from which I infer that he forgot that Ninon had been kind to him.

After all beauty of aspect is of small consequence. It is charm that counts whatever be its constituents, and Ninon was a charming woman at eighty. At that age the last of her lovers had not taken his departure. What stronger proof do we need of her enduring and endearing charm?

Often the portrait of a famous beauty disconcerts our preconceptions. It makes us wonder why men went mad about her. Not so the portrait of Ninon de l'Enclos. Here is a face lighted with the lure of nameless peril. Here is the sparkling gay countenance beaming with intelligence of a woman who regulated her whole long life on the principle laid down by the gifted Madame Du Chatelet—that we should have nothing to do in this world except to procure agreeable sensations and feelings. Madame Du Chatelet thought she could do this in the company of one man, but found in time that she had to “love for two,” and consequently many tears impaired her complexion. Ninon was too practical to cherish the ideal of two persons so made for each other that they should never know satiety. And so she never suffered from ennui. To know Ninon one must summon her shade from the depths of the past, as one may do by reading her correspondence with the young Marquis de Sèvigné and the learned Saint-Evremond. She drove a facile quill, did Ninon, and the spirit of her breathes in the letters she wrote on the psychology of love. Read them and you may feel the radiation and the magnetic air that perfumed the living presence. So many were Ninon's graceful accomplishments (she was a singer, a musician, a Salome of the Saraband) that French critics have not thought of her as a writer, but she wrote essays on the gay science with the facility of a Madame de Genlis scribbling for the education of princes and lacqueys. Perhaps the ex-

planation of the neglect of the wonderful de l'Enclos is that her name suggests topics that are not for drawing-room discussions. Which is curious inasmuch as her own drawing-room was a miniature university where the youths of the nobility were schooled in the usages of polite society, and where learned men received noble inspiration. That drawing-room, or salon, as it was called, was found agreeable even by Saint-Simon, the proud and priggish personification of ducal rectitude. But depend upon it, he was not often there, for Ninon detested Puritans and Saint-Simon was intolerant of women who neglected their religion. He speaks of Ninon in his delightful memoirs as the "famous courtesan, who, though she never had but one lover at a time had numberless admirers, so that when she wearied of one incumbent told him so frankly, and took another."

Saint-Simon devoted several hundred words of his chaste memoirs to Ninon, but with all his skill in portraiture he conveys only a vague impression of the woman whom Louis XIV pronounced the "marvel" of his reign. Swiftly she passes in Saint-Simon's great panorama of empire as it unrolls itself with splendor and ceremony. He saw nothing to admire in Ninon. He had not the good sense of the Comte de Segur who tells us in his work "Women, their Influence and Condition in Society" that Mademoiselle de l'Enclos "flourished under the reign of Louis XIV like a graceful plant in its proper soil," adding: "Splendor was her element. Turenne and Conde sighed at her feet, Voltaire received from her his first lessons in philosophy." However, scant though the notice taken by Saint-Simon of this fascinating woman he does her the justice to say that the atmosphere of her salon was wholesome, the wit elegant, and never tinctured with scandal. What a model salon this, presided over by a woman described by Saint-Simon as a courtesan! A model salon indeed in an age notable chiefly for a superficial elegance of

manner and a skill in the art of *savoir-vivre*, an age in which neither a stainless life nor a superior merit was indispensable to the elect. Saint-Simon goes further. He says that "all was delicate" in this salon kept by a courtesan, and that "she herself maintained the conversation by her wit and her great knowledge of facts;" also, "The respect which, strange to say, she had acquired, and the number and distinction of her friends and acquaintances continued when her charms ceased to attract, and when propriety and fashion compelled her to use only intellectual baits." Fancy a courtesan, as he calls her, using only "intellectual baits." The truth is that the wonderful Ninon never lost her charms. Her beauty of person may have departed; not her beauty of mind and heart.

Ninon de l'Enclos was a great sensualist. Kind nature was her god, Montaigne her prophet, the Epicurean philosophy her gospel. Love was the paramount affair of her life, but with her love was no romantic passion, it developed no sentimental attachment. An unchaste woman, she proved that unchastity was not incompatible with a general practice of virtue. She had her first lover at fifteen, the last appeared when she was seventy-eight, and then, grown somewhat coquettish, she kept him waiting two years for proof of her confidence and esteem.

With all the beauty for which she was famous Ninon de l'Enclos undoubtedly had what the Scots slyly call advantages. But was there ever a woman who possessed so many advantages as Ninon? For every man there is an ideal feminine type. Ninon was the ideal type of many men. History tells us of many women from Helen of Troy to Diane de Poitiers who were wondrous sweet and fair, and who knew how to suffer themselves to be desired, but we know of none, unless it be the mythical Helen, whose power of fascination was of anything like the same duration. Helen continued her conquests in the other

world. Ninon was notable for the number of men who paid her the tribute of passionate devotion. True Aspasia had more than her Pericles, Lady Hamilton had her Greville, Hamilton and Nelson, and it is not to be supposed that Charles the Second was Nell Gwynne's only lover. I might name a few others from Cleopatra to Lily Langtry who enjoyed the worship of miscellaneous adorers, but in Mademoiselle de l'Enclos we have a woman who was distinguished for her inconstancy, who was loved by whole classes of men—contemporary men of letters, rival wits, rival statesmen, rival warriors, men alike of the nobility and of Bohemia. Yet this woman of irresistible fascinations was respected and admired. She held a high place in society. She enjoyed the friendship of women of the nobility. They visited her home. By queens and princes she was esteemed. Scientists paid homage to her. Young men of the nobility were sent to her salon to acquire polish and learning. To be sure manners were somewhat loose in Paris under the regime of Anne of Austria and when Louis XIV was King. The looseness of manners, however, does not account for the eminence of a woman so loose in her manners as Ninon de l'Enclos. There were sticklers for morality in those days. There was much manly virtue. There was chivalry, and there were ideals of womanhood much the same as those of our own day, but to Ninon, who said that woman's virtue was one of "the finest inventions of man," was granted exemptions from the conventions of society. She was accorded the license that certain women of the stage of our generation have enjoyed in a little less degree. The supreme artist of the salon, she was accorded the deference due to shining talent. And she had more than shining talent; she had freedom from the petty vices of her sex. If her manners were lax her good principles were well knitted. Thus may we account for the unique position she held. Changeable was her heart, but she was steadfast in her friendship. She

was charitable. She had magnanimity. She was self-sacrificing. She had great political influence, and she helped those in need. Her judgment in art was excellent, and it was her word that procured for Moliere the production of *Tartuffe* when managers were afraid to touch it on account of its sly allusions. Her severest critics admit that she had ideals, and that she imparted them to men of genius. A true hedonist of the Epicurean school she thirsted for the sensual pleasures, but with all her wantonness of spirit she had a sense of delicacy, she instilled taste, she was the most trustworthy of friends.

This remarkable woman was the first of her sex to put herself on record in favor of a single standard of morality. "I perceive," she wrote, "that women are charged with everything that is frivolous, and that men reserve to themselves the right to essential qualities. From this moment I shall be a man." And she was a man in the sense that she practiced the art of life according to man's code of honor. She never availed herself of any advantages that a woman might claim. And all that she asked of her lovers was that when caprice dictated she might be privileged to put an end to a liaison without incurring displeasure. She never deceived. After love came friendship, and every man she ever loved was her friend to the end of his days. She thought it unreasonable that a man should expect her love to endure. When M. de Gourville was driven into exile she grieved a short time. On his return she sent for him. "I am sorry if you still love me," she said, "for I have lost my love for you. But here are the twenty thousand crowns you entrusted me with." As a churchman who had been entrusted with a much larger sum had refused to return the money, M. de Gourville, though he lamented the loss of his sweetheart, was so impressed with the difference between her and the churchman that he told the story to Voltaire who made use of it in a play.

Let it not be assumed that Ninon's caprices, as she called them, were all of the butterfly variety. She lived three years with the Marquis de Villarceaux on one of his estates far from Paris. She dismissed him when she discovered that he was carrying on an amour with Madame Scarron, the lady who was afterward the celebrated Madame de Maintenon, and who became the real power behind the throne of Louis XIV. About this time the Duc de Choiseul, afterward a marshal of France, became enamored of Mademoiselle, but he was merely a man of valor who could inspire only sterile sentiments of esteem and respect. So Ninon for whom only the carnival hours were worth while, permitted herself to be captivated by the figure of a famous dancer named Pécour. "He is a very worthy gentleman," said Ninon of the gallant soldier, "but he never gives me a chance to love him." So the battlefield for the Duke, not the boudoir of the beautiful *amoureuse* whose heart was the slave of nothing but its own fugitive desires.

With these episodes in Ninon's career the society of Paris was familiar. But it was not shocked. The ladies of the Court, however, were envious of Ninon, for she had a monopoly of the brainiest men of the day. La Rochefoucauld, Saint-Evremond, Coligny, Due de Chatillon, Moliere, La Fontaine, Scarron, the Count de Gramont, all the leaders of the intellectual world were sharpening their wits in Ninon's salon every night. The ladies of the Court complained to the Queen Regent. It was decided to break up the salon, and Ninon was ordered into retirement. She was told that she could have her choice of a religious house. "I am deeply sensible," Ninon wrote, "of the goodness of the Court in providing for my welfare, and in permitting me to select my place of retreat. I decide in favor of the Grands Cordeliers." As this was a monastery from which women were rigidly excluded all Paris laughed at the joke, but Ninon

was banished for a while—not to the monastery. On her return she received felicitations from all quarters, and once more her salon became the centre of the intellectual and political life of Paris. A rival salon was opened by some of the women of smart society, prototypes of the culturines of our day. They rendered posterity a good service, as it was from them that Moliere received inspiration for his masterpiece of satire *Les Precieuses Ridicules*.

On sped the years, but with no diminution of Ninon's capacity for pleasure, no weakening of her powers of attraction. When she was in the fifties Chapelle, the poet, fell in love with her. She detested him. He threatened to write a scandalous poem about her every day until she changed her attitude. He wrote thirty poems; and then he ceased his persecution, but Ninon remained steadfast in her antipathy. At sixty she told La Rochefoucauld that his maxim "Old age is woman's hell" should be amended to exclude her. At sixty-five came the one tragedy of her life. Her son by a certain De Gersay, reared as the Chevalier de Villiers, who had no knowledge of his mother, fell in love with her. When, to cure him of his passion she told him the truth he committed suicide. This tragedy Le Sage made use of in *Gil Blas*.

Mademoiselle de l'Enclos had her first serious illness when she was eighty-five years of age. She found consolation in religion. Madame de Maintenon, who had never forgotten the friend of her youth invited her to Versailles to be treated by the King's physician. She preferred to remain in her own home, but she consented to go to the chapel at Versailles to meet the King. In her ninetieth year Mademoiselle grew feebler every day. On the night of October 16th, 1705, finding that she could not sleep she arose, and at her desk wrote a poem on her approaching death. On the following morning she closed her eyes in sleep, and never opened them again.

TOLERATION

(The following verses were read in the House of Representatives by Congressman Kahn of California during the debate on the Hobson Prohibition Amendment. They were written for "The Lamar Sparks" of Lamar, Colorado. One reason why they are published here is that they have appeared in the "Congressional Record." For although THE LANTERN has a smaller circulation than the "Congressional Record," it has more readers.)

Believe as I believe, no more, no less ;
That I am right, and no one else, confess ;
Feel as I feel, think only as I think ;
Eat what I eat, and drink but what I drink ;
Look as I look, do always as I do,
And then, and only then, I'll fellowship with you.

That I am right, and always right, I know,
Because my own convictions tell me so ;
And to be right is simply this, to be
Entirely and in all respects like me ;
To deviate a hair's breadth, or begin
To question, doubt, or hesitate, is sin.

I reverence the Bible if it be
Translated first and then explained by me ;
By churchly laws and customs I abide,
If they with my opinions coincide ;
All creeds and doctrines I admit divine
Excepting those which disagree with mine.

Let sink the drowning if he will not swim
Upon the plank that I throw out to him ;
Let starve the hungry if he will not eat
My kind and quality of bread and meat ;
Let freeze the naked if he will not be
Clothed in such garments as are made for me.

'Twere better that the sick should die than live,
Unless they take the medicine I give ;
'Twere better sinners perish than refuse
To be conformed to my peculiar views ;
'Twere better that the world stand still than move
In any other way than that which I approve.

was banished for a while—not to the monastery. On her return she received felicitations from all quarters, and once more her salon became the centre of the intellectual and political life of Paris. A rival salon was opened by some of the women of smart society, prototypes of the culturines of our day. They rendered posterity a good service, as it was from them that Moliere received inspiration for his masterpiece of satire *Les Precieuses Ridicules*.

On sped the years, but with no diminution of Ninon's capacity for pleasure, no weakening of her powers of attraction. When she was in the fifties Chapelle, the poet, fell in love with her. She detested him. He threatened to write a scandalous poem about her every day until she changed her attitude. He wrote thirty poems; and then he ceased his persecution, but Ninon remained steadfast in her antipathy. At sixty she told La Rochefoucauld that his maxim "Old age is woman's hell" should be amended to exclude her. At sixty-five came the one tragedy of her life. Her son by a certain De Gersay, reared as the Chevalier de Villiers, who had no knowledge of his mother, fell in love with her. When, to cure him of his passion she told him the truth he committed suicide. This tragedy *Le Sage* made use of in *Gil Blas*.

Mademoiselle de l'Enclos had her first serious illness when she was eighty-five years of age. She found consolation in religion. Madame de Maintenon, who had never forgotten the friend of her youth invited her to Versailles to be treated by the King's physician. She preferred to remain in her own home, but she consented to go to the chapel at Versailles to meet the King. In her ninetieth year Mademoiselle grew feebler every day. On the night of October 16th, 1705, finding that she could not sleep she arose, and at her desk wrote a poem on her approaching death. On the following morning she closed her eyes in sleep, and never opened them again.

TOLERATION

(The following verses were read in the House of Representatives by Congressman Kahn of California during the debate on the Hobson Prohibition Amendment. They were written for "The Lamar Sparks" of Lamar, Colorado. One reason why they are published here is that they have appeared in the "Congressional Record." For although THE LANTERN has a smaller circulation than the "Congressional Record," it has more readers.)

Believe as I believe, no more, no less ;
That I am right, and no one else, confess ;
Feel as I feel, think only as I think ;
Eat what I eat, and drink but what I drink ;
Look as I look, do always as I do,
And then, and only then, I'll fellowship with you.

That I am right, and always right, I know,
Because my own convictions tell me so ;
And to be right is simply this, to be
Entirely and in all respects like me ;
To deviate a hair's breadth, or begin
To question, doubt, or hesitate, is sin.

I reverence the Bible if it be
Translated first and then explained by me ;
By churchly laws and customs I abide,
If they with my opinions coincide ;
All creeds and doctrines I admit divine
Excepting those which disagree with mine.

Let sink the drowning if he will not swim
Upon the plank that I throw out to him ;
Let starve the hungry if he will not eat
My kind and quality of bread and meat ;
Let freeze the naked if he will not be
Clothed in such garments as are made for me.

'Twere better that the sick should die than live,
Unless they take the medicine I give ;
'Twere better sinners perish than refuse
To be conformed to my peculiar views ;
'Twere better that the world stand still than move
In any other way than that which I approve.

HERETICS, ANCIENT AND MODERN

By EDWARD F. O'DAY

I fell among men proudly doting, exceedingly carnal and prating, in whose mouths were the snares of the Devil, lined with the mixture of the syllables of Thy name. . . . They cried out "Truth, Truth," and spake much thereof to me, yet it was not in them; but they spake falsehood, not of Thee only, (who truly art Truth,) but even of those elements of this world, Thy creatures.

—Confessions of St. Augustine.

Gentle and most reasonable reader, I ask you a simple question: Might not the great and holy Augustine be speaking in this passage of a twentieth century prohibitionist? For who are these among our fellow citizens that proudly dote, that are exceedingly carnal and prating, if not the prohibitionists? Who else are they that lime the snares of the devil with the word of God? Who, if not the prohibitionists, cry out "Truth, Truth," yet have no truth in them? And who, if not they, speak falsehood of God and of God's creatures?

If I do not think that the passage might have been written to apply to the case of the prohibitionists, I am no true Christian. And if I do not think that the magnificent old doctor and saint who wrote it would apply some such words to the Prohibitionists of this country and time, if he were alive today, I have failed utterly to grasp the spirit of his writings, to follow the direction of his thoughts. As a matter of fact, Augustine was speaking of the prohibitionists. He refers in that passage to the Manicheans who were the prohibitionists of his time.

That words which may be said in all good conscience of the prohibitionists of the twentieth century

United States should have been written of the prohibitionists of fifth century Carthage need surprise none who realizes that the history of mankind revolves on a wheel and is forever returning to the same place. The prohibitionists of Carthage in the year of grace 400 were not so very different from the prohibitionists of the United States in the year of grace 1915. Many of the doting, carnal, prating and lying men of whom Augustine speaks claimed to be Christians, and the claim is made by the prohibitionists of today. That old claim was a lying claim. In reality the gentry for whom Augustine expressed such scorn were heretics. It seems to me that the claim of our modern prohibitionists is a false claim too. It does not bother me that they thunder from Christian pulpits or read their prayer books in Christian pews. They are Manicheans and heretics just the same. To all true Christians they should be anathema maranatha.

Who were these Manicheans of whose errors Augustine had so much to say in his Confessions, and whom I have compared to the prohibitionists of today? They took their name from the Persian Mani, a man as remarkable in some respects as the Arabian Mahomet. Mani lived in the third century of the Christian era. He was the son of a South-Babylonian Mandeian, which is as much as to say that Mani's father was an Asiatic Puritan. At an early age Mani's father heard a voice in the temple of idolatry where he worshiped, bidding him abstain from meat, wine and women. The third century explanation of this mysterious voice would be that it was the voice of a god or of a devil, according as the explanation happened to be made by an idolator or by a Christian. I am inclined to the view that it was the voice of a devil, though not necessarily of a disembodied devil. There were diabolical human beings who uttered such precepts centuries before the world heard of the Oneida Community.

It is impossible at this distance of time to say how

faithfully Mani's father obeyed the mandate to turn prohibitionist and vegetarian. That he was a man likely to follow strange counsels is probable, for he deserted his wife when he went in search of religion—a proceeding not unknown among the reformers of to-day. It is tolerably clear, however, that he disregarded the injunction of celibacy, else there had been no Mani. Though he deserted his wife, he did not desert woman! But whatever his practise may have been, he preached all three of these abstinences, and his son preached them after him, though with a difference in regard to one of them.

Mani was a greater man than his father, for he gave the world a new religion. Theologians would say that he was also a worse man than his father, since he gave the world a false religion where his father had only given it false counsels. Mani's religion, or Manicheism, was called a religion of pure reason, and was exceedingly popular with those who regarded themselves as superior people, for pure reason was just as fashionable in that old world as it is in ours. Mani's religion took immensely with those who mistook culturine for culture. It was not a new way of solving the problems of life, but it was a very old way set forth with new and attractive trimmings; and those who embraced it without thoroughly understanding it (nobody could possibly understand it all), undoubtedly felt as many Americans feel today when they join a new cult—they prided themselves on being sulphites in a world of bromides. That is one reason why Augustine spoke of them as "proudly doting" men. Mani laid the foundation of his religious system on the old Chaldean astrology and folk lore, which is so fantastic that many people still take it pretty seriously. But Mani was a genius, and his genius consisted in recognizing that the world was full of people who liked to be thoroughly miserable when they went to church. John Knox must have had something of the same idea. So Mani gave his fol-

lowers the doctrine of Dualism. That is to say, he taught them that there were two omnipotent powers in the universe, the omnipotent power of good and the omnipotent power of evil, and that these were forever battling omnipotently for supremacy without gaining it. If you think it incredible that rational beings should accept such a contradiction, you have not studied some of the ultra-fashionable modern religions.

Were we to analyze Manicheism we should find that it was pessimism of the blackest sort, but it is not necessary to analyze it here. Suffice it to say that while pessimism as a religious system can never endure—since it has within it from birth the germ of death—this particular system of pessimism known as Manicheism lasted for more than seven hundred years. During all that time the church of Christ thundered against it, and anathematized the Christians—no inconsiderable number—who were tainted with it.

In the end the truth killed this error, and it was swept away so completely that the most painstaking scholars have had a hard time reconstructing its ruins. But pessimism never dies out of human nature. There are always men who have a constitutional weakness for it. Even in this day of enlightenment and in this country of superlative enlightenment that forgotten pessimist who was called a Manichean has his counterpart. There is, for instance, the pessimist who is called a prohibitionist.

The Manichean was forbidden to eat meat, to drink wine and to marry. He was taught that meat, wine and marriage all came from the omnipotent power of evil in the universe, and were abhorred by the omnipotent power of good. As the all-powerful god of the Manicheans was not powerful enough to hinder the all-powerful devil from inventing meat, wine and marriage, the priests came to their god's assistance and solved the problem of his embarrassment—saved his divine face, so to speak—by making

prohibition laws. In theory every Manichean was a vegetarian, a "dry" and a celibate. In practice he was usually like Faustus of Milevis, the most celebrated Manichean of Augustine's day. Faustus was like many of our reformers; he taught self-denial but did not practice it. He was notoriously luxurious and loose. Doubtless there were some Manicheans who ate no meat, drank no wine and avoided women. But Faustus, the leading Manichean of his day, was not of the number; neither was Augustine who belonged to the sect for many years. Most Manicheans ate meat, and ostentatiously repented the sin. Most Manicheans drank wine, more or less privately, like the Mahometans, and like George Bernard Shaw's father of whom G. B. S. has shamelessly written: "My father was in theory a vehement teetotaler, but in practice often a furtive drinker." And nearly all Manicheans entirely disregarded the mandate of celibacy. Obviously, since Manicheism lasted for several centuries! On this latter point, indeed, Mani did not teach exactly as his Puritan father had taught. I should explain his teaching if I were writing on the subject of "birth control" or "contraception" which is such a popular topic just now among college professors, advanced women and other reformers of the sex relation, but it is not to my present purpose.

The point to be considered and emphasized is that the Manichean regarded wine as an evil thing. The Manichean did not merely preach against drunkenness as the Christian does. He did not look on wine as a possible instrument of evil, as every reasonable man does. He did not warn the drinker against excess. He taught that wine came from the omnipotent power of evil, that it was essentially a wicked thing, quite as evil in the bottle as in the stomach. And this was part of that Manichean heresy against which the Christian church launched its thunders. It was deemed so dangerous a part of the heresy that special enactments were leveled at it. There was a

time in the early Christian church when this tenet of Manicheism appeared to be making such insidious inroads on the true faith that all Christians were commanded to take the sacrament of the Eucharist in both forms—the form of wine as well as the form of bread—under penalty of being cut off from the church if they refused. The purpose of this enactment was to “smoke out” the Manicheans who pretended they were Christians; to expose the heretics who held the monstrous doctrine that Christ at the Last Supper partook of an evil drink.

Do not the prohibitionists of today regard all liquor, including wine, as something inherently evil? There is a simple way to test this, a way for which we are indebted to the clear-thinking Gilbert K. Chesterton. “If a Puritan tells you,” Chesterton writes, “that he does not object to beer but to the tragedies of excess in beer, simply propose to him that in prisons and workhouses (where the amount can be absolutely regulated) the inmates should have three glasses of beer a day. The Puritan cannot call that excess; but he will find something to call it. For it is not the excess he objects to, but the beer.”

The prohibitionist is as much a pessimist as the ancient Manichean was. To his darkened mind wine is “the demon,” and to this “demon” he allows almost as much power for evil as he allows God power for good. He sees no humor in Emerson’s humorous phrase; at least one inanimate object has an “inherent perversity,” and that object is liquor. He would banish wine from all places upon the earth, including the altar of Christian worship. He has been trying for years, though quite ineffectually, to banish it from the Bible by proving that the wine of the Bible was not wine at all, but unfermented grape juice. This attempt has had a wonderful effect in promoting the sale of Mr. Welch’s beverage, but has only brought derision from Biblical scholars. It is significant however, of the deadly hatred the prohibitionist bears

to wine. Nobody drinks wine because wine happens to be mentioned in the Bible, just as nobody eats meat because meat is mentioned there. Nor is the prohibitionist quite silly enough to think that wine-drinkers justify their wine-drinking on any such grounds. The prohibitionist, however, is not bold enough to say, as the old Manicheans said, that Christ partook of an evil drink, and so they have tried to substitute their unfermented grape juice for the wine of Cana and the Last Supper. The prohibitionist would prohibit what God has not prohibited, and this seems to me rank Manicheism and heresy.

The five-foot shelf is the Chautauqua of the sedentary.

A fatal tendency toward cant has spoiled some very promising prigs.

In the selling of best sellers it is usually the purchaser who is sold.

"Jitney" is an ugly word and therefore acceptable. It betrays no effort to dignify a very sordid coin.

EXHUMED

By ARTHUR MILLS

I must write. There is no one I can talk to about it, no one who could understand, no one who would be able to see it all as I do. But the need to pour out all that is in my mind is too great to be denied.

For three years my heart has been empty. I do not mean that the years were miserable, but just that they were void of the joy or sorrow which only the heart can give. It seemed that I had drunk my fill of emotion and for the rest of life must be content with definite sensations, the excitement of adventure, the pleasure of critical appreciation, the study of my fellow creatures. . . .

Then I met her again by chance, and as I looked into her eyes there came back to me the rich flavor which I had thought never to taste again, acute, indefinable. The concrete shapes of things melted round me, and she stood out distinct, the one vital thing in the whole of my existence.

I stopped her in the street, speaking her name and holding out my hand. She stared at me a moment, then her fingers closed round mine. Her grey eyes—gooseberry eyes she used to call them when they told too plainly of wayward paths—drew me deep into their depths. The little whimsical smile was almost cruel. So after three years we met again, just by chance, in the crowded lamp-lit street.

Our first meeting had been dramatic enough; we had seen one another across a sea of faces and rushed together, drawn in by the thin magnetic current which some call love at first sight. I remember we kissed before we spoke to one another. Was it to be expected that such a wild child of passion should live long or die happily?

She had gone out of my life, leaving a hollow wound; as the years went by, instead of letting it heal, I fretted the place with reflections, making a great sore which never ceased to send through me stabbing pains of longing and regret.

Yet if our first meeting was tense with dramatic quality, so, too, was our second. True the child was dead, and buried in the deep grave of time; true we had mourned him grievously in separate corners of the earth; but true, too, that as we stood there, holding hands and looking into each other's eyes, it seemed as though the years that covered our love rolled back, showing it naked, bare, intact. Or so I thought and thrilled at the possibility. . . .

She was with friends at the time of our second meeting, and we agreed to dine together later when she could leave them. I went straight to the little restaurant that had been our haunt, and sat down to wait for her at our table. I speculated on the surprise it would be to George to see us together once more. Three years ago we had gone to the restaurant every day, and the good-hearted George had treated us as his children. We had lived through so much at the table in the corner, laughing the hilarious laugh of wine, or sitting in the silent drunkenness of love, hands clasped across the cloth. Sometimes, towards the end, as our nerves strained at the task of lowering passion to its grave, we grew sad; she would sob outright, while I battled painfully with a swelling throat. Hours we would sit there, regardless of place and time and circumstance. George must have seen all and known.

Now at any moment she might come in at the door. Yes, there was a surprise in store for George. And for me? Who knew? I found myself wondering eagerly: "Could things possibly begin again? Could they?"

She came presently, and walked down the room just as I had seen her walk a hundred times before. Her

walk had a marked quality of dignity, curious when one reflected that most women would hold up their skirts to let her by, adorable when one knew that it was the symbol of union between reckless pride and reckless indifference to the things which pride holds dear.

"I never thought you would come," she said slowly, as she took the chair opposite.

Her voice was leisurely, soft and low. Pitched always in the same key, it could soothe or thrill, but never grow monotonous. Her remark, too: "I never thought you would come"—how exquisitely typical of her point of view. She was glad I had come; she would have been sorry if I had not; but either way it was the same to her, as it had to be—her destiny.

Suddenly I caught myself wondering if the remark was not just what anybody would have said. If—horrors—it was trite?

She went on talking, and told me about the particular landlady of the moment. She always wove romances about the people who chanced to come most nearly into her vagrant life. (How I used to listen to the accounts, and how clearly I used to see the people.) This landlady was the widow of a professional cricketer, and a great enthusiast of the game. I found I was not listening to the description. I was listening to the slow, soft voice, just the same as it used to be, and yet now tinged with the suspicion of affectation.

Reluctantly and a little painfully I forced myself to a critical study of her face. Were those eyes—the gooseberry eyes—really reading through mine into my heart? Or was it just an ordinary attentive expression that I had dreamed of in the empty years and treasured as a thing indefinable, elusive, to be found only once?

I stretched out my hand for the bottle of brandy which George had brought us with our coffee. She drew it out of my reach, just as she used to do when I had been drinking over-freely.

"Please," I leant over the table.

"No."

"Yes." My hand just touched the bottle.

"No."

"I want to blur things. They are so painfully distinct."

She snatched up the bottle and, with a quick gesture, filled a large wine-glass to the brim: "Drink, then."

I drank eagerly, and when I looked up I saw the sad grey eyes, heard the sad, soft voice, breathed the still air of tragedy, and forgot the thoughts I had tried to drown.

"You will have some?" I began to fill her glass.

She shook her head. In the old days she had always drunk glass for glass with me. After we parted I had pictured her ending horribly, for women do not usually cure themselves of the habit. Now her refusal made me study her afresh. No, she had not the look of a woman who drank. She had taken herself in hand, then, resolved that life was still worth living. Well, so had I. What of it? Why not? Why. . . . But what then was there that kept this second meeting from being commonplace? What, indeed—unless it was the strength of my determination?

We finished dinner; the table was cleared; and we sat on talking, talking, across the white cloth strewn with grey ashes of cigarettes. All the others had gone, and the room was empty except for a little group of waiters clustered about an evening paper near the door.

She told me what had happened to her; how she had been to Africa and nearly died of fever; from there returned to England and all but starved; finally married the manager of a touring company. She did not know where he was now, or care. She was going to Vancouver in a fortnight.

I hardly listened to her story. It did not interest me; not even the marriage, or that she was going to Vancouver. After the hours and nights that I had thought about her, it was odd that this narrative

answering all my speculations should leave me so unmoved. But now my thoughts were focussed upon her personality, on a study of the things that had charmed me—her voice, her eyes, her hundred little ways.

It did not hurt me now to know that the old passion, which our meeting had automatically exhumed and which for an instant had seemed to quiver, was dead. As a doctor might at the end of an experiment, I still toyed with the details.

The little strands which make the lovers' knot should never be unravelled. It is a messy, unsatisfactory business—wanton and destructive. Yet, so absorbed was I in testing the thin fibres of her charm, that I seized—without bitterness—on the fact of their having bound a manager of a touring company as proof that they were genuine. It was better so. I had rather know I had been carried away without good cause, than that the cause itself had been fictitious.

One by one the lights went out. Our table had been laid afresh. We had eaten supper. Now that was finished; the evening was finished; everything was finished. It was time to go.

She scribbled down her address and threw the bit of paper across to me. I put it in my pocket. It was the consummation of a pointless night.

IN THE MEAD

By A. E. HOUSMAN

Oh see how thick the goldcup flowers
Are lying in field and lane,
With dandelions to tell the hours
That never are told again.
Oh may I squire you round the meads
And pick you posies gay?
—'Twill do no harm to take my arm.
“You may, young man, you may.”

Ah, spring was sent for lass and lad,
'Tis now the blood runs gold,
And man and maid had best be glad
Before the world is old.
What flowers today may flower tomorrow,
But never as good as new.
—Suppose I wound my arm right round—
“'Tis true, young man, 'tis true.”

Some lads there are, 'tis shame to say,
That only court to thieve,
And once they bear the bloom away
'Tis little enough they leave.
Then keep your heart for men like me
And safe from trustless chaps.
My love is true and all for you.
“Perhaps, young man, perhaps.”

Oh, look in my eyes then, can you doubt?
—Why, 'tis a mile from town.
How green the grass is all about!
We might as well sit down.
—Ah, life, what is it but a flower?
Why must true lovers sigh?
Be kind, have pity, my own, my pretty,—
“Good-bye, young man, good-bye.”

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING NEXT

By THEODORE BONNET

In addition to their conventional import and obvious meaning some words acquire a certain subtle signification by which they add flexibility to the language. The word "next" is one of these weapons of thought. As used by the barber it is a very common and very easily understood word. In the sense in which it is herein employed it has immense reach of suggestion. A good old adjective is "next," being the irregular superlative of nigh, which is itself a flexible word that has had many meanings colloquially in the land of its birth. When we speak of a man being next we mean that he is more than nigh; that is to say right in touch, and being right in touch he has a very clear discernment of the innermost facts. His power of discernment is a humble species of intuitive genius. But it is not really akin to intuition. This power is primarily engaged in applying the common stock of knowledge acquired by the direct contact of one's physical self with the material environment to the attainment of certain ends. The man who is next is intensely "practical," and his conception of the practical eschews all general conceptions, whether derived from scientific laws or abstract ideals or speculative theories about life or nature. He never gets away from the warm, concrete, individual facts of life and the world.

Now while it is important to be next it is by no means possible for all of us to be next. But at least it is possible for the man of average intelligence to be made sensible of his limitations. The nearest thing to being next is to be aware not of the possibilities but of the impossibilities. We can all improve ourselves in a measure by amending our favorite aphorisms. The men for example, who congratulated

Bryan before seeing the President's note, if they had reflected that it is wise to put off till tomorrow what need not be done today, how much of humiliation they might have been spared. These unfortunates are far from next.

To be next is one of the ramifications of the law of self-preservation. It is not what is familiarly known as worldly wisdom. It is an instinct. To be next is to have a quick apprehension of things. It is calculation applied by a penetrating mind to men and motives. When a man is next to any business whatsoever in hand he is sensible of the quickest and most satisfactory way of transacting it. The man who is essentially next is a man of curiosity. He is unobtrusively inquisitive about matters in all spheres that concern him. He is a profound observer of the little things that lead to an understanding of the great ones. He has studied men, he has taken as deep an interest in the world as in the parish. Were he in need of a lawyer to present a petition to the Mayor of a large city or to argue the merits of a bill in the hands of a Governor he would not employ a lawyer wholly on account of the lawyer's learning. That is what your prosperous merchant might do, the one who has spent all his life buying butter and eggs, keeping in touch with the market, and getting his opinions on worldly affairs at second hand. Your prosperous merchant is a man of limited sympathies like the man of science who is unable to see beyond the range of ascertained or ascertainable phenomena. There is a story of an eminent geologist who seriously maintained that there could be no value in a landscape painting except to represent correctly the facts of stratification. So it is with your average merchant, or with any man who has not the clairvoyant faculty that I am feebly celebrating. He is in sympathy only with what has immediately concerned him all his life, and with nothing else.

But to return from my digression to my illustration.

When the man who is next is in need of a lawyer to attend to a little political business for him he sits down and thinks over the social or other intimacies of the public servant whose kind offices he desires to enlist, and when he employs a lawyer it is one who is most likely to find the public servant in an amiable mood. He may be seeking no unfair advantage, but assuredly he is guarding himself to the best of his ability against the unpropitious. To his credit be it said he is never a spendthrift of cultivated talent. Special talent is what he prefers, talent congenial to men and occasions; for he is learned in the philosophy of life.

Even in matters of science it is often better to be next than to be merely learned. In many cases the doctor who is next to his patients is more likely to cure than one who may be far more skilled in the treatment of diseases. Likewise in court the lawyer who is next to the genesis of the jury panel, the ways of the sheriff and the temperament of the judge, is more valuable to a client than the lawyer distinguished merely for his legal attainments. Many a good case is lost by a learned lawyer to one who is next; and not as a result of improper practices. The lawyer who is next does not have to be dishonest. Nay, he is too level-headed to transgress the proprieties.

It is not to be said that the man with this special quality is always successful while the man who lacks it is always a failure. As a matter of fact many a man devoid of it has prospered by reason of his incompleteness. It is the man not next who listens to Colonel Sellers and buys a ticket on him. Occasionally Colonel Sellers strikes it rich, much to the astonishment of all his friends that were next and that laughed at the boob born for the sport of quacks and charlatans. However, the man who is next enjoys many advantages that counterbalance lost opportunities. He is spared the reading of Presidents' messages and party platforms. A man of tact, he

knows his way about in any kind of company, and perceiving when a subject is disagreeable he doesn't pursue it. Permeated with the healthful spirit of humor, he sees things divested of passion and interest, with the eye of history and philosophy.

A wonderful thing, this healthful spirit of humor. Maybe this is the secret of nextness, so to speak. The healthful spirit of humor bespeaks the sense of humor, which is called the "saving sense," doubtless because it is a check on the impulse to ineptitude. As it ensures a sense of proportion it preserves one from taking any one thing too seriously; also from being thrown off one's balance. Above all it saves one from pernicious enthusiasms. Not the man who is next goes bloviating up and down the land resolved to make peace perpetual, but the man with no sense of humor to save him from a futile enthusiasm. This is the man who imagines that the salvation of society depends on his clique carrying its point—the typical reformer living in a hazy atmosphere that he supposes an ideal one. Now the sense of humor is a most uncommon sense of which there is enormous misunderstanding. We are told that the absence of a sense of humor is the one fatal defect. If this were so a fatal defect would be a characteristic of the human race. Rather should it be said that the sense of humor is an extra sense, a gift to the elect. Commonly the sense of humor is confounded with the ability to see a joke. The difference between the two is as vast as the difference between a slapstick farce from Broadway and one of Henry James' psychological novels. The sense of humor is not expressed in laughter. It is but slightly related to the sense of the ludicrous. The sense of humor is the flower of common sense. It blooms in the open air where it is not to be superheated with learning. It is evidenced by a profound insight into human nature, by an unerring discrimination between sham and

reality. Thus it would appear to be the essential quality of that *rara avis*, the man who is next.

Does it not seem that this infrequent person has grown rarer than ever in these early and tumultuous twentieth century years? How else but on the hypothesis of his almost total extinction shall we account for our neurotic politics, our many fantastic whims, our many strange ailments, our many solemn doctors in high places? There is proof of the unprecedented scarcity of him in many professions. Our literary men are chiefly propagandists with ideals. Our college professors are chiefly dogmatists with ideals. Our statesmen are chiefly doctrinaires with ideals. Our journalists are chiefly makers of brummagem heroes, and they have transformed Fame into a carnival masquer with a tin trumpet that he blows boisterously.

Ideals have become the curse of the times, if there is such a thing. This I may say without passion because I have ideals of my own. Besides I heartily agree with the philosopher who said that life must always be a compromise between common sense and the ideal, the one abating nothing of its demands, the other accommodating itself to what is practicable and real. I realize that we need a paramount aim, lest the small achievements of each day overwhelm us as disappointments. Unquestionably ideals are an elevating influence when sensibly cultivated, but when they are employed not merely as spiritual goals but as standards and criterions in the workaday world they become a positive evil—a vicious combination of fanaticism and folly. Ideals serve us very well as our private idols daintily kept in a domestic shrine like other things personal and sacred, but to put them in every day use and on parade is like carrying a tooth-brush down to the office cigar-fashion. So many of us would be next to the man guilty of such a performance that he would soon be frowned out of his vulgarity. What a great thing it would be for the country if more of us were next to our preposterous

pretenders! Consider Bryan, consider any of the reform movements that has a crumpled rose-leaf for a pretext, consider the havoc that ideals are playing with much that we hold dear, and you will appreciate the importance of being next.

The only office that seeks the man is the "upper office."

A "literary person" is one who quotes Omar and softens his voice when he speaks of Oscar Wilde.

Experience is a fine educator but it can impart nothing to recompense us for what we lose by the dissipation of illusion.

It is not without significance that "polly" is the slang for politician. Like the parrot the politician can only say what he has heard.

"Isn't that a terrible scandal Mrs. Fastleigh is in?"

"So terrible one doesn't have to exaggerate the details."

Meditations of Diogenes Lantern

It is from their weakness that women derive their strength.

Who knows? The day may come when women will be as modest as men.

A man thinks he is repentant when he is only in dread of the consequences.

Some men have as much difficulty in remembering a good turn as in forgetting an ill one.

Remorse is contrition unallied to a purpose of amendment. It is therefore a barren emotion.

It is inaccurate to speak of confiding a secret. When we part from a secret it is because it torments us.

Do not undervalue Xantippe. Had she been more loving Socrates might have neglected his disciples.

There is no new thing under the sun, but the old things done under the moon still possess a certain novelty.

Too much has been written about the importance of resisting temptation. To know when to yield to it is the beginning of the science of life.

Do not put too much trust in those who are called "pillars of the church." When Samson got busy, the pillars of the church were the first to fall.

POEMS IN PROSE

(Translated from the French of Charles Baudelaire
by F. P. Sturm)

THE GIFT OF THE MOON

The Moon, who is caprice itself, looked in at the window as you slept in your cradle, and said to herself: "I am well pleased with this child."

And she softly descended her stairway of clouds and passed through the window-pane without noise. She bent over you with the supple tenderness of a mother and laid her colors upon your face. Therefrom your eyes have remained green and your cheeks extraordinarily pale. From contemplation of your visitor your eyes are so strangely wide; and she so tenderly wounded you upon the breast that you have ever kept a certain readiness to tears.

In the amplitude of her joy, the Moon filled all your chamber as with a phosphorescent air, a luminous poison; and all this living radiance thought and said: "You shall be for ever under the influence of my kiss. You shall love all that loves me and that I love: clouds, and silence, and night; the vast green sea; the unformed and multitudinous waters; the place where you are not; the lover you will never know; monstrous flowers, and perfumes that bring madness; cats that stretch themselves swooning upon the piano and lament with the sweet, hoarse voices of women.

"And you shall be loved of my lovers, courted of my courtesans. You shall be the Queen of men with green eyes, whose breasts also I have wounded in my nocturnal caress: men that love the sea, the immense green ungovernable sea; the unformed and multitudinous waters; the place where they are not; the woman they will never know; sinister flowers that seem to bear the incense of some unknown religion; perfumes that trouble the will; and all savage and voluptuous animals, images of their own folly."

And that is why I am couched at your feet, O spoiled child, beloved and accursed, seeking in all your being the reflection of that august divinity, that prophetic godmother, that poisonous nurse of all lunatics.

* * *

VENUS AND THE FOOL

How admirable the day! The vast park swoons beneath the burning eye of the sun, as youth beneath the lordship of love.

There is no rumor of the universal ecstasy of all things. The waters themselves are as though drifting into sleep. Very different from the festivals of humanity, here is a silent revel.

It seems as though an ever-waning light makes all objects glimmer more and more, as though the excited flowers burn with a desire to rival the blue of the sky by the vividness of their colors; as though the heat, making perfumes visible, drives them in vapor towards their star.

Yet, in the midst of this universal joy, I have perceived one afflicted thing.

At the feet of a colossal Venus, one of those motley fools, those willing clowns whose business it is to bring laughter upon kings when weariness or remorse possesses them, lies wrapped in his gaudy and ridiculous garments, coiffed with his cap and bells, huddled against the pedestal, and raises towards the goddess his eyes filled with tears.

And his eyes say: "I am the last and most alone of all mortals, inferior to the meanest of animals in that I am denied either love or friendship. Yet I am made, even I, for the understanding and enjoyment of immortal Beauty. O Goddess, have pity upon my sadness and my frenzy."

The implacable Venus gazed into I know not what distances with her marble eyes.

MUSINGS IN MUFTI

Fragrant delict becomes flagrant when exposure intervenes.

All love is blind except love at first sight, and that has strabismus.

My Lady Nicotine is the only mistress who is content with lip-service.

Co-responseence may be defined as the fine art of scarlet letter writing.

There is a play called "Twin Beds," and strangely enough, it is not a tragedy.

The virtues change according to climate. The passions are universal and always the same.

We attract hearts by the qualities we display, and alienate them by the qualities we possess.

If dress were always the symbol of character many a widow would wear passion flowers instead of weeds.

The phrase "maiden meditation" has a variable meaning. Last season the maiden meditated on white slavery and "Damaged Goods;" this season the thoughts of the sweet young thing are occupied with twilight sleep and birth control.



THE LANTERN

Edited by
Theodore F Bonnet and Edward F. O'Day

*It is better to search for the truth of what
concerns us than to hunt for an honest man*

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THE LANTERN

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In Defense of Asininity

By EDWARD F. O'DAY

"Masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass."—*Much Ado About Nothing*.

Ever, as Dogberry utters the stultifying words, the tickled groundlings roar and the gallery is in a tempest of mirth. In me, however, the speech always awakes a sober echo. Into that gale of playhouse merriment I blow no little wind of convulsed breath. I cannot help feeling that if I did I should be laughing at myself, and I rarely rise to that height of refined superiority which permits such an exercise. So if not at myself, why should I laugh at Dogberry? I love Dogberry for his truth and honesty, and for his service to a grievously wronged young lady. But more than that, I hail him as my brother. I am indeed a good deal of an ass myself.

Asininity marks a great many of the actions on which my mind pauses when it skims the past in recollective flight. To make a donkey of myself has always been my easiest metamorphosis. Where eloquence might have set me on the path to distinction I have been capable only of a bray. My long ears have been thrust forward to hear many things it was not good for me to hear; and when they might have advantaged me they have, alas! too often, drooped stupidly. With feet obstinately planted on a fair and easy road I have balked at the urging of opportunity. My favorite loitering place is the center of the ass's bridge, though there is a tempting bundle of sweet hay at either end.

My appetite is sharp, and I fain would munch at both wisps, but I am too asinine to realize that I cannot go two ways at once.

Knowing myself thus I cannot laugh at Dogberry. Nor can I see that he and I err in acknowledging the breed to which we belong. Perhaps that would prove us asses, if proof were necessary. Our kinship is no joke to us. We do not think it decent for one jack to bray at another. The hee-haw is not affected by our branch of the family. It is the repartee of the mule, the withering sarcasm of the hinny. You have guessed that we regard these hybrids as our inferiors. I admit, a little shamefacedly, that we do. What asses we are, to be sure!

The slave Aesop was very hard on Dogberry and me. From the mistakes and misfortunes of our forbears he drew some of his most amusing fables, pointed some of his most instructive morals. Our kind, therefore, has been of service to the world—a perverse sort of milestone on the road of life pointing the way which mankind should not go. And yet Aesop was the apostle of the obvious. He made plain what we asses have never denied: that we are no match for the cunning fox, and that the lion has no mercy on us, in forest or drawing room. It was Aesop's wont to place us often in the lion's company, which is good company indeed, but we are not so egregiously asinine as to plume ourselves upon the association, knowing full well that we are put there to set off the lion's greatness by the display of our asininity.

We do not complain, feeling that Aesop strove to do us a rough kind of justice. There is, you recall, his fable of the ass and the lapdog, which shows that we strive to please. If it be our invariable fate to blunder in the attempt, at least the fault is of the head (where we are woefully weak), not of the heart. There is also his fable of the ass which sought to better his condition in life and prayed Jove for a kinder master

than the gardener. Poor beast, he was made the sport of his ambition, for he passed into the service of the potter, a worse service than the gardener's, and then into that of the tanner, the worst service of all, since the tanner drove him unmercifully in life and did not even spare his hide when he was dead. In others this yearning for advancement would be termed "a divine discontent;" for asses like Dogberry and me it is ridiculous and fatal. It does not make our fortune, only intensifies our misfortune. And so we curb our ambition. Even an ass knows that it is dangerous to be foot-loose when the neck is in a halter.

Dogberry and I read Aesop, and allow him a considerable knowledge of natural history. We are convinced that he understood lions, foxes, horses and many other animals. But asses? No, he did not altogether understand us. That does not discourage Dogberry and me. It is the lot of asses never to be understood. What he wrote of us, you might think, would save us nowadays from many a blunder. Remember, though, that we do not learn much from experience. We should not be asses if we did.

Asses that we are, Dogberry and I take pride through thinking that our place in literature is secure though quite ridiculous. Is it not something to remember that of the two dumb animals in the Bible which were permitted the high privilege of human speech, one was an ass? Dogberry and I may be pardoned for boasting of our brother who carried Balaam on that memorable journey. That narrow way between walled vineyards that led from Pethor to Midian witnessed one of the triumphs of our breed. It was the ass, and not the prophet who saw the angel of the Lord. We are not gifted with foresight or foreknowledge, but at least we can see an angel if he stand near enough, and no drubbing will induce us to ride him down. When "the dumb ass spoke, forbidding the madness of the prophet," Balaam was penitent. Later on, had he listened to the advice of

our brother, he might have escaped the sword of Israel. But there! we are speculating on what might have been. It is a habit typically asinine.

We asses are not fond of Midas, for though a king, he was of the common clay of asininity and therefore too close to Dogberry and me to yield us much comfort. It is true that we have always loved music. Our bray pleases us, yet we are conscious that there are finer sounds. Aesop told how eager one of us, an esthetic ass, was to emulate the chirping of the grasshopper. But poor Midas carried this love of music too far. He set himself up as a musical critic, with the result that might be expected of an ass. When Apollo and Pan played in competition, this asinine king dissented from the judgment which gave the palm to Apollo. The god's was an established reputation while Pan's pipe was something new in the realm of art, and only an ass risks his critical standing by praising originality. Even the king's barber saw the folly of such a course, and when he declared (doubtless in the hearing of Apollo) that Midas had ass's ears the jibe was breezed abroad on every wind, and Midas was disgraced. (Strangely enough, the shame consists, not in being an ass, but in being known as one.) The lyre of Apollo is long since silent, while Pan's pipes still sound sweetly on the air; but this is no mitigation of Midas' asininity. He was an ass to flout the opinion of his day, and we modern asses should, but do not take warning from his story. Still other proof of his asininity is forthcoming: when offered the fulfilment of his dearest wish he asked for the golden touch. Truly, Midas was the most egregious ass of us all.

There is more comfort for us in that ass celebrated by Apuleius. Lucius was his name, and like many an ass before and since he loved not wisely (no ass ever did), but too indiscreetly. Other men temper the ardor of love with worldly caution; they fall in love by sensible degrees, and there is no hurt in that kind

of fall. But Lucius was of the breed of Dogberry and me; a woman made an ass of him. There came a time—and it is this which comforts us—when it was in his power to help a damsel whose reputation was in danger.

“It was,” says Apuleius, “a case in which the character of the whole female sex was in question, and the verdict depended on the judgment of an ass.”

Dogberry and I are not quite asinine enough to miss the implication of those mocking words. Yet are we proud of Lucius. Ass though he was, he did his best for the vindication of female virtue. There are times when we try to do as much. Too often, it must be confessed, we are voted asses for our pains. Sometimes even those fair ones for whom we exert our foolish offices respond by making asses of us. We do not care. We cannot help thinking that women are usually better than their reputations. Could anything be more innocent, more asinine?

Once upon a time one of us fell in love with a queen. He was a more than usually ridiculous ass, Nick Bottom by name. Not all men who aspire to the love of queens are asses, but this was Queen Titania of Fairyland, and only an ass would love a fairy. Wise men do not even believe in fairies, much less love them. It was a brief affair, and quite harmless. Queen Titania doted for awhile, but she really loved her husband King Oberon, and her good name suffered no hurt from Nick Bottom. We asses cite this case with considerable gratification. It is the only recorded instance where a commoner loved a married queen without compromising her. Bottom was too much of an ass to try.

Dogberry and I are asinine enough to think that we have much to be thankful for. “Honey is not for the mouth of asses,” said Sancho Panza. We accept the saying. Thistles are more in our line. May we be pardoned for pointing out that they do not cloy, as honey does? Sancho knew us. The ass on which

he rode had a more precious burden than the horse which bore his master, Don Quixote. The silly beast carried wisdom, while folly jogged on the better animal. Predestined to service we acknowledge our master, and know our master's crib. It is only a little wisdom of course, but we are thankful to Isaiah for mentioning it. You see, we are foolish but we do not presume. Humility is enforced upon us, and we try to make a virtue of it. Our patron saint is the humble Joseph of Cupertino who called himself "Brother Ass." What if we excite only laughter? Provided the laughter be kindly the world is better for it. So you may poke fun at our stupidity; you may grimace and stop your ears when we bray. Yes, and you may work us beyond our strength. We are asses and must submit. Dogberry and I even accept blows, as our little brother of the thistle patch accepts the cross upon his back. These silly ways of ours have passed into a proverb, and we are content. But please do not begrudge us another characteristic—we plod, but we are patient. There is not much viciousness in us. The ass in the lion's skin was a harmless deceiver, not to be rated with the wolf in sheep's clothing. It is not for wickedness the world belabors us, it is for stupidity. But do not cudgel us overmuch, for we have heels. And though you may write us down for what we are, and welcome, you cannot deprive us of our little share in some splendid doings. There was the flight into Egypt, there was Palm Sunday.

YVONNE OF BRITTANY

By ERNEST DOWSON

("A man who was undoubtedly a man of genius, not a great poet, but a poet, one of the very few writers of our generation to whom that name can be applied in its intimate sense." It is thus that Arthur Symonds speaks of Ernest Dowson. Dowson was a good deal of a vagabond, own brother to Francois Villon and Paul Verlaine; like theirs, his best work so enriched poetry that poetry will never forget him. Dowson died in 1900 in his thirty-third year. He had completed his work; its volume was small, but its quality was exquisite. Gertrude Atherton has portrayed him in her novel "The Gorgeous Isle.")

In your mother's apple-orchard,
Just a year ago last spring:
Do you remember, Yvonne!
The dear trees lavishing
Rain of their starry blossoms
To make you a coronet?
Do you remember, Yvonne?
As I remember yet.

In your mother's apple-orchard,
When the world was left behind:
You were shy, so shy, Yvonne!
But your eyes were calm and kind;
We spoke of the apple harvest,
When the cider press is set,
And such-like trifles, Yvonne!
That doubtless you forget.

In the still, soft Breton twilight,
We were silent; words were few,
Till your mother came out chiding,
For the grass was bright with dew:
But I know your heart was beating,
Like a fluttered, frightened dove.
Do you ever remember, Yvonne?
That first faint flush of love?

In the fulness of midsummer,
When the apple-bloom was shed,
Oh, brave was your surrender,
Though shy the words you said.
I was glad, so glad, Yvonne!
To have led you home at last;
Do you ever remember, Yvonne!
How swiftly the days passed?

In your mother's apple-orchard
It is grown too dark to stray,
There is none to chide you, Yvonne!
You are over far away.
There is dew on your grave grass, Yvonne!
But your feet it shall not wet:
No, you never remember, Yvonne!
And I shall soon forget.

The last Lantern was published at the end of June and was called the June number, but was actually placed in circulation at the beginning of July. This number of the Lantern was published at the end of July and was placed in circulation at the beginning of August. So it is called the August number. We have not skipped an issue of the Lantern; we have merely skipped a date for the sake of convenience.

CHARITY

By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

("Somewhere tonight," wrote the popular literary man Grant Richards two years ago, "whether it be wet or fine, perhaps on Tower Hill, perhaps in Dublin, wherever the discontent of the workers has come to the point of breaking, there you may find this descendant of Kings, this Spanish hidalgo, this Scottish gentleman, this man of true letters, exhorting, urging, advising, inspiring the men who surround him with their upturned faces, answering to every mood of his voice, lifted right out of themselves by the genius of a speaker whose very difference from them may be a point of contact, whose whole fibre, whose whole being must be as different from theirs as is chalk from cheese." Grant Richards is speaking of Cunninghame Graham, the author of the following powerful story. Cunninghame Graham is among the dozen living writers of the English language whose works posterity will undoubtedly cherish. He is the greatest English-speaking authority on Spanish literature and on the history of Spanish America. He has written essays, short stories, sketches of travel and several histories, among them the History of the Jesuits of Paraguay, a work of prime authority. He has been in Parliament; he is a Socialist of great influence. The note that distinguishes all his writings is a profound, indubitable sincerity. In his sixty-fourth year, he was last heard of as departing for South America to buy horses for the Allies.)

Hope has been said to be the quality of youth, and faith of middle age.

Therefore, it ought to follow, that the old should cling to charity as the best antidote to avarice, their chief besetting sin. If, though, they have not in their youth been hopeful, and in their middle years imbued with faith, that is both in themselves, in others, and in the world in which they live, charity is not for them in age. Hope carries in itself something that impels our admiration; faith our respect; but charity is like a mountain seedling-pine, springing up oft in barren places, rooted amongst the rocks and flourishing in the chilliest blasts of life, and in despite of fate.

Honor and virtue do not of necessity take with them charity; neither can base estate nor any adverse circumstance of life stifle it in the hearts of those, to whom it comes, just as the fire shines out from a black opal, almost without their ken.

In a dark winding lane, just underneath the shadow of the rock on which Tarik first disembarked, lived Dona Ana Alvarez. Her enormous bulk had given her the nickname of Fat Anne, which she adopted cheerfully, bearing in mind the adage "Fatness comes

far before mere beauty, any day." The flesh seemed to surge up, threatening to choke her, from her breast and neck. Jet would have looked a rusty brown beside her hair, which she wore always parted down the middle and trained into two curls, called whiskers by the women of her class in Spain. No one had ever seen her dressed but in a morning wrapper, either of piqué or of muslin, a habit which she alleged she had contracted in her youth.

Quite simply she would explain, saying: "When I was young my mother sent me to a house in Seville, where I worked with the other girls, when I was just fourteen. In summer when I used to come back to Los Barrios, for in the heat of Seville there was no one left in town, my chief delight was to wake up and find myself alone."

Her father was a general, which in Spain corresponds to the familiar "daughter of a clergyman," and she herself kept an establishment in a winding lane, which ran off from the main street, just opposite the church. In it she sat in an armchair, flaccid, but business-like. Although she had retired from active intervention in the duties of her trade, she still darkened her eyelids and her eyebrows, powdered her face, and upon Saints' days and on Sunday wore a bright red carnation in her hair. Report averred that her heart still was tender, and that a general in La Linea occasionally visited her, but dressed in civil clothes, and that a famous bull-fighter, when he "killed" either in Algeciras or San Roque, usually had a glass or two of Manzanilla at her establishment. This naturally gave her a position of some consideration amongst her friends, and at the same time kept up her interest in life. Needless to say, her house was the resort of all the younger officers of the British fleet, when it came into what they all called "Gib." in their bluff Saxon way.

Kind and good-humored, after their fashion, their intimate persuasion that they were all committing an

offense, made them more brutal, if more generous, towards the inmates of the house than were their fellow-sinners on board the other fleets that visited the port.

Nothing was commoner than to hear them say to one another, "What a beast one feels when one wakes up with a sore head, up at old Mother Anne's."

Most probably, no speculations of a moral kind had ever entered into the head of Ana Alvarez. She came, as she occasionally would say, in moments of expansion, when trade was bad, and when the Channel fleet delayed too long in coming, from a family who for three generations had always dealt in girls.

Her people were all old Christians, that is they had no stain either of Jewish or of Moorish blood, and in the annals of her family no thief was known, although, as she allowed, some few were smugglers, and her great-grandfather was the first man who ever trained a dog to carry on his back two little packs of fine tobacco and bring them through the lines.

Seated upon an Austrian cane chair, which she kept gently rocking with a foot, on which a satin slipper dangled from the toe, she used to pass away the time, between the siesta and the coming of the breeze, dozing, but vigilant, ready to intervene in any quarrel that arose, or put a client at his ease, as he sat waiting, smoking cigarettes, whilst the girls dressed their hair. Fat Anne was in the main a kindly potentate, all her employees liked her, for, as they said, the "mistress knows the business, has worked at it herself, and does not ask impossibilities of any of the girls."

If they got into debt, she did not press them, and never charged them interest on the debt, saying, no doubt, that the Lord God would send some gentlemen along to pay it for them, when it seemed good to Him.

To this well-ordered house, in which, as all its inmates said, they all made money, and if a girl should

chance to owe two or three ounces no interest was ever charged by Dona Ana, there came one day a man.

A guest on board the flagship, his name was Scudamore. The midshipman referred to him as "Ullage," though he was smart, good-looking and well dressed. At first he had some money and used to haunt Fat Anne's, taking up with a girl known as La Jerezana, tall, active and well-built. Not too fat, not too thin, the Arabs say, and she quite came up to their standard, and for the rest, no one could better sing the Malaguena, or dance a Tango with the true movements of the hips.

At first a little flattered by the visits of the man, who she knew was on terms of intimacy with all the officers, little by little she began to love him, and at last doted upon him, with all the fierceness of affection of women of her class. Kind Dona Ana used to remonstrate, after the way a mother chides a wilful daughter, telling her that for a woman of her class nothing could be so fatal as to fall in love. "Daughter of my entrails," she would say, "love is not for us. All shall love us and waste their means to gratify our whims, but we, we shall take all, and go our way, rejoicing, till we have made enough to buy a husband, to soothe our older years."

La Jerezana owned the strength of the advice, but did not follow it, for, as she said, "Love is as obstinate as a male mule. . . . and somehow. . . . look, Dona Ana, you who have known the world, have you not sometimes, even with all your science, felt yourself bitten with a man?"

The matron smiled, and smoothing down her hair, said: "Yes, my daughter, for look you, the flesh is weak, and when a man talks softly, speaking of love, to one of us, whose trade it is to simulate love's rapture. . . . why, it seems sweet to us, and we forget, and become just as other women are. . . . or worse, for we know better than they can, what love should be. I know, of course, I know, therefore I

want you to escape. See, I will change you for a girl from a friend's house, in San Fernando. You shall not lose by it, and for the ounces that you owe—three is it?" Here she drew up her skirt, disclosing underneath a pocket made of bed-ticking, hanging round her waist, and drew from it a book.

Moistening her thumb, she turned the leaves, muttering, "La Sevillana, two ounces and a half. I'll lose that money. Pepa la Malaguena. . . . nothing, eh? Ah, Hueso de Cochino, La Brasilena. . . . ah, here it is! Amparo La Brasilena, La Jerezana, three ounces and a half, two pairs of open-work silk stockings, a fan—in all about four ounces.

"Well, that shall run on; I will not charge a centimo of interest, and at my friend's, she's a good woman, though half a gipsy, is the Chavala, you will be comfortable enough."

Amparo shook her head. "Thanks, Dona Ana," she replied. "No, I go not; this man has become all the world to me. I care not if he beats me, neglects me, or if he takes my money. He is my blood, blood of my blood. . . ." She took a pin, and having pricked her arm, drank the bright scarlet drop. Raising her fat white hands to heaven, Dona Ana said: "She loves him bestially. . . . strange too when he can hardly speak a word of Christian, and has a pane of glass tied to a string, stuck in his eye, just like a figure in a pantomime."

So she stayed on, and one day Scudamore appeared a little drunk, and rather shabby, telling her that he had spent all his money, and had outstayed his welcome in the fleet.

Instantly the Jerezana borrowed two ounces more of Dona Ana, who, as she gave the money, taking it out of a knotted pocket handkerchief, which she exhumed from beneath a loose board behind her bed, said with a sigh, "God knows that I was born for the profession that I have followed all my life; I never could say No."

In a room on the second floor of a house in a back lane, of which the Jerezana paid the rent, Scudamore soon fell into the half-shrinking, half-bullying ways of a man kept by a woman of the kind. By degrees he began to take his meals in Dona Ana's house. The other girls, who did not see him through the magnifying lens of love, all called him Tomasito, in a half-patronizing, half-contemptuous way. His clothes got daily shabbier, and by degrees he drifted into keeping the accounts of the establishment. When clients came and he was seated in his shirt sleeves, either learning the guitar or playing cards with Dona Ana, if they complained about his presence, they were told, "It is only Tomasito, the Jerezana's friend, it does not matter in the least."

She, having him to keep, for it had never come into his head to look for anything to do, had to work hard among the clients, to give him clothes to wear and cigarettes to smoke.

When she went, as people say in Spanish, "on the hunt," he used to pass her without a sign of recognition, saying that he must draw the line at speaking to her in the street, as after all he was a gentleman.

Months passed, until one day when he was sitting on the Alameda with the girl, watching the coast of Africa melt into shadow, and the white houses over in Algeciras turn violet in the last rays of the descending sun, the hills above Gaucin grow purple, and a red glow suffuse the limestone crags of the great fortress rock, a friend who had been at the post office put a letter in his hand.

He read and found that he had inherited some money from a far-off cousin, turned white, then red, and rising from his seat, walked towards the town, the Jerezana following at his heels, with the air of a faithful spaniel that feels its master is displeased with it.

Next day, smoking a big cigar, he paced the deck of a fast liner steaming through the Straits. His

glass was in his eye, his hair well flattened to his head with vaseline, brushed back without a parting, showed he had made his toilet carefully. Bending a little to the movement of the ship, the fresh air just tinged his cheek with red, giving him a look as of a fine young colonist returning home after a year or two spent in the wilderness.

"Yes," he said to a kindred spirit as they walked to and fro to get an appetite, "the women, blast them, never leave a man alone. I don't know if you saw a tall, dark, Spanish girl talking to me just as we came aboard. Well, you know, don't you know, I was pretty friendly with her when I was stuck in 'Gib.,' and damn it all, there she was upon the mole with a cow-hair trunk, corded with bass rope, a goldfinch in a cage, tears running down her cheeks and bothering me to take her with me. . . . Good God, a pretty sight I should have looked traveling about, dragging a Spanish harlot. . . . I like her well enough; but what I say is, Charity begins at home, my boy. Ah, there's the dinner bell!"

Charitable readers, you must take my little story (or perhaps parable) in any way you choose.

Do not forget whilst reading it that charity is a shy-growing plant that often droops in what appears good soil.

At other times she rears her head, almost by stealth, after the fashion of an autumn crocus, which peers so delicately above a growth of grass that would choke hardier plants.

Hope is for fishers with a float, who as they sit, watching it bob about, may chance when they pull in their line, to find the body of a cat, or a blind puppy, in which their hook has stuck, when they had hope of a fish.

Faith is the quality of prophets and of those who in its exercise fear not to slay; but charity is rarer

than its two elder sisters, exceeding them in the same way that instinct outgoes reason and leaves it in the mire.

Love, kindness, toleration, whatever charity may be, or if she is compounded of them all, I know not.

All that I do know, is that she is rare, and that her emblem on a sailor's arm is always drawn between the anchor and the cross.

A switch in time has saved many a man from a hopeless entanglement.

The man who spends all he makes may easily get a wife to love him—while it lasts.

The passionate lyric poet is a man who puts in verse what he would much rather put in practice.

To have the courage of one's hobby is to live with dignity in the isolation of one's own high approbation.

You can tell a soulless woman by her voice, and usually you find her on a platform railing against those pleasures of the senses she has never experienced.

One of the great arts of conversation is silence. It is the eloquence of the soul that evokes luminous images and revives the melodies of music long dead.

JOAN OF ARC

By THEODORE BONNET

The Maid of Orleans, or La Pucelle, as Joan of Arc is lovingly called by the religious people of France, is a subject that has charmed the imagination of poets, historians and essayists. A voluminous literature has grown up around this noble heroine; and it is of the treatment she has received in literature, especially in critical studies, rather than of herself as an apparition in the world, that I am going to write.

After the passing of the generation that knew Joan of Arc in the flesh very little that was authentic respecting her was learned until the fifties of the last century. She was of course a figure in history, for her performances had affected the destiny of nations, but she was also a dazzling figure in countless legends, and she was enwrapped in luminous clouds of myth. During several hundred years the girl who led an army to repeated victories was little more than a sentiment growing wild. This is far from extraordinary. Joan of Arc spent but a short time in the world. Born in obscurity on the confines of Lorraine, in the little village of Domremy on the Meuse, she lived only nineteen years. Seventeen of these years were spent in her native village. She had but two years of a public career, two years of triumph and glory and sorrow such as no other mortal ever experienced, and then she suffered martyrdom. It would appear to be no wonder that posterity knew little of her; no wonder that in time it became difficult to distinguish between the marvelous legendary heroine and the beautiful historic personage. Six years after her death, which occurred in 1431, the first biography of her appeared. Therein fact was fused with fable. Old wives' tales abounded in the years that followed, and in the eighteenth century smart sceptics of the Voltaire school amused their readers by casting derision on the Maid. Although uninformed they had no hesitation in besmirch-

ing her character. Yet all the while there was accessible sufficient information to enable a student to bring out the personality of Joan of Arc more distinctly than any other in all history. The fact is the Maid's career from her birth to her death is an open book. The book is autobiographical and biographical. It is an official record of an inquisitorial trial. The imperishable grandeur of the peasant girl's soul is reflected in the sworn testimony of scores of witnesses—friends and enemies—taken down as uttered in black and white. For Joan of Arc suffered no quick martyrdom. Imprisoned and tortured for months, she was tried and found guilty of heresy and witchcraft. "Never," says Thomas De Quincey, "never from the foundations of the world was there such a trial as this, if it were laid open in all its beauty of defence and all its hellishness of attack." This was the "trial of condemnation." Twenty-five years after the Maid's death, when remorse seized her enemies, came the "trial of rehabilitation" the purpose of which was to give the martyr a post-mortem certificate of character.

So, as has been said by Mark Twain in serious mood, speaking of the biography of Joan of Arc: "Among all the multitude of biographies that freight the shelves of the world's libraries, this is the only one whose validity is confirmed by oath." At each of those trials more than one hundred witnesses gave testimony. Churchmen, princes, captains, peasants, artisans—all acquaintances of the Maid of Domremy—testified under oath to what they knew of events in her career from the day of her birth to the day of her capture at Compiègne. Questions and answers were written down; and after four centuries the voluminous records were exhumed under the direction of the Historical Society of France. It was then that a young French scholar, M. Jules Quicherat, collected and published in five volumes all the authentic documents that threw light on the marvelous career of the heroic peasant girl. He included in those five volumes

the text of the trial to which Joan was subjected by her enemies and the text of the trial that took place twenty-five years after her death. He gave to the world an exact and complete reproduction of the Latin texts together with the testimonies of the historians and chroniclers of the time regarding the Maid, letters written by her and dictated by her and all the accessory documents that the curious might desire. It would seem that with this publication the world received the last word on a subject of absorbing interest.

But no; Joan of Arc has been a subject of contention in France ever since her death. There is a new quarrel over her now owing to a widespread belief in France that French strategy would have been in vain at the Battle of the Marne had Joan not given assistance. The cynics, smirking slyly, own that it was a coincidence to cheer the superstitious that the Germans were turned back from Paris the day after a special appeal was made to the Maid at a mass in her honor; also that the superstitious might well feel confirmed in their faith by the circumstance that "Jeanne d'Arc" was the password of the French armies the day of the German retreat. The wise men whose ancestors worshipped the God of Reason only find in such coincidences fresh material for witticisms at the expense of people of religious feeling.

The official records of Joan's trials served only to translate Joan from legend to history. Wise men have been expounding her ever since, explaining why she was as she was. She has fascinated many writers. They have studied her with more sympathy and tenderness than have been given to any of the romantic personages of history, and it is evident from their works that nothing in all history impressed them so profoundly as the strange career of the wonderful Maid.

There are two points of view from which Joan of Arc is viewed in literature: the point of view of the man who does not believe in manifestations of divine

interposition in worldly affairs, and the point of view of the man who is not a hard and fast sceptic. According to the former Joan had hallucinations as to her destiny which gave her the faith that enables a mortal to move mountains. This is the view of men who have a horror of everything that smacks of the supernatural. It is obvious that to believe of Joan what unquestionably she believed of herself is to believe in the supernatural; and therefore it has been deemed necessary to explain how she was deluded. It is easier to believe that she was a girl of great genius than to believe that she had God's assistance. And as there is no longer any doubt that she was sincere and that her piety was the piety of saintliness, the only rational theory in explanation of the celestial communications she told about is that she had hallucinations. This was the theory M. Antone de la Barre de Maumarchais uttered in 1730, when little was known of the official records. It was the theory of Quicherat. It was the theory of Saint-Beuve who said, "we must absolutely give up trying to explain her except on condition of admitting a supernatural intervention," or of accepting the theory that "hers was an undeceitful delusion." In other words, according to Saint-Beuve, she may have been deluded as to her destiny, but the delusion did not deceive her as to her power to achieve her destiny. The cynical Anatole France, somewhat shrewder than Saint-Beuve, while lacking the scruples of that distinguished critic, realizes that if we accept the delusion theory we must go further and show that Joan's faculties were hardly more than supernormal. This is not too great a task for the mocker and scoffer who has distinguished himself by out-Voltairing Voltaire. He has written a ponderous work to make out a case against Joan of Arc. Yet he could not quite resist the spell with which her life's story enchants all who study her career. In his introduction he tells us that "the salient fact which results from a study of all

the authorities is that she was a saint." But she had visions and she heard voices, and these the cynical Anatole must explain. For it is these visions and voices that influenced the whole career of Joan of Arc. As a child she held communion with invisible beings who told her it was her destiny to redeem France. They told her what she must do, and she obeyed. But it would be rank superstition to believe that such things actually happened as the peasant girl alleged. So Anatole France explains thus: "She had visions, and these visions were neither feigned nor counterfeited. She really believed that she heard the voices which spoke to her and came from no human lips. These voices generally addressed her clearly, and in words she could understand. She heard them best in the woods, and when the bells were ringing. She saw forms, she said, like myriads of tiny shapes, like sparks on a dazzling background. She says she saw Saint Michael, Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret; that she kissed their feet and inhaled their sweet perfume. What does this mean if not that she was subject to hallucinations?"

To be sure. What more plausible of course than this explanation? Joan was constantly under the influence of hallucination, says France. But what about the mountains that Joan moved? People do have hallucinations, but what do they accomplish? I might have the hallucination that a man from Mars told me it was my duty to climb to the moon on an invisible ladder, but if I proceeded to climb the invisible ladder I should have some difficulty in getting off the earth. It was different with Joan of Arc. Hallucinations or no hallucinations she redeemed France. At the time she appeared France had become a province of England. The King of France was on the point of giving up a struggle the beginning of which, fourteen years before, was signalized at Agincourt. Repeated defeats had thinned the chivalry of France, and daunted the spirit of the army. Seldom has the ex-

tion of a nation's independence appeared more clearly inevitable than was the case in France in that gloomy period of her history.

It was in March, 1428, when Joan was 17, that her public life began. The incessant voices had impelled her to go to Chinon where the King was for the time being. She had to convince him and his court and several hundred noblemen and learned doctors that she really had a mission. She could do little more than read and write, but she got a hearing, and she won the confidence of all. Orleans, the last stronghold of the French, was then beleaguered by the English. The city was on the point of surrendering. Joan entered, took command of the army, fought what Creasy describes as one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world, and raised the siege by an application of engineering skill unprecedented in Europe. Thus did Joan fulfil the first part of her promise to the King. In three months she defeated the English at Pathay and at Troyes, and then came the fulfillment of the second part of the promise. She escorted the weakling Charles, whom she had succored, to Rheims where he was crowned King after she had exacted from him the promise that he would rule with clemency and in righteousness. On that occasion she stood at the altar with her banner which she preferred to a sword. For carrying this banner into the church she was reproached at her trial of condemnation when she uttered a sentence than which there is nothing finer in all literature: "It had been in the toil, it was only reasonable it should be at the honor."

We have seen that Joan of Arc moved mountains. How does Anatole France account for the realization of her hallucinations? Easy enough. The mountains, he explains, were only hills. Many obstacles to the vindication of his theory he brushes aside in the same easy manner. For instance, respecting the testimony of the Duke of Alencon at the trial of rehabilitation, that many old captains marveled at Joan's skill in

preparing artillery and in placing cannon he says: "Thus he would give God the glory." Which, according to the omniscient critic, is absurd. Likewise as to the officers of the army who testified that in the presence of Joan, whether in camp or field, they had an instinctive sense of her purity that kept them from having any impure thought: France explains that they only thought so. Again, the clerk of the court was astonished that after a fortnight Joan remembered exactly the answers she had given on her cross-examination. Remarkable but not extraordinary, according to France, though in that fortnight Joan was in jail undergoing the most cruel torments. Her testimony taken literally might confound the ingenious expounder, so he tells us it should not be taken literally. And it appears that the cynical Frenchman had to have recourse to other expedients to make good his theory of hallucination: he had to misrepresent and distort. Exposure came through Andrew Lang, who made a study of France's work, examining all of the Frenchman's citations, going to the official records to ascertain whether they were accurate. Lang found that to support his thesis France had been guilty in many instances of gross misrepresentation; and every instance he has pointed out. Thus we see that whilst it is hard to believe in the miraculous it is somewhat difficult to account for the marvelous in Joan's career. I think it was old Sam Johnson who said it was less rational to reject the evidences of the divinity of Christ than to accept them. Somewhat similarly, I venture to say, it is much easier to believe that Joan of Arc was divinely inspired and divinely assisted than to make plausible by honest means the theory that she had hallucinations and did nothing beyond the power of ordinary mortal.

One of the good results of France's study of Joan of Arc was the curiosity it aroused in Andrew Lang, impelling him to go to the official records not only to prove France a liar but to gather material for a

critical study of his own. Lang is no dogmatist. He does not pretend to be able to expound the psychic or physiological phenomena that marked the career of Joan of Arc. But he is intolerant of the sophistry that would make her a facile problem. Speaking of the critics of the Quicherat and France schools, he slyly observes that Joan "had no business to possess faculties for which science could not account, and which common sense could not accept." He pronounces Joan "the stainless hero and martyr," and speaking of the accomplishments that France derided he says: "She came with powers and genius which should be the marvel of the world as long as the world stands." He tells us that her subordinate officers made mistakes, but that she made none; also that she knew precisely the thing to do in every emergency: "Whatsoever thing confronted her, whatsoever problem encountered her, whatsoever manners became her in a novel situation, she understood in a moment. To think less than this of Joan of Arc is to fail to understand the unimpeachable facts of history." And "this ignorant girl of seventeen," as Lang calls her, "undertook her mission with the clearest conviction of her own personal impotence (she could not even ride, but she rode), and she turned the tide of English conquest."

Lang is hardly less enthusiastic about Joan of Arc than some other writers I know; other writers who, like him, while they do not tell us all they think, leave no doubt as to precisely what they do think. One of them is Thomas De Quincey, whose essay on Joan of Arc written after Southey and Coleridge had celebrated her in verse is one of the gems of English literature. De Quincey wrote of Joan after he had read Michelet's history. He was indignant that Michelet should think that Joan recanted in fear just before she went to the stake. Her demeanor on the scaffold on which she was burned to death is evidence

sufficient to convince De Quincey that she never lost her nerve.

"What else," he exclaims, "but the meek, saintly demeanor won from the enemies who till now had believed her a witch, tears of rapturous admiration. Ten thousand men wept, and of these ten thousand the majority were political enemies knitted together by cords of superstition. What else was it but her constancy, united with her angelic gentleness, that drove the fanatic English soldier—who had sworn to throw a faggot on her scaffold as his tribute of abhorrence, that did so, that fulfilled his vow—suddenly to turn away a penitent for life, saying everywhere that he had seen a dove rising upon wings to heaven from the ashes where she had stood."

A more credulous person than Anatole France was Thomas De Quincey, else he would know that the English soldier had an hallucination. De Quincey has more to say of Joan's constancy.

"What else," he asks, "drove the executioner to kneel at every shrine for pardon to his share of the tragedy? And if all this were insufficient, then I cite the closing act of her life, as valid on her behalf, were all other testimonies against her. The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose upwards in billowy volumes. A Dominican monk was then standing almost at her side. Wrapped up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even then when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment did this noblest of girls think only for him, the one friend that would not forsake her; and not for herself; bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, and leave her to God. That girl, whose latest breath ascended in this sublime expression of self-oblivion, did not utter the word recant either with her lips or in her heart. No; she did not, though one should rise from the dead to swear it."

You see, Joan has some pretty stout defenders who will not have their faith in her challenged. Quite as enthusiastic about her as De Quincey was Mark Twain who quit joking whenever he thought of her. Our great humorist, as we know, possessed a remarkably keen analytical mind. Anybody that has studied Mark Twain knows that he was about the last man in the world to be duped or to yield his emotions to imposture. Mark Twain was only little less of a mocker than Anatole France. Often he went to scoff, never remained to pray. He liked to expound the esoteric, and to expose sham. To him Joan of Arc was a mystic, the phenomena of whose career were not to be accounted for on any hypothesis he could conceive. He loved her for her purity, for the sweetness of her nature and her heroism, and he made a prose poem of the story of her life. It is the most important of all Mark Twain's literary achievements. But he was not content to leave his beloved at the close of this work. She was something of an obsession with Mark. He wrote an essay on her between the lines of which you can see the Spirit that Denies striving to restrain the sceptic from uttering his convictions. After briefly sketching the amazing performances of her public career of one year and a month he exclaims, "She is the Wonder of the Ages." He adds:

"All the rules fail in this girl's case. In the world's history she stands alone—quite alone. Others have been great in their first public exhibitions of generalship, valor, legal talent, diplomacy, fortitude; but always their previous years and associations had been in a larger or smaller degree a preparation for those things. There have been no exceptions to the rule. But Joan was competent in a law case at sixteen without ever having seen a law book or a court house before; she had no training in soldiership and no association with it, yet she was a competent general in her first campaign; she was brave in her first

battle, yet her courage had had no education. Friendless, alone, ignorant, in the bloom of her youth, she sat week after week, a prisoner in chains, before her assemblage of judges, enemies, hunting her to death, the ablest minds in France, and answered them out of an untaught wisdom which overmatched their learning, baffled their tricks and treacheries with a naive sagacity which compelled their wonder, and scored every day a victory against these incredible odds and camped unchallenged on the field. . . . There have been other young generals, but they were not girls; young generals, but they had been soldiers before they were generals; she began as a general; she commanded the first army she ever saw; she led it from victory to victory, and never lost a battle with it. She is the only soldier in history who held the supreme command of a nation's armies at seventeen. Her history has still another feature which sets her apart and leaves her without fellow or competition; there have been many uninspired prophets, but she was the only one who ever ventured the daring detail of naming, along with a foretold event, the event's precise nature, the special time-limit within which it would occur, and the place—and scored fulfilment. At Vaucouleurs she said she must go to her King and be made his general, and break the power of England, and crown her sovereign—'at Rheims.' It all happened. It was all to happen 'next year'—and it did. She foretold her first wound and its character and date a month in advance, and the prophecy was recorded in a public record-book three weeks in advance. She repeated it the morning of the date named, and it was fulfilled before night. At Tours she foretold the limit of her military career—saying it would end in one year from the time of its utterance—and she was right. She foretold her martyrdom—using *that word*, and naming a time three months away—and again she was right."

Mark Twain has given us an accurate narrative.

What he tells us is derived from the official records. Is it to be believed that his study of Joan of Arc left him cold? Are we to suppose that he would agree with Anatole France that Joan had hallucinations? Or should we be justified in believing that Anatole France could convince Mark Twain that there was nothing supernatural in the career of Joan of Arc?

Somewhat more courageous than Mark Twain is Gabriel Hanotaux, formerly Foreign Minister of France and now a historian ranking in France with Guizot and Thiers. Hanotaux is an agnostic, but in his work on Joan of Arc, which appeared shortly after Anatole France's work, he suggests that the intuitions of faith are often superior to our scientific induction, and he makes constant use of the words miracle and miraculous, leaving far behind the so-called broad-minded who expound physiological phenomena in explanation of La Pucelle. He believes she was sent by the mysterious influence which the Agnostic never calls God, and he has no hesitation in affirming a supernatural influence throughout history. He sees this supernatural influence in Joan's visions and voices, in her military talents and her part in the formation of modern Europe and the services of all kinds rendered to the Catholic Church. To her he traces the reconciliation of the Pope with France, the humiliation of the Sorbonne, the downfall of Scholasticism and the strengthening of the Pontifical power. The theory has been worked out that Joan's mission was to cease at Rheims after the coronation of Charles the Seventh, and that it was through some dimming of her spiritual vision that she had gone on till the catastrophe at Compiègne. Hanotaux asserts that she never failed. Her capture at Compiègne was not a defeat. What, he asks, had she intended when she centred the resistance in and around Compiègne? He explains that it was to keep the Duke of Burgundy off Paris as she had kept the English off by her success at Orleans.

This she accomplished. She was captured, but Compiègne was not taken by the Burgundians. The town resisted, and Charles the Seventh, in spite of himself and his courtiers, remained master of Paris. Real failure in this emergency would have been something far more momentous than a campaign lost. It meant the disappearance of France as a nation, and the consequent disappearance of what modern historians term the Mediterranean influence in Europe.

Joan of Arc then is not so simple a problem as Anatole France would have us believe. We see that Joan of Arc performed wonders in her time, and we see that since her death she has exercised a very great influence on men of very little religious feeling. In the circumstances we should not be astonished that in France today there is the widespread belief that the country is still more or less under the protection of the tenderest, most compassionate soldier that ever lived. Joan of Arc, by the way, was no Judith. She had little use for the sword. Always filled with pity for the enemy, she interposed in behalf of the captive and wounded, she reproached her countrymen for their excesses, she threw herself off her horse to kneel by the dying English soldier, and to comfort him with physical and spiritual ministrations. There was no spark of bitterness or selfishness in Joan. She who had wrought wonders for France had but two favors to ask: one of the King,—that he remit the taxes of her native village; the other of God,—that He return her to the solitudes of her childhood and suffer her to become a shepherdess once more.

CHRISTIAN DRINKING

By EDWARD F. O'DAY

Yes, there is such a thing. Christian drinking is drinking which does not forget Christian virtue. It is drinking joined with temperance, with charity and peace and good will, it is drinking which is gratefully mindful of God who gave us strong drink as He gave us all the other good things that comfort our bodies without hurting our souls. The Christian is not afraid to cool his thirst with beer, or to heat his blood with wine. The Christian does not think that the physical glow which comes of whiskey is a fore-warning of the fire of Hell. The Christian does not think that rum is a demon; he knows that there is no drinking among the damned. For the Christian, unlike that heretic and Manichean whom we call a prohibitionist, has a rational mind; so he does not argue that a creature comfort is evil because it is capable of abuse.

I went one day into a liquor store to buy a bottle of Irish whiskey. While the storekeeper was wrapping it up I asked him, merely for the sake of making conversation, whether a certain American whiskey firm was getting good returns from what I described as its "temperance advertising." You have seen those advertisements. They accentuate the point that the whiskey is a mild, not a crude, strong whiskey. They state that one of the worst enemies of the whiskey in question is the drunkard. It is good advertising, and I do not think I erred when I called it "temperance advertising." But the storekeeper stared at me in surprise when I used the expression. He demanded of me how any whiskey advertising could be so described. This man had probably spent most of his life in the liquor business, yet he did not know what temperance meant. When I explained, he confessed that I had given him a new idea. He had always thought, he said, that temperance was the same as

prohibition! That man had never studied his catechism; that man had no conception of Christian drinking.

To the Christian drinker there are two hateful things, drunkenness and prohibition. Both these things are violations of temperance, and temperance is a *sine qua non* of Christian living. The Christian drinker, let me hasten to say, understands and respects the man who abstains from drinking because he knows that he cannot use strong drink without abusing it. If a man cannot use strong drink like a man and a Christian, the Christian drinker holds, by all means let him abstain from it like a man and a Christian. The Christian drinker also understands and respects the man who abstains from drinking as a mortification of his senses. There are many saints in the calendar who did that, as there are many more who did not. The Christian drinker honors the man who so abstains, just as he honors the men and women who seek perfection along the difficult road of Christian chastity, Christian poverty and Christian obedience. But the prohibitionist, the man who preaches that strong drink is evil, the man who insists on suppressing strong drink, that man is hateful to the Christian drinker because that man places his human ban on a creature comfort which has not been banned by the Creator.

"One should always drink some kind of fermented liquor with one's food," writes the Christian drinker Hilaire Belloc, "and especially deeply on great feast days."

Why not? May not a Christian "praise God from whom all blessings flow" in the flowing of one of those blessings?

"In the name of the Trinity

Fille the kup and drinke to me"

is a sentiment that was often engraved on the drinking vessels of medieval England, and there were just as good Christians in the England of the middle ages

as there are anywhere in the world today, perhaps better. The man who filled the cup and drank in the name of the Trinity was not likely to get drunk. He was a Christian drinker. If you had asked him in the name of the Trinity to spill the drink in the gutter and break the cup, he would have told you that you blasphemed. Or if he was of a speculative turn, he might have asked you:

“Say, for what were hop-yards meant,
Or why was Burton built on Trent?”

And if you replied in the patter of the prohibitionists that ale was an evil thing, he would have answered in the spirit of two other lines from Housman:

“Malt does more than Milton can
To justify God’s ways to man.”

Mahomet was a typical prohibitionist, and Mahomet is abhorred by all good Christians. Mahomet forbade his followers the use of wine when one of those followers got drunk and made a beast of himself in Mahomet’s presence. A great man was Mahomet, but his was not a trained mind. He had a splendid imagination, but he lacked logic. He could not distinguish between the use and the abuse of wine. And yet he did not interdict wine entirely. There is plenty of wine in the paradise of houris which Mahomet promises his followers. Doubtless Mahomet realized that his followers would not cheat their senses here unless they had the expectation of indulging them in Heaven. We all know, of course, that despite the laws of the Prophet Mahometans have never adhered strictly to his rule of prohibition. If you think the ancient Mahometans did, read the Arabian Nights. If you think the modern Mahometans do, read Burton’s Pilgrimage to Al Medinah and Mecca or ask any honest Turk of your acquaintance.

Nevertheless the prohibition is there, and it has put a curse upon Mahometans, just as their own wicked inhibition has put a curse upon occidental prohibitionists. There is probably as large a per-

centage of prohibitionists who drink secretly as there is of Mahometans. These men believe that when they drink they put an enemy into their mouths, and yet they drink. The effect upon character need not be imagined because it is known. The prohibitionist will not allow the delivery wagon of a liquor store to stop before his house, but he permits the grocer to smuggle the bottle or the jug or the demijohn into his cellar when he thinks the neighbors are not looking. The result is that canker of our life, hypocrisy, a vice which the Christian drinker hates more bitterly than he hates the hypocrite.

Not all temperate drinking is Christian drinking. There is, for instance, the drinking of the man who quotes Omar as he drinks. Beware that man. He was probably educated in a godless university where the courses are elective and no liquor may be downed, except furtively, within that abomination of college towns, the "one-mile limit." Omar's drinking principles are as dangerous as his philosophy. The man who seeks to justify his drinking out of Omar's quatrains is quite capable of taking his views on love from "The Thousand Nights and a Night." Omar is the laureate of the blind pig.

Every Christian drinker knows that the old Persian hedonist, "the minstrel of smiling nihilism" as Lionel Johnson called him, will lead you into the ditch if you follow the music of his wassail song. Omar lied when he said that the grape can, with logic absolute, the two-and-seventy jarring sects confute. The wine jar cannot teach the secret of life, as Omar falsely claimed. Fill the cup if you will, but as you drain it, do not into the fire of Spring your Winter-garment of repentance fling. And do not drink to drown melancholy, as Omar did. That is not the Christian way of drinking. "Especially deeply on feast days," writes Belloc. That is to say, on occasions of Christian joy. The man who drinks on a fast day in order to raise his spirits is no Christian; the man who drinks on any

day to raise his spirits may be a Christian, but he is not a good one. A true Christian drinks when he is happy in order that he may be happier.

"The dipsomaniac and the abstainer are not only both mistaken," writes Gilbert K. Chesterton, "but they both make the same mistake. They both regard wine as a drug and not as a drink."

Chesterton might have included the drinker who seeks truth in the bowl. Like the dipsomaniac and the abstainer the man who says "*In vino veritas*" as he drinks, regards wine as a drug. That man is a follower of Omar. He is not, he cannot be a Christian drinker.

Where Omar is pernicious, another pagan is a safe guide. Wine, says Plato, is able to supply the soul with temperance and the body with health. Plato lived before his time. He would have made a splendid Christian, and a fine Christian drinker!

As fine perhaps as old Montaigne who wrote, "I drink pretty well for a man of my pitch. In summer, and at a relishing meal, I do not only exceed the limits of Augustus who drank but thrice precisely; but not to offend Democritus' rule, who forbade that men should stop at four times as an unlucky number, I proceed at need to the fifth glass, about three half-pints."

It is thus that the Christian drinks, with a not-too-finnicky moderation, especially on feast days. He does not drink in secret shame. He hates a blind pig as he hates a prohibitionist. The pocket flask of the solitary drinker makes him shudder. He drinks with a smile and a kindly toast. And he welcomes glass doors on saloons, for he is not afraid to have the whole world see him drink, and who knows? a prohibitionist may pass, stop, look in and be converted by his example to Christian drinking!



THE LANTERN

Edited by
Theodore F Bonnet and Edward F O'Day

*It is better to search for the truth of what
concerns us than to hunt for an honest man*

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Heinrich Heine, Idealist

By THEODORE BONNET

Having read Heinrich Heine's prose I have no diffidence in making him my peg for a short disquisition on idealists. When I read in his "Florentine Nights" of his love affair at fifteen with a Greek goddess in an old garden I perceived that in his youth Germany's great lyric artist had in him one of the essential germs of the militant idealist. He first saw the Greek goddess by daylight. She was supine on the grass. He was charmed by the loveliness of her chiseled bosom. He stole back to the garden at night when the moon was in the sky, and he pressed his mouth against the cold lips of marble with wild and passionate tenderness.

All genuine poets are idealists and passionate lovers of beauty, but they are not all of the Heine pattern. The average genuine poet has a gift for spiritual, rather than marmoreal, beauty. Flesh not marble he cares to embrace, though he admires a piece of sculpture more or less perfect. As to his ideals, usually they have more to do with art and the soul than anything else. But Heine was typical of the idealists of our day, the idealists who are intent on ushering in the millennium. Not one of them is sound in all his parts. All of them are egoists, vain of their ideals, and never weary of parading them. Like David Starr Jordan they have a tormenting craving to astonish.

Once upon a time it was worth while to be thought an idealist: but nowadays we speak of idealists as once they spoke of patriots in England. So familiar became the cant of patriotism in England that when first pronounced the last refuge of a scoundrel every-

body applauded an epigram as a truism. Today, as Strindberg has observed, if you stir any rubbish heap idealists will crawl out like earthworms. This being true it is no longer wise to affect idealism. To be an idealist is to incur suspicion, and it is now the affectation only of our small-fry academicians who never discover what's going on in the world till it passes them by. Yet it is not to be gainsaid that idealism serves an excellent purpose in the world. Idealism is the substance of those day dreams by which we set a high imaginary standard for ourselves, or ponder the ideal of what we should be, for none of us is satisfied with himself. Nor is it to be gainsaid that much good has been done in the world by idealists. Even the aggressive renunciative idealists with a perverted sense of "mission" and a passion for mitigating the desolation of life and refining and ennobling what they regard as the farcical melodrama of existence, even they are not wholly the nuisance they seem. They may be impracticable, but sometimes they point to better things, and we meet them half way. However, idealists are not to be scrutinized too closely, for idealism covers a multitude of disagreeable shortcomings. This is well illustrated by the case of Heinrich Heine, the great champion of Liberty. Indubitably Heine was a lover of freedom. One cannot study Heine without perceiving that every kind of restraint was repugnant to him. Born a Jew, he renounced Judaism and became a Christian, but not because he believed in the Christian dogma. Born in Germany, he satirized his countrymen and went to Paris to enjoy life among Frenchmen whom he liked. Heine flattered himself that he was an idealist capable of renouncing anything for the ideal. "Goethe," he wrote, "is essentially a man who looks on enjoyment of life as the highest good. I on the contrary am essentially an enthusiast; that is, so inspired by the ideal as to be ready to offer myself up for it, and even prompted to let myself be absorbed by it."

We get an inkling of the ideal wherein Heine was absorbed in some of his "short swallow-flights of song." Here is one of them:

Come, fairest fisher-maiden, here
Put, put thy skiff to land;
Come close to me and sit we down,
And prattle hand in hand.

Oh, lay thy head upon my heart,
Have not such fear of me;
Thou trustest day by day thyself
Unto the wild, wild sea.

My heart is like the sea, it hath
Its storm and ebb and flow;
And many pretty pearls, my love,
Rest in its depths below.

Heine regarded himself as a great patriot, and the ideal for which he fought was the ideal of democracy. He would probably have given up everything for the ideal,—everything but a grisette. Right after his first experience of one he wrote to a friend saying that to understand the new joy that had overtaken him it would be necessary to read the Canticles of King Solomon. The fact is Heine was above all things a great sensualist. He was so constituted that his worship of the ideal was never incompatible with his adoration of woman. He never had to sacrifice his best passion. That passion he indulged, as he admitted, at the expense of his health. But it furnished him with experiences wherefrom he derived inspiration, and he gave us prose and poetry permeated with enthusiasm and passion for women.

In the year of his affair with the marble statue Heine fell in love with the sixteen-year-old daughter of Westphalia's executioner. As all her male relatives were or had been executioners, the ignominy of her life left a stain on her that had a sombre fascination for the young idealist. Besides there was a certain

wildness about her, and she was hardly human at times. He tells us that "as she wore neither corset nor many skirts, her clothing, which molded her body, resembled the wet drapery of a statue." However, "no marble statue could have been her equivalent in beauty, for she was life itself, and all her motions revealed the rhythm of her body and the music of her soul." Lovers never knew the rapture of first kiss in stranger circumstances than those wherein Heine embraced "Red Selchen" as she was called on account of the color of her hair. She had been telling him of a sword that had been used by her relatives in one hundred executions. She showed it to him, and held it up for him to kiss, but he kissed her instead.

At Hamburg a little later he fell in love with his cousin, daughter of the rich banker Solomon Heine. He wooed her, but in vain. "Do not promise, only kiss me; I do not believe in the promises of women," he wrote to her. She married a bank clerk, and through nearly all his life Heine was tormented by the memory of her. But hardly had they parted when he began writing sonnets to the wife of Louis Robert, "beautiful and voluptuous as a Venus by Titian." A little later at Norderney he loved a beautiful unknown, and then followed a troop of minor goddesses, and all the while he had ideals touching mankind. Like the idealists of our day he was sensible of much wrong in the world but of none in himself. Catullus tells us that love for one woman was in him an incurable disease. In Heine who was "dowered with the love of love" the incurable disease was love of any woman who might appeal to the taste of a sensualist. He was not exacting in his choice.

In Paris Heine became a Parisian of Parisians, and while inhaling there the intoxicating aroma of delight he wrote:

"I thought I was the living law of morality. I was implacable, and I was impurity incarnate. The most

compromised Magdalenas were purified by the flames of my ardor, and became again maidens in my arms."

Naturally Heine was for liberty, and abhorred restraint. He wished to be a law unto himself, and as a consequence he earned an ugly reputation. While he was amusing his friends in Paris by writing severe criticisms of Germany the discovery was made that he was receiving a salary from the French Government, and he was denounced by a German writer by the name of Borne. He never made reply, but after Borne's death came the retort with the force of long gathering thunder. It was full of scurrilous insinuations regarding Borne's domestic life and against a married woman with whom Borne had been on very intimate terms. Heine had to answer for these in a duel with the woman's husband, and he received a serious wound.

A great literary genius was Heinrich Heine, a man of exquisite wit and sharp satire with the intellectual equipment of the supreme man of letters, but alas, he was an idealist, and his idealism dragged him down. Inflamed with the ideas of the French Revolution he hoped to liberate Germany, and he died isolated, repudiated and reviled. He wished that posterity would lay on his coffin a sword, for, as he said, "I was a brave soldier in the Liberation War of humanity." Yet long before his death this passionate idealist was disillusioned. In an introduction to an illustrated edition of *Don Quixote* he wrote that the laughable character of Quixote lay in the fact that the noble knight wished to recall to life a long buried past, and that he came into painful collision with the actualities of the present. "Alas," says Heine, "I have learned since then that it is just as thankless a piece of folly to try to bring the future prematurely into the present, and that any such antagonism to the substantial interests of the day is mounted on an exceedingly sorry nag and is provided with very rusty armour and a body as easily shattered."

CYNARA

By ERNEST DOWSON

(In last month's LANTERN appeared the beautiful poem "Yvonne of Brittany" by Ernest Dowson. In token of appreciation of that poem came several letters to the editors, begging that the same poet's "Cynara" be published. The request is gladly acceded to, as will be all other requests of the same nature.)

Last night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine
There fell thy shadow, Cynara! thy breath was shed
Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine;
And I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, I was desolate and bowed my head:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

All night upon my heart I felt her warm heart beat,
Night-long within mine arms in love and sleep she lay;
Surely the kisses of her bought red mouth were sweet;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
When I awoke and found the dawn was gray:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,
Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng,
Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, all the time, because the dance was long:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,
But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire,
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara! the night is thine;
And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

THE CHILDREN'S LAUREATE

By EDWARD F. O'DAY

I know a little park where the sunlight streams on inviting lawns and palms and evergreen trees and geranium bushes. As I write, many children are skylarking there. Boisterous spirits blow them across the grass like ruddy leaves swirled in the wind. They are the sport of a hundred gay impulses. They flash this way and that in the tireless ingenuity of games. Their frolic is set to the music of shouts and cries and sudden pealing laughter. Nothing interests them but fun; they have forgotten everything but happiness.

Over across the way, beyond the trees that edge this park, there is a little boy at the window of a fine white house. His nose is flattened against the pane. One moment he is wide-eyed with wistfulness; the next, on fire with excitement as he watches the boys and girls at play. I am sure there are many splendid toys lying neglected on the floor while his gaze devours that scene of freedom. And I am sure that he would give all his toys for an hour's romp with the unchecked children of the park.

That little boy reminds me of Francis Thompson. Francis Thompson looked at childhood through a window, and how he envied it! Toys he had, but he never knew the breathless harum-scarum of deliciously fatiguing play. Out of that deprivation he wrought many of his most intimate, his most reverent, his most exquisite poems. Francis Thompson is the sweetest of all singers in the choir of childhood's poets. Wordsworth, Blake, Charles Lamb (whose "Dream Children" is poetry), Hood, Mrs. Browning, Stevenson, Longfellow, Eugene Field—Francis Thompson overtops them all.

There is a sense in which Francis Thompson never ceased to be a child. There is a deeper sense in which he was never a child at all. In all the things of earth which the poet has some mysterious permission to

neglect, in the wisdom of this world which he scorns to learn, Francis Thompson never grew up—a Peter Pan through forty-eight years. In spirituality he matured early, and this was not precocity but the sound development of a genius for whom religion was as the air he breathed. From infancy he captained his rare soul; his poor body always remained, not so much unmastered as neglected. He saved his soul; his body he could not, would not save. That made the tragedy of his life. Whether health was denied Francis Thompson because he never knew the health-nurturing exuberances of childhood, or whether these were beyond his boyish reach because health was denied him—the fact remains that his early years ran parallel to childhood and never really touched it.

And so in after years he yearned for that which he had missed, and learned to enjoy its sweetness in other children. The obstinate disasters that followed in the train of disease—opium was the principal one—took Francis Thompson far along the hard road that leads away from childhood and to death, but no cruelty which life inflicted could withdraw him from a passionately tender, a profoundly sympathetic love for children.

As a shy, awkward little lad of dreams he sat on the stairs at home to devour Shakespeare and Spenser. When he left the stairs, it was not to go down into the street to mingle in the play of chums, for he had no chums; it was to go up into the nursery to stage improvised dramas in a cardboard theatre and to fondle his sisters' dolls. At his death he left a few books, a few papers, some pipes that would not draw and—that cardboard theatre. He had kept it jealously, lovingly, to contradict his written words: "Toys I could surrender, with chagrin, so I had my great toy of imagination whereby the world became to me my box of toys."

The real boy does not play with his sisters' dolls, but to Francis Thompson dolls were very dear. He

has celebrated them in his charming essay, "The Fourth Order of Humanity." "In the beginning of things," he writes, "came man, sequent to him woman; on woman followed the child, and on the child the doll. It is a climax of development; and the crown of these is the doll."

He confesses that he was "withheld even in childhood from the youthful male's contempt for these short-lived parasites of the nursery." And thus he goes on to tell of his nursery happiness:

"I questioned, with wounded feelings, the straitened feminine intolerance which said to the boy: 'Thou shalt not hold a baby; thou shalt not possess a doll.' In the matter of babies, I was hopeless to shake the illiberal prejudice; in the matter of dolls, I essayed to confound it. By eloquence and fine diplomacy I wrung from my sisters a concession of dolls; whence I date my knowledge of the kind. But ineluctable sex declared itself. I dramatized them, I fell in love with them; I did not father them; intolerance was justified of her children. One in particular I selected, one with surpassing fairness crowned, and bowed before the fourteen inches of her skirt. She was beautiful. She was one of Shakespeare's heroines. She was an amity of inter-removed miracles; all wrangling excellencies at pact in one sole doll; the frontiers of jealous virtue marched in her, yet trespassed not against her peace; and her gracious gift of silence I have not known in woman. I desired for her some worthy name; and asked of my mother: Who was the fairest among living women? Laughingly was I answered that I was a hard questioner, but that perhaps the Empress of the French bore the bell for beauty. Hence, accordingly, my Princess of puppetdom received her style; and at this hour, though she has long since vanished to some realm where all sawdust is wiped forever from dolls' wounds, I cannot hear that name but the Past touches me with a rigid agglomeration of small china fingers."

The true man-child does not play that way. It was a piteously misdirected struggle to master what most lads have by right of birth. "I did not want responsibility, did not want to be a man," he writes. We can understand that, for the child that has never been a child never does want to grow up. To such a one donning the *toga virilis* means losing the last chance to enjoy the high privileges which other youngsters have taken for granted. It is animal spirits that make children's play so satisfying. This poet had no animal spirits, and the imagination on which he relied was a poor substitute since it intensified his sense of deprivation.

That he realized this we may infer from the words he wrote while a homeless vagrant in the London streets. They are to be found in his "Shelley:"

"Know you what it is to be a child? It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness, and nothing into everything, for each child has its fairy godmother in its own soul; it is to live in a nutshell and count yourself the king of infinite space; it is

To see a world in a grain of sand,

And heaven in a wild flower,

Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,

And eternity in an hour;

it is to know not as yet that you are under sentence of life, nor petition that it be commuted into death. When we become conscious in dreaming that we dream, the dream is on the point of breaking; when we become conscious in living that we live, the ill dream is but just beginning."

As a child he must have suffered a good deal. We may read this between the lines of that wonderful essay on Shelley which is in many respects a frag-

ment of autobiography. "Both as poet and man," he says of Shelley, "he was essentially a child." And he makes this curious statement: "An age that is ceasing to produce child-like children cannot produce a Shelley." It is a curious statement because Thompson's own life contradicts it; he was not a child-like child, but he was indeed a Shelley. It is of his own case he is speaking in this essay when he tells us how sensitive boys are hurt:

"It is the petty malignant annoyance recurring hour by hour, day by day, month by month, until its accumulation becomes an agony; it is this which is the most terrible weapon that boys have against their fellow boy, who is powerless to shun it because, unlike the man, he has virtually no privacy. His is the torture which the ancients used, when they anointed their victim with honey and exposed him naked to the restless fever of the flies. He is a little St. Sebastian, sinking under the incessant flight of shafts which skilfully avoid the vital parts. . . . Most people, we suppose, must forget what they were like when they were children: otherwise they would know that the griefs of their childhood were passionate abandonment, *dechirants* (to use a characteristically favorite phrase of modern French literature) as the griefs of their maturity. Children's griefs are little, certainly; but so is the child, so is its endurance, so is its field of vision, while its nervous impressionability is keener than ours."

It was natural that in after years of larger griefs Francis Thompson should call childhood "the true *Paradisus Vitae*," for Paradise is outside our human experience. It was inevitable that this childlike poet who had never been a child should celebrate childhood and children in some of his loveliest poems. Like Stevenson he left us a child's garden of verses, but his garden was the Garden of Eden. "The heart of childhood, so divine for me," he sang. He loved to talk with children of "wise, idle, childish things;" he

loved a child-listener, one who listened "with big-lipped surprise;" he loved the things that children say, "foolish things, little and laughable, things all unmemorable;" he loved a word from the "winsome mouth" of a child, a "guileless look" from its eye; he loved childhood's "trivialness," its "bubbling deliciousness," its unconsciousness:

She knew not those sweet words she spake,

Nor knew her own sweet way;

But there's never a bird, so sweet a song

Thronged in whose throat that day!

In the dark London time when he ran errands, sold matches and cadged for coppers, even laudanum could not alleviate his pang at the sight of outcast children. "Think of it," he wrote. "If Christ stood amidst your London slums, He could not say: 'Except ye become as one of *these* little children.' Far better your children were cast from the bridges of London, than they should become as one of those little ones." His biographer Everard Meynell says that "the laugh, not the cry, of the children familiar with all evil was what appalled him most. . . . appalling, too, was the unuttered cry of children who knew not how to cry nor why they had cause."

Fortunately it was not in these little children that he sought his inspiration. A happier day found him walking the Sussex Downs with a little girl. This was Monica, the daughter of Wilfred and Alice Meynell. "Between the clasp of his hand and hers lay, felt not, twenty withered years." Monica picked a poppy and gave it him, saying, "Keep it, as long as you live." It was a strangely meaningful gift, this of a poppy to the opium eater, though not so strange or meaningful or fateful as his mother's earlier gift of a copy of De Quincey's masterpiece. He wrote a poem about this poppy, and dedicated it to innocent little Monica. It closes with these lines:

Love, love! your flower of withered dream
In leavèd rhyme lies safe, I deem,
Sheltered and shut in a nook of rhyme,
From the reaper man, and his reaper Time.

Love! I fall into the claws of Time:
But lasts within a leavèd rhyme
All that the world of me esteems—
My withered dreams, my withered dreams.

Years afterwards when Monica Meynell was about to be married, "to vanish from him to another," Francis Thompson wrote her a letter:

"Most warmly and sincerely I congratulate you, dear Monica, on what is the greatest event in a woman's life—or a man's, to my thinking.
Extend to him, if he will allow me, the affection which you once—so long since—purchased with a poppy in that Friston field. 'Keep it,' you said (though you have doubtless forgotten what you said) 'as long as you live.' I have kept it, and with it I keep you, my dearest."

After he died the "flower of dreams" was found pressed between the leaves of his "Poems," the only volume of his own works which he had preserved.

All the world of poetry-lovers knows how the Meynells rescued Francis Thompson from the streets and took him into their home. It was a growing family, and there were other children besides Monica, "elder nursling of the nest," for the poet to love. There were Sylvia, Viola and Olivia, and Francis whom he sponsored in baptism. It has been written that he had an "awed but gentle way" with these and other children. He was bold only when he sang of them. His strange ways afforded them amusement, but, says Mrs. Meynell:

"Nothing irritable or peevish within him was discovered when children had their laughter at him. It need hardly be told what the children laughed at;—say, a habit of stirring the contents of his cup with

such violence that his after-dinner coffee was shed into the saucer or elsewhere—a habit which he often told us, at great length, was hereditary.”

When asked to act as godfather to little Francis he was overwhelmed by the honor, a good deal troubled by the responsibility. The beautiful poem “To My Godchild” is eloquent of his absorbing affection for children:

When, immortal mortal, droops your head,
And you, the child of deathless song, are dead;
Then, as you search with unaccustomed glance
The ranks of Paradise for my countenance,
Turn not your tread along the Uranian sod
Among the bearded counsellors of God;
For, if in Eden as on earth are we,
I sure shall keep a younger company.

* * * * *

Pass the crystalline sea, the Lampads seven:—
Look for me in the nurseries of Heaven.

Viola is immortalized in “The Making of Viola” which has been aptly termed “a dance of words.” Thompson takes us to Heaven, into the company of the Father of Heaven, the Paraclete, Jesus, Mary and the angelic host. And this daring poet permits us to know how Viola was made at the bidding of the Father of Heaven. Mary twirls her wheel with silver din to spin a tress for Viola. Hands angelic weave a woof of velvet flesh for Viola. Young Jesus scoops wood-browned pools of Paradise for the eyes of Viola. The Lord Paraclete breathes a crystal soul for Viola. From the wings of child-angels roseal hoverings fall on the cheeks of Viola. And all things being accomplished, wheeling angels bear her down to her mother, “and bearing, sing, with a sound of viola.” There is no such other poem as this in all the books of poetry.

This tribute to Olivia was found pencilled in a copy book, after his death:

I fear to love thee, Sweet, because
Love's the ambassador of loss;
White flake of childhood, clinging so
To my soiled raiment, thy shy snow
At tenderest touch will shrink and go.
Love me not, delightful child.
My heart, by many snares beguiled,
Has grown timorous and wild.
It would fear thee not at all,
Wert thou not so harmless-small.
Because thy arrows, not yet dire,
Are still unbarbed with destined fire,
I fear thee more than hadst thou stood
Full-panoplied in womanhood.

Always he was in fear that his love for children might be "the ambassador of loss." The apprehension is made light of in one of his letters, but we need not be deceived:

"The dearest child has made friends with me in the park; and we have fallen in love with each other with an instantaneous rapidity not unusual on my side, but a good deal more unusual on the child's. I rather fancy she thinks me one of the most admirable of mortals; and I firmly believe her to be one of the most daintily supernatural of fairies. And now I am in a fever lest (after the usual manner of fairies) her kinsfolk should steal her from me. Result—I haven't slept for two nights, and I fear I shall not recover myself until I am resolved whether my glimpses of her are to be interdicted or not. Of course in some way she is sure to vanish—elves always do, and my elves in particular."

Monica and Sylvia were his especial playmates. How whole-heartedly he loved these children is now part of his immortal history. "Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra, and Edith with golden hair" have not so high a place in poetry as Monica and Sylvia Meynell. He invented a score of sweet diminutives and endearing nicknames for them. Monica was

"Monicella," "Cuckoo," "sweet blushet," his "tender little maiden," his "darling of darlings," his "princess of smiles," his "wild dryad," his "sunlit creature," his "sorceress of most unlawful-lawful wiles." Silvia of the "meet, feat ways" was "Sylviola," his "ladyling," his "well-beloved maid," his "sweetest quarry."

A false word came to him one day that little Monica lay on her deathbed, and he wrote "To Monica Thought Dying," one of the most poignant of his utterances, a poem "drenched with sobbing," a potent lyric outcry against the ruthlessness of death. It was Monica who had given him the poppy, and it was Monica whose smile cheered him and made him strong when he was cast derelict upon the high mercy of the Meynells:

Upon the ending of my deadly night
(Whereof thou hast not the surmise, and slight
Is all that any mortal knows thereof),
Thou wert to me the earnest of day's light.

* * * * *

Whileas on such dubious bed I lay,
One unforgotten day,
As a sick child waking sees
Wide-eyed daisies
Gazing on it from its hand,
Slipped there for its dear amazes;
So between thy father's knees
I saw thee stand,
And through my hazes
Of pain and fear thine eyes' young wonder shone.

* * * * *

The heart which I had questioned spoke,
A cry impetuous from its depths was drawn,—
'I take the omen of this face of dawn!'

Following little Monica through his verse we come to know very intimately this "little tender thing of white." He understood the sweet volatility of that affection which a child lavishes beyond the family circle. She was "frankly fickle, and fickle true," she

was "full of willy-nillies, pets, and bee-like angers," she was "sweet and sour, like a dish of strawberries set about with curd." He speaks of her "petulant foot," her "sudden bee-like snarlings." Is not this the true image of little girlhood? In his love for Monica he will have it that she shall inherit her mother's bays. I doubt whether Monica has justified his loving prophecy, even in a humble way, for it is too much to expect that Alice Meynell should bring forth great poems and a great poet too; but the prediction does credit to his heart:

If angels have hereditary wings,

If not by Salic law is handed down

The poet's crown,

To thee, born in the purple of the throne,

The laurel must belong:

Thou, in thy mother's right

Descendant of Castalian-chrismèd kings—

O Princess of the Blood of Song!

His love for this little girl is not of the heart only, she has captured his mind:

Pierce where thou wilt the springing thought in me,

And there thy pictured countenance lies enfurled,

As in the cut fern lies the imaged tree.

I have been quoting from "Sister Songs," that masterpiece in which Francis Thompson's love for Monica and Sylvia, and indeed for all children, finds its supreme expression. "Why can't I write poetry like that?" demanded Oscar Wilde when "Sister Songs" was read to him. "That is what I've wanted to do all my life."

Little Monica smiled on Francis Thompson and gave him a poppy to keep. Little Sylvia kissed him, and kissed poet was never so grateful before or since. The lines in which he told Sylvia of all that her kiss meant to him are perhaps his most celebrated.

Francis Thompson was the "dedicated amorist" of the "darling young." He loved little children, and he loved his love for them. He "caught them fast for-

ever in a tangle of sweet rhymes." He had not woman's love, like his brother Shelley; but unlike Mangan whom he mentions so that he may pity him, he was not "an exile banned and proscribed from the innocent arms of childhood." He gave children the passion and the music other poets gave their mistresses. "Who grasps the child grasps the future," he wrote, and we may interpret the words in a mystical sense, for he was a graduate in mysticism. In grasping children he grasped his future, a future of immortality among men and angels. Children are doubly dear to him because he may not keep them:

Their angel plucked them from me by the hair.

Nevertheless, children gave this too miserable man a great deal of happiness, and it is not strange that he liked these words which Hawthorne wrote: "Linger-
ing so near his childhood, he had sympathies with children, and kept his heart the fresher thereby like a reservoir into which rivulets are flowing, not far from the fountain-head." He has expressed for us that spontaneous love for a strange child seen once, and never to be seen again, which is one of man's purest and most redeeming emotions. He has shown to those who have no children how they may share in the children of their friends. He has made utterable the sacred thoughts we cherish, the unselfish joy we feel when a dear friend's child is born. And when we stoop in spirit to kiss the hem of the robe that enfolds the mother's sanctuary of a child unborn, Francis Thompson stoops with us, and his lips are aflame with holy song. He shares with the childless his foster-paternity; how precious his poetry of childhood must be to those who have children of their own!

THE SOPHISTICATED FATHER

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By THEODORE BONNET

SCENE: *The library of the Baxters' country home in the mountains. It has few books, but some creature comforts. There is a big armchair near a fireplace on the right where a fire is burning; a table in the centre. There is a large door in the back opening into a hall where there is a dim light. There is a door on the right beyond the fireplace. On the left a French window. It is 2 A. M. The room is dimly lighted by a fire. Bob Lane is seated in the armchair before the fire. He is a young man in the late twenties, of medium height and athletic in mould. His face might appeal to impressionable girls who have a fondness for what used to be called the Gibson type.*

Presently Robert Lane Sr. appears in the doorway. He presses a button, and switches on the light, startling his son who immediately attracts his attention. He is a tall man, in the middle fifties, with an air of distinction and a form that is cultivated by a masseur and kept in restraint by religious devotion to a diet. He has the manner of the self-satisfied successful man of the world.

LANE. Hello! What does this mean? Why aren't you in bed?

BOB. I've been reading. Got interested in a novel that I found on the table there, and now I'm not sleepy. What time is it?

LANE. It's after 2 o'clock.

BOB. Oh, I had no idea it was so late. But what about you, dad? I hope you'll not be troubled with insomnia down here.

LANE. I hope not. But to make sure of sleep, I'm going to fill my lungs with mountain air before turning in. (*Looking around.*) By Jove! the Baxters have an ideal country home here.

BOB. Baxter wants to sell it.

LANE. So he tells me. (*Still looking around.*) Bob, if your dear mother were alive, I'd buy this place. (*A pause. Lane approaches his son.*) An ideal spot, up here in the mountains, in this bracing atmosphere,—for a honeymoon. (*Bob yawns.*) Don't you think?

BOB (*indifferently*). It's all right, I suppose.

LANE. All right? It's ideal. There's romance in the very air of these mountains. Hasn't the poetry of it appealed to you?

BOB (*smiles*). I'm not strong on poetry, dad.

LANE (*disgusted*). No, I suppose not. And for that very reason this is the place for your honeymoon; out there, under the trees, in the moonlight. It's inspiring!

BOB. You talk as though I were right on the eve of my honeymoon.

LANE (*exuberantly*). Precisely! And you are, my boy. (*Solemnly.*) Bob, you've been intoxicating yourself on unlawful love long enough. You must quit. No more nonsense.

BOB (*annoyed*). Oh, dad, I'm doing my best to break it off—I'm—

LANE. Now, Bob, listen. I've come to the conclusion, you've been too damned long beating about the bush with this woman. I've—

BOB. Let's cut that out tonight, dad. I'll break it off. Give me a little time.

LANE. A little time? You've been a year at it now. Suppose the Morgans hear about the way you've been living?

BOB. Oh, they'll not hear anything.

LANE. Old Morgan is a hard and fast Puritan. His ideal husband for Sophie is a young man of the most exemplary habits. If he ever heard that you had a mistress he'd—

BOB. Now don't call her that, dad. She's—

LANE. She's what?

BOB. Well, she's not that kind of woman.

LANE. What kind is she? Some new type?

BOB. Well, she's a respectable woman.

LANE. Wha—at?

BOB. Oh, you don't understand.

LANE. My boy, there is nothing I don't understand about women. Nobody can tell me about them. I wish that at your age you knew as much as I know. I'm broad in these matters, and it's because I know that a man's education is not completed until he has had some experience of women that I've stood idly by, but you don't seem to know when to quit. My boy, there's a time for everything—time for a mistress and time for a wife.

BOB. Don't call her my mistress, dad.

LANE. She's not your wife, is she?

BOB. No—not exactly—not in the conventional way.

LANE (*excitedly*). What in hell are you driving at?

BOB. I mean that—well—what I mean is that she's a respectable woman. (*Lane stares. He's mystified.*) You see, she lives at home with her mother and—and—you see we've been living together on principle.

LANE (*throwing up his hands*). On principle? That's a new one on me. You're not trying to solve some sociological problem in the interest of science, are you?

BOB (*smiling feebly*). I mean that Miss—she—

LANE. By the way, what is her name? That's something you never did tell me.

BOB. You wouldn't know her, if I told you, dad.

LANE. Well, go on, you mean—what do you mean?

BOB. I mean she doesn't believe in conventional marriage. She doesn't take any stock in marriage except on a mutual arrangement basis.

LANE. Oh, that's it. There's a cult of that sort, I believe.

BOB. Yes, she joined it at the University.

LANE. Then if she's a philosophical person, loving

you on principle and you loving her on principle, and there isn't even a sheet of paper between you and no convention to be violated, why the devil are you so slow about quitting?

BOB. The trouble is she's so—well, she's so temperamental.

LANE. Temperamental? (*Laughing.*) Temperament, my boy, is as easily remedied as disease.

BOB. You don't understand, dad. She loves me.

LANE. Bob, you are very ingenuous. (*Indignant.*) I don't understand, eh; I don't—on the contrary, my boy, I do understand. I can read 'em all like a book. There never was one of them could fool me. (*Smiling.*) So she loves you, eh?

BOB. Yes, she does.

LANE. Let me tell you something. Love is not all sentiment; it's mostly art, and all worldly women are skilled in the technique of it.

BOB. But she isn't a worldly woman.

LANE. Oh, she isn't, eh? I can see, Bob, that you have a lot to learn. But then you have had so little experience. It is a great misfortune for a young man to be caught young by a clever woman. She deprives him of a liberal education. I suppose it would break her heart if you left her.

BOB. Yes, it would. She's not like others. She's a virtuous woman.

LANE. My boy, a compliment to a woman on her virtue is what gives her the least pleasure. (*Impatiently.*) Now look here, it's getting along toward morning. Time for you to go to bed. Before you go I want to tell you something. (*He takes Bob by the shoulders and looks him in the eye.*) This affair of yours is at an end.

BOB. I'll try, dad. I'll—

LANE. I say it's at an end.

BOB. Well, that's what I've told her.

LANE. Oh, you have? Well, why didn't you say so?

BOB. But she doesn't believe me.

LANE (*smiles*). Oh, she doesn't. Then we'll prove it to her.

BOB. Give me a little more time. She's—

LANE. Not a minute.

BOB. So sentimental, so—

LANE. Yes, I understand. They're all that way. I know them. Full of tears and sobs; and every young lover thinks he's the best beloved of lovers. I was that way myself—but that was before I left college. Well, I'm glad you've told her. Now I have a surprise for you. (*Bob looks at his father interrogatively.*) I'll tell you all about it in the morning. By the way—a spanking looking girl—that Miss Lamont.

BOB (*starts, and looks quizzically at his father*). Miss—Miss Lamont?

LANE. Yes, Miss Lamont. You did a lot of dancing with her tonight.

BOB. Oh.

LANE. Such a delicate skin! Slender, but well-nourished! Now there's a woman could take quite a hold on a man's affections. Eh, what?

BOB (*embarrassed*). Why do you ask me?

LANE (*abstractedly meditates aloud*). An exquisite figure! Such a soft voice!

BOB. You had your eyes on her, tonight, did you?

LANE. When she was dancing I could see—(*pause*)

BOB. What could you see?

LANE. Well, that's a daring gown she wore—I could see that she had an excellent, trim figure. Have you known her long?

BOB (*hesitating*). Yes. She's a great friend of Mrs. Baxter's. They belong to the same club.

LANE (*looking at his watch*). Going to 3 o'clock. It's time for me to get a breath of the mountain air if I'm going to have any sleep at all. What about you?

BOB. I'll smoke another cigarette. One good thing about the Baxters they're not early risers. I'll not get up before ten. (*Lane starts off.*) Oh,

You said something about a surprise for me.

LANE. A surprise? Yes, I did.

BOB. Why not tell me now? Otherwise I'll keep awake guessing.

LANE. Don't be foolish.

BOB. You've aroused my curiosity.

LANE (*smiling*). Well, I'll tell you. I've been doing a little scheming. You've been so slow, I thought I'd rush things a little.

BOB (*anxious and eager*). Rush things?

LANE. Yes. I've had the Baxters wire Sophie and her folks to come down.

BOB (*petrified*). To come down?

LANE. Precisely. They'll be here tomorrow.

BOB. Here?

LANE. Yes.

BOB. What did you do that for?

LANE. Now listen. I did it for your sake.

BOB. But, dad, why didn't you wait? I told you it would soon be all right. We must wire them not to come.

LANE. Nothing of the kind. I've arranged it all. You'll be married right here—tomorrow.

BOB. Here? Tomorrow?

LANE. Precisely. (*Triumphantly*.) When it's all over, what can your unconventional lady friend do about it?

BOB (*collapsing in the chair*). Here! Sophie coming here!

LANE. My boy, that's the only thing to do. Break it off with a violent wrench. Suspense is bad. When you are married the chapter is closed.

BOB. But, great Scott!

LANE. Now don't worry. And above all things don't be a fool.

BOB (*nervously thinking aloud*). Oh, this will never do. Suppose they meet—suppose—

LANE. Never mind supposing. By the time they meet, if they ever meet, it will be all over. Now

I've attended to all the details. Judge Carr, you know, is an old friend of mine. Drove over to see him last night before dinner. He lives down near the court house. He's arranged with the clerk to get the license, and he'll tie the knot in a jiffy. Not a bit of trouble.

BOB (*in agony*). Oh, dad, this will never do.

LANE. Never do? On the contrary it's precisely what should have been done long ago. Now you let me attend to this. I tell you I know women like a book.

BOB. But, dad—

LANE. I'll talk it over with you after breakfast. Get to bed—I'll be there before long myself. Good night.

(*He goes out door in back, and turns to left.*

Bob presses button, light goes out. He is apparently nervous and excited. Lights a cigarette. Throws himself into armchair, looks in vacancy at fire. Miss Olga Lamont comes in from right through back door. She has on a decollete white peignoir, ornamented with baby blue ribbons. Though she has just come from her bed, she is alert. She goes to table, takes up a box of cigarettes, takes out a cigarette and lights it. Bob starts and startles her. She goes hurriedly to button and turns on lights. She is tall and slender and perhaps 30 years of age, though she hardly looks it. She has what is called a well-bred air. There is a glint of mischief in her languorous, moist eyes.)

OLGA. Oh! So here you are. I've been expecting you.

BOB. Expecting me?

OLGA. Yes.

BOB. Oh.

OLGA. And you didn't come. You never disappointed me before.

BOB (*sadly*). Come now, Olga, I'm in no mood for play. You knew I wasn't coming.

OLGA. I was sure you'd come.

BOB. After what I said?

OLGA (*laughing*). After what you said.

BOB. Haven't I made myself clear?

OLGA. Why, Bob, you are absolutely transparent. (*He sits down and gazes into the fire. She toys with her hair.*) What a lovely time we had tonight! I don't know whether it was the wine, or the air, or the moonlight—but anyway I was never so exhilarated. (*He rises.*) What makes you so restless, dear?

BOB. I wish you'd leave me alone.

OLGA (*pouting*). You cruel boy!

BOB (*annoyed*). Can't you see I'm in earnest? I hope I made you understand tonight.

OLGA. Yes, I understand. Your father has been bothering you again. The silly old man!

BOB. He's not a silly old man.

OLGA. He's an old flirt. But he's good looking. I'll say that for him. I had quite a time with him after our dance.

BOB. You?

OLGA. Yes, in the moonlight on the verandah. He's a most romantic chap. Loves to hold hands. From what you have told me I had him pictured as a stern, uncompromising father. But he talked to me last night like a passionate young lover. He said I had lips like scented violets.

BOB. He kissed you?

OLGA. I should say he did.

BOB. You let him?

OLGA. I couldn't help myself. I was almost on the point of telling him all. I'm sure he would have come around all right.

BOB (*suddenly greatly agitated*). Olga, you must leave here at once.

OLGA. At once.

BOB. Yes, you must go.

OLGA. I must—

BOB. Now, Olga, haven't I told you? What's the use of prolonging the agony? It's got to end.

OLGA. Bob! You mean it? You are in earnest?

BOB. Yes, Olga, I mean it.

OLGA (*solemnly*). Then it's the end! (*She turns as though to go.*)

BOB (*alarmed*). You'll not do anything rash I hope. (*She laughs hysterically.*) You know, Olga, it was always our understanding that we might part whenever one of us became so disposed. That is what you always said.

OLGA (*as though thinking aloud*). Yes, that is what I always said. I wonder what I shall do now? (*A pause. Suddenly looking him in the eyes.*) You are going to marry!

BOB (*taken by surprise*). How did you know?

OLGA (*disdain arching her lips*). Your father has chosen a wife for you. What an obedient son!

BOB. Who told you that?

OLGA. So, that's the truth (*tragically*). And I'm cast aside—by you!

BOB. Now, Olga, I hope you're not going to do anything rash.

OLGA (*laughing scornfully*). On your account? I should say not. It's bad enough to realize that what I thought a romance was only a farce. The humor of the situation is that I—I have been your caprice.

(*They hear footsteps.*)

BOB (*nervously*). I'm going to bed. (*He goes out hurriedly through door in right wall. She presses the button, lights go out. She hurriedly goes to arm-chair, and huddles before the fire and shivers. Robert Lane Sr. enters. He is cold, rubs his hands, goes toward fire. She moves.*)

LANE. Well, Bob, haven't you gone to bed yet? (*Seeing the form swathed in white, he halts suddenly.*) Hello! Who's this? (*She sobs. He switches on lights and scrutinizes the form.*) A woman! (*Still sobbing, Olga takes her hands from her face and looks at him demurely through moist eyes.*) You sweet darling girl! Up at this hour of the morning and

weeping! (*He caresses her.*) What is the matter? Oh, do let me comfort you, my dear Miss Lamont. Why, your flesh is cold! Let me warm you. (*Takes her hands and rubs them.*) Now, my dear, don't cry any more. (*She wipes away a tear.*) That's right. (*She smiles.*) You bewitching little sweetheart. Who has been wounding your precious feelings?

OLGA (*in quavering voice*). Oh, it's nothing, Mr. Lane. Just a tinge of sadness, that's all.

LANE. What makes you sad? You were so happy tonight! You were laughing all through the dance.

OLGA. Yes, I know. How stupid of me to be in tears!

LANE. No, my dear. On the contrary. Beauty is never so attractive as when adorned with pearls from a tender heart.

OLGA (*drying her eyes, and smiling faintly*). I'm all right now. (*She rises.*) I'll go to bed.

LANE (*restraining her gently*). To bed? And feeling sad? Don't go.

OLGA (*shrinking coquettishly with downcast eyes*). But I'm not dressed.

LANE. On the contrary! You are ravishingly gowned.

OLGA. Oh, Mr. Lane! I'm en negligé.

LANE. Ah, it's so becoming. You are entrancing!—positively entrancing! (*He caresses her.*) Come, you must not go. You are in sorrow, and you must let me comfort you. (*He leads her to the armchair.*) Sit here by the fire. (*She sinks into chair.*) There!

OLGA (*affecting agitation*). Oh, don't you think it wrong for me to stay here?

LANE. Wrong? On the contrary—far from it. Miss Lamont, you are adorable. You were born with the invisible sceptre. You can do no wrong. Now tell me, what is it that made you sad?

OLGA (*emitting a dainty sigh*). I'm afraid I've been very silly.

LANE. I'm sure you've been nothing of the kind.

OLGA. Suppose I told you that I've been allowing myself to feel like the heroine of a melodrama?

LANE. How I wish I could be the hero!

OLGA. Now you're laughing at me.

LANE. On the contrary I was never more serious in my life. Oh, Miss Lamont! Laugh at you? I never was in a more sympathetic mood. Let me comfort you. You are in a melancholy mood, aren't you?

OLGA. Yes, I am.

LANE. Well, whatever sorrow is in your sweet little heart, let me assuage it.

OLGA (*again wiping away a tear*). You are awfully kind. (*A pause. She suddenly rises.*) But really, Mr. Lane, I must go to bed.

LANE. Now, now! You poor darling girl. You must not go to bed in tears.

OLGA (*sobbing faintly*). My poor mother!

LANE (*in a very sympathetic tone*). Ah, I knew there was something. (*Takes her hand.*) Your mother? What has happened to your mother? Tell me.

OLGA (*wringing her hands in agitation*). Oh, Mr. Lane, it has to be—it has to be!

LANE. Perhaps, my dear, it doesn't have to be. The troubles we look forward to don't always come. Now tell me. I must insist that you tell me what has happened to your dear mother.

OLGA. Oh, nothing has happened to her, but she is a dear sweet mother, and for her I must sacrifice myself.

LANE. You must what?

OLGA. Oh, how silly! I don't mean that. (*Annoyed at herself.*) I've allowed my feelings to get all unstrung. (*Smiling.*) You see, I told you I was in a melodramatic mood.

LANE (*solemnly*). Perhaps there is a reason.

OLGA. Well, I'll tell you. My mother wishes me to marry. And I'm not a bit in love. I couldn't love him. I abhor him.

LANE. Horrible! -

OLGA. Yes, horrible.

LANE. You mustn't do anything of the kind. It would be a crime. Oh, incredible!

OLGA. I must.

LANE. You must not.

OLGA. Mr. Lane, there is nothing I will not do for my mother.

LANE. Your mother must be a most unreasonable person if she would have you marry a man you abhor.

OLGA. My mother is poor. She needs my help.

LANE. Hm!

OLGA (*thinking aloud and looking pensively into the fire*). An old man's darling!

LANE. Some old duffer, older than I am, I suppose?

OLGA (*deprecatingly*). Oh, Mr. Lane, he's old enough to be your father.

LANE. You don't say so. He ought to be arrested and punished as an example for the good of society. (*A pause.*) But then of course, I'm not so old. I was married very young.

OLGA (*coquettishly*). I could tell. I knew you were prematurely grey.

LANE. Yes, I am. (*Caressing her.*) Now, my dear, you mustn't brood over this prospect. It's too harrowing.

OLGA. I've cried so much I think I can sleep now. I'll go to bed.

LANE (*taking her hand*). Never go to bed, my child, in melancholy mood. (*He surveys her rapturously.*) Miss Lamont, you're the sweetest, daintiest little woman I ever met. You were fashioned for delight—not for the delight of an old duffer that you abhor, but for a man with poetry in his soul and the lyric spirit bounding in his veins.

OLGA (*modestly*). Oh, Mr. Lane!

LANE. I mean every word of it.

OLGA. But suppose somebody should hear.

LANE (*putting an arm around her*). My dear,

sweet girl, you must not think of sacrificing yourself. (*She leans against him. He kisses her on the forehead.*) Ah, but you are adorable! (*He releases her.*)

OLGA. Oh, I must go to bed. If Mrs. Baxter knew—

LANE (*seizing her tenderly*). Never mind Mrs. Baxter. She is sleeping the sleep of the blest. You need some advice, and I'm going to give it to you.

OLGA. You're awfully kind. You have made me feel so much better.

LANE. Have I? (*He draws her a little closer. She snuggles up to him and he embraces her and kisses her passionately. She yields. When he releases her she appears overwhelmed with confusion.*)

OLGA. Oh, Mr. Lane!

LANE. Have I offended you?

OLGA. The Baxters!

LANE. My dear little sweetheart, don't worry about the Baxters. Let us think of ourselves. You are in trouble. You are contemplating becoming the victim of a tragic sacrifice. (*She bows solemn assent. Again he caresses her. Again she yields. Again he kisses her ardently.*) It must never be. You don't have to marry that old duffer.

OLGA. Oh, if it were only a dream!

LANE (*still holding her in his arms*). My dear, do you abhor me?

OLGA. Oh, Mr. Lane!

LANE. Would it be a sacrifice if you—if I—would your mother— (*She puts her head on his breast and looks at him coquettishly. He kisses her.*) Then it's all settled. Right now. Are you ready? (*She nods in the affirmative. He goes to window, raises curtain.*) Ah, "the morning opes her golden gates." (*A pause.*) How long will it take you to get ready?

OLGA (*perplexed*). Get ready?

LANE. Yes, I'm going to wake up Judge Carr, have him call up his friend the county clerk, meet us at the court-house, and put us through our paces. (*She*

looks amazed.) Oh, I've had it about half-way arranged. He expects me. Only he didn't expect you.

OLGA. I don't understand.

LANE (*takes her in his arms. He's in high spirits.*) No, of course not, but I'll explain on the way over.

OLGA (*amused*). On the way over?

LANE. Precisely. You're not going to back out, are you?

OLGA. Oh, Mr. Lane. Are you really, truly in earnest?

LANE. I was never more so. (*Kisses her.*) What loving eyes of flame! In earnest? I should say so!

OLGA. And we are going to be married?

LANE. Precisely.

OLGA. How romantic!

LANE. Yes, isn't it? That's what I like about it. (*Caressing her.*) Oh, but you are a darling! But let's hurry. Put on your coat. There are robes in the car—and I'll keep you warm. (*She kisses him and runs out.*)

LANE (*taking up 'phone*). Hello! Wait a minute. (*Hurriedly takes card out of pocket, and reads from it the number.*) Give me Valley 231. (*A pause.*) Hello, that you, judge? This is Lane. Sorry to wake you up so early. That matter is all arranged. Yes, will you wake up the clerk? All right, we'll start right away. Yes, big hurry. Ten or fifteen minutes. (*Olga returns in long coat, her head swathed in a veil.*) Ah, here you are!

OLGA. I'm ready.

LANE (*kissing her*). Just a moment and I'll bring the car around.

(*He hurries out at back turning to left. She, standing in the hall, looks after him. Just then Bob enters through door on right. He is in dressing gown. Goes to table. picks up cigarette case and takes out cigarette. Beginning to whistle a lively air softly, he strikes a match. Olga turns. He hears the movement, looks round and sees her.*)

BOB (*in mild surprise*). You are going so soon?

OLGA. Yes, I am going. (*A pause.*) Are you glad?

BOB. I didn't mean to hurry you off at break of day. What will the Baxters think?

OLGA. The Baxters? Oh, yes. (*She laughs.*) The Baxters will be surprised—at breakfast. (*The honk-honk of a horn is heard, and she turns hurriedly to go, but she looks back over her shoulder and smiles.*) Yes, they'll be surprised.

(*She goes quickly out, and Bob stands in amazement, then turns and resumes the lively air. Again the horn is heard softly, and he rushes to the window now lighted by the dawn and looks out. What he sees transfixes him. He is watching the receding car as the curtain goes down.*)

MEDITATIONS OF DIOGENES LANTERN

The strong find in misfortune a stepping-stone to high achievement.

Ridicule is an unsatisfactory weapon owing to the dulness of its subjects.

When a man complains that he has been deceived by a woman he means that she anticipated him.

The loss of its object is love's keen sorrow, but keener still is the sorrow of not attaining its object.

If Shakespeare had been fond of grape juice he would never have met Falstaff, much less known how to paint him.

Censure is that function of criticism dearest to the heart of mediocrity since it requires no exercise of the faculty of taste.

The brave man masks his misery, and he may be dying of a heart-stab or the festering wounds of adversity without complaining of anything more serious than a tooth-ache.

RETAIN

Charles M. Fickert

AS

District Attorney

AND

*Make Certain
Four Years More*

OF

*Fearlessness
Efficiency
Justice*

IN

This Important Office

*Elect Him at the Primary, Tuesday,
September 28*

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The Gracchi—Great Demagogues

By THEODORE F. BONNET

Curious are the manifestations of greatness as seen through the eyes of historians and writers of biography. Take for example the manifestations by which the sons of Cornelia earned their title to fame and made the "mother of the Gracchi" illustrious through the centuries. The Gracchi—Tiberius and Caius—have come down to us as personifications of civic patriotism, exemplars of all the virtues by which statesmen achieve greatness. They are celebrated in song and story. Eulogists have made of them a kind of divinity lodged in flesh. So sober and philosophic a biographer as Plutarch pays them the tribute of his admiration—though reading between the lines one may be inclined to suspect that the editor of the great, ancient *Who's Who* wrote of the Gracchi with his tongue in his cheek. However, it is not to be gainsaid that the Gracchi were great men. They were the sort of great men of whom some philosopher remarked, speaking of greatness in the abstract, that to see them well is to get some glimpses of the very marrow of history. To get these glimpses we must include in the category of great men great evildoers as well as great benefactors of mankind; not only good and great statesmen but bad and great politicians—a Walpole as well as a Gladstone, a Jonathan Wild, who was great according to Fielding, as well as a Mahomet and a Cromwell who were great according to Carlyle. For greatness in a large measure is the supreme adaptation of means to an end. Masterly crimes affecting the world have risen in their claim to respect high above the reprobation of the moralist.

The wreckers of empire stand high among the heroes who have smiled upon a hero-worshipping world, and all of them are profitable company—Tiberius and Caius Gracchus no less than Caesar and Napoleon.

Far be it from me to dispute a dictum that has been generally accepted by scores of generations of men. Though it is not my purpose to eulogize the Gracchi, neither do I intend to challenge the appraisal that history has made of them. Indubitably they were great men. They were great because they had the power to stir things up; not because they were what are called "pattern men," though unfortunately they are imitated even unto this day. Cornelia's "jewels" as she called them, made quite a stir in Rome. Consequently they occupy much space in Plutarch's *Who's Who*. But the manifestations of their greatness have been confounded with the manifestations of the greatness of such men as Washington and Lincoln, when as a matter of fact they were great after the manner of Roosevelt and Bryan. The Gracchi were not saviours of their country; they were reformers, self-righteous reformers, with no thought of the danger of disturbing social arrangements and sacrificing existing institutions. Like the reformers of our day, what they professed to be concerned about was the public good. When the reformers of our day determine how the public good is to be advanced, they plunge ahead and are not hampered by scruple. In their philosophy any means they may see fit to adopt are justified by the beneficent end in view. So it was with the Gracchi. It requires but little imagination to catch the voice of Tiberius Gracchus across the centuries remarking to his beloved younger brother Caius, "What's the Constitution between friends!"

I have said that the Gracchi stirred things up in Rome. The Gracchi were so great that Rome never recovered from them. He that is accustomed to generalize cannot but smile when he hears that the Roman Republic was overthrown by the ambition of Caesar

and Pompey. Those eminent personages were merely the tools by which the fabric of State was toppled over. They were meteors that dazzled the eyes of people with their brilliancy. Long before Caesar and Pompey the Gracchi shaped the course of events in Rome, events that pressed on and thickened until their united force was irresistible. Caesar and Pompey merely dealt the last blow.

Study the Gracchi in the light of modern instances, and you will see that while the waves of change roll over the surface of life its essence is little stirred. You will also see an analogy between the period in which they lived and our own. They lived a hundred years before Pharsalia, in the second century before Christ. They marked the beginning of the transitional period between the old Roman frugality and the luxury succeeding to foreign conquest. There was prosperity in Rome, and there was poverty too. Also there was popular government. No demagogue ever found a more inviting field for his talents. The Gracchi were demagogues. Even Plutarch, their earliest eulogist, pronounces them demagogues. But according to him they were beneficent demagogues; that is to say they were civic patriots full of sympathy for the plain people. The truth is that through the years preceding the birth of Plutarch, the Gracchi had become in the public mind so detached from worldly interest that by mere strength of factional panegyric they had ceased to be human. They were worshiped by posterity as doubtless Roosevelt will be worshiped. They were judged according to their pretensions not according to their works.

In considering the Gracchi one should consider their antecedents, their environment, their training, their times. Their maternal and paternal ancestors were politicians. Their father was twice consul and once censor. Their widowed mother Cornelia, a daughter of the Scipio who overthrew Hannibal, was as busy with affairs of state as one of our suffragist agitators,

and she was a reformer. From their infancy she trained her sons for politics, putting them under the tutelage of rhetoricians and academic philosophers of the same temperament as the college professors of our day who write platforms for progressive conventions and point out short cuts to the millennium. "If," said Frederick the Great, "I wanted to ruin one of my provinces I would make over its government to the philosophers." Well, it was to the philosophers that Cornelia made over her sons. Chief among them was Caius Laelius, a Roman Chancellor Jordan who knew a little of so many things that he was called Caius Sapiens. Blossius and Diophanes, one a rhetorician, the other a philosopher, also had a hand in shaping the Gracchi, and the Gracchi were the boy orators of the Tiber. Caius was a Roman Billy Sunday, as we learn from Plutarch, who says, "He walked about on the hustings, and in the heat of his orations pulled his gown off his shoulders, and was the first of all the Romans that used such gestures." Oratory was a very fine art in those days and the impassioned young lover of the plain people practiced it religiously, neglecting no adventitious aids to the success of his masterpieces. In the vehemence of his speech his voice became husky, and so, as Plutarch tells us, his servant, Lucinius by name, stood behind him with a sort of pitchpipe, or instrument to regulate the voice by, and whenever he perceived his master's tone alter and break with anger, he struck a soft note with his pipe, on hearing which Caius immediately checked the vehemence of his passion. Tiberius, too, was an orator. Plutarch tells us he was possessed of eloquence sufficient to make any action appear creditable, and that he was no easy antagonist "when with the people crowding around the hustings he took his place and spoke in behalf of the poor."

In behalf of the poor it was that the Gracchi usually spoke. The poor were the "plain people." To speak in their behalf was to speak against the Patricians or

Big Business or the vested interests, which are everywhere and always in the minority. The cause of the plain people was the popular cause. It had been the popular cause in Rome for three centuries before the Gracchi, but in the early days of the Republic demagogues deemed it advisable to be discreet; especially after the time of Spurius Cassius, the author of an agrarian law by which he proposed to redistribute the public lands in Italy among the Plebeians. As patriotism was alert in those days Cassius was suspected of being a little too ambitious. For playing to the gallery with his agrarian law he was charged with treason, tried, convicted and executed. In later years whenever the indigents among the Plebeians became too clamorous something was done to conciliate them. As in our day the principle of democracy was extended gradually. But poverty was never extinguished. It was relieved once by the abolishment of all debt. But the indolent and shiftless were soon in debt again. When Tiberius Gracchus, who got into politics as soon as he got out of his teens, holding the offices of quaestor and augur, was elected to the Tribunate he thought the time ripe for reviving the agrarian law. He proposed that the commonwealth should confiscate certain lands the title to which had been undisputed for two hundred years. Naturally there was an uproar in Rome. It continued until it was learned that the measure proposed did not have the sanction of Octavius Cecina, co-Tribune of Gracchus. According to the Constitution a Tribune could kill with his veto any proposition originating in the Tribunate. Therefore it was assumed that Tiberius would be thwarted. For a time the young demagogue thought so too. But he was a resourceful rogue. Presently he took to the bema to rouse the rabble; not a difficult task for Rome's prince of rabble-rousers; especially not, considering the issue. Where was there a landless Roman who did not perceive the infamy of property rights? Why should

the rich have property, and the poor have none? Especially why when the plain people, as the Gracchi pointed out, were the backbone of the commonwealth.

Obviously there was much wrong in the world, and who could propose a better remedy than the agrarian law? The sentiment of the Plebeians was strong for the law. Instigated by the Gracchi they made a great noise. But Octavius Cecina was not to be frightened. Denounced as a tool of the vested interests, nevertheless he remained firm. Tiberius assumed that he had his price, and the great young civic patriot tried to tempt him with a bribe. Octavius was a property owner. Tiberius assured him that he would be indemnified for every foot of his land that was confiscated. The bribe was scorned. Tiberius had other cards up his sleeve. Believing the populace to be with him, he proposed a plebiscite. By this time he was the unbridled demagogue, rapidly threatening to become the man on horseback. He issued an edict suspending all public business until the dear people should have a chance to vote to override the veto; in other words, to decide whether they should be enriched at the expense of the minority; or as Samuel Eliot, one of the eulogists of the Gracchi expressed it, the question was whether the great uplifter should be permitted "to uplift the fallen and humble the proud." Tiberius summoned the popular assembly, but did not put the matter to a vote. He thought it would be better first to submit the matter to the Senate. In the Senate he met with defeat. Returning to the Forum, once more he sought to dissuade Octavius from his opposition, but in vain. Thereupon he demanded the resignation of Octavius. This stand-patter of the Tribune refused to resign.

Tiberius was now at a point where his resources were well nigh exhausted. He knew of no law by which he could attain his end. But the militant reformer was not to be balked for want of law. He was an emergency reformer capable of inventing expedients

in the interest of what he conceived to be the public good. In this emergency he invented the sign of twentieth century progressiveness—the recall. Turning to the people he said, “Prepare to decide whether the inviolability of a Tribune should stand in the way of justice and regeneration of the commonwealth.” The Tribes were summoned, and the following day Octavius was recalled. A client of Tiberius was elected to fill the vacancy. Then a commission was appointed to redistribute the public lands. There were three commissioners—Tiberius, his brother and his father-in-law. Unfortunately we shall never know whether this commission was inclined to take foul advantage of its extraordinary powers. We shall never know because the commission got into trouble before it had time to engage in graft. Almost immediately the impracticable idealist confronted by realities perceived that his theories would not work out. The lands were not all occupied by the upper classes. All the Plebeians were not indigent. Some of them were in possession of the very lands which were to be confiscated. There were riots in Rome almost as soon as the commission was organized, and Tiberius found that he had many enemies among the Plebeians as well as among the Patricians and the Knights. When he got into the rural districts he found that Italians who were not citizens of Rome were owners of some of the lands. The Italians mobbed him. On his return to Rome his term of office was drawing to a close, and he entered a campaign for a second term. By this time the popularity of the Tribune was perceptibly on the wane. He sought to regain the favor of the plain people with an enormous bribe, which he was able to give without loss to himself. A vast treasure had been bequeathed to Rome by the King of Pergamus, an ally of the commonwealth. In the midst of his campaign Tiberius ordered the distribution of the treasure among the plain people. There was nobody to veto

this order, Tiberius' co-Tribune being a client and puppet. But by this time the people of all classes having begun to reflect on the lawlessness of Tiberius and on his contempt for the institutions of his country were murmuring their resentment against him and his faction in ominous tones. Even the poor who were not utterly devoid of patriotic feeling were resentful. For they remembered the recall of Octavius. From the earliest days of the Commonwealth the people held their Tribunes sacred. Now that they had recovered from the hysteria into which they had been plunged by Tiberius they were able to perceive that with the mob under the spell of his eloquence he had lowered the dignity of a sacred office. This was made clear to them by one Titus Annius who, at the height of the great demagogue's popularity, charged him in the Senate with scheming to have himself made King. Tiberius stormed like a Roosevelt denouncing malefactors of great wealth, and he summoned the Tribes and demanded the indictment of Annius. The latter appearing before the Tribes, obtained permission to ask Tiberius one question. This was the question: "If you had a design to defame and disgrace me, and I should apply to one of your colleagues for redress, and he should come to my assistance, would you fall to in a passion and depose him?" Tiberius answered that to be sure a Tribune was sacred and inviolable, being consecrated to the protection of the people, but, he added, "if he degenerates and abuses his power he thus deprives himself of immunities. A Tribune who is disloyal to the people is no longer a Tribune at all." How often have we heard precisely the same kind of reasoning in this country in recent years. One might paraphrase it thus: It's all right to use a steam roller to nominate a friend of the people, but when a man ceases to be a friend of the people it's a crime to use a steam roller." The Romans were susceptible to such logic in the heyday of the Gracchi, but when Tiberius was in his second campaign he

was badly in need of fresh aids to popularity. He not only handed out the treasure bequeathed by the King of Pergamus; he proposed the reduction of the term of military service and to reduce the power of the Senate. Also, like the demagogues of our day, he was for extending the principle of democracy. And like our former President, who doubtless has made a study of the career of the Gracchi, he warned the people against the judiciary and proposed to "grant liberty of appeal from the judges to the people." All in vain. The people would have no more of him. Finally he posed as a martyr. Putting on mourning robes he went through the streets with his children, entreating that they be protected in the event of the downfall of their father. On election day there were riots, and Tiberius Gracchus was clubbed to death in the streets and his body was cast into the Tiber.

Seven years passed and Caius Gracchus bobbed up. Meanwhile the pendulum of Roman politics had been swinging backward and forward. When Caius Gracchus, the impetuous orator with the pitchpipe, thought the time propitious, he came forward with a bundle of policies. He was for the agrarian law and also for a law providing for a monthly distribution of grain to the plain people at a fixed and moderate sum. It was astonishing with what facility he won popularity. He was elected Tribune three times in succession, he elected his own candidate to the consulship, and gained complete control of the political machine. He intrenched himself by extending the election franchise to all Italians, thus greatly increasing his constituency. He proposed to relieve the lowest class from taxation of every kind. There was probably nothing he would not do to increase his popularity. The people adored him. His word was the only law they cared to know. All the while the leading Senators of Rome were trying to devise ways and means of compelling a halt, and presently they hit on an ingenious plan. As popularity meant power

they resolved to make somebody more popular than Gracchus. To that end Livius Drusus was employed to outbid Gracchus for public favor.

Apparently Drusus played upon the stage of Roman politics the counterpart of the character of the sausage-seller in Aristophanes' play "The Knights." In that satiric drama which is a philippic against Cleon, the Greek demagogue, Aristophanes suggests the very method for destroying the popularity of a demagogue that was adopted by Roman politicians in the days of Caius Gracchus. As the Greek sausage-seller was always ready to outbid Cleon so whatever extravagance Gracchus proposed in the interest of the plain people Drusus complained that it was not sufficient, and vehemently demanded greater liberality on the part of the Government. Always the Senate stood with Drusus who very shortly won recognition as the only genuine champion of popular rights. So cleverly did Drusus play his part that he brought Gracchus under suspicion of disloyalty. Drusus defeated Gracchus for Tribune and made Rome so hot for him that he took to the woods where he was slain at his own entreaty by an obedient slave.

After the Gracchi political turbulence was incessant in Rome. The Gracchi having set the pace never again did the commonwealth experience those silent changes of time which are induced by that salutary opposition of parties essential to the energies of a republic. The passion for innovation which they instilled was never assuaged. But they are celebrated as great civic patriots, and nobody ever hears of Octavius Cecina, the standpatter who was recalled because he would not accept a bribe.

CONCERNING LAUGHTER

By EDWARD F. O'DAY

Flossie who is my stenographer, sits at attention, her note book open, her pencil poised. I am thinking, though not profoundly. No doubt Flossie thinks that I am thinking about my work. The fact is that I am thinking about Flossie. We do not quite understand each other. She entertains the ridiculous suspicion that I am married. I suspect her of being something of a flirt. Flossie is not literary. The other day, when I dictated an excellent article on the author of "Sherlock Holmes," Flossie transcribed his name "Cohn & Doyle." She is not the best stenographer I have ever had, but she is the first one who ever got into my thoughts and interfered with my very important work. But it is time for me to stop thinking. Thinking is all very well in its way, but it hinders work.

What saith the dictionary of laughter? In that useful but uninspired volume we find this:

Laughter—An action, involuntary in its origin though modified by the will, provoked generally by what strikes the mind as humorously incongruous, but often by mere satisfaction or gaiety. It varies greatly with persons and with the kind and degree of emotion expressed, but consists chiefly of spasmodic expulsions of breath, with quick, jerky, inarticulate sounds, accompanied by characteristic movements of the facial muscles and a brightness of the eyes.

If we may express the spiritual in terms of earth-hugging, workaday materiality, then may the soul of laughter be imprisoned in such a dungeon of words as the above, but not otherwise!

"Modified by the will!" For all the world as though one laughed in the teeth of Calvin his doctrine of predestination and for the vindication of more cheerful theologians. What, in the name of Democritus, the laughing sage, has laughter to do with the will?

"It varies greatly." It does indeed, for variety is the spice of laughter's life. "It varies greatly with persons." Yes, it does; and that in despite of strait-jowled philosophers who soberly denominate man a laughing animal, forgetting that some men, notably philosophers, do not laugh at all!

Flossie is so overcome that she drops her pencil.

"Tee-hee-hee! Tee-hee-hee! Tee-hee-hee!" giggles Flossie, hiding her pretty lips behind an unjeweled hand.

"Flossie!" I demand severely, "why are you thus, in the simple language of Bernard Shaw, 'exsufflicate with cachinnation?'"

"You are so funny," she replies.

"I am glad you think so," I answer rather proudly. "An essay on laughter should not be too serious."

"What I mean," says Flossie, "is that if you expect people to read quotations from the dictionary you're a scream."

It will be noticed that Flossie takes liberties with me. Why she should I cannot tell. I never take liberties with Flossie.

"Let us proceed," I order sternly, and Flossie selects another pencil.

In this matter of laughter, as in everything else, the dictionary is a dull, unimaginative plodder-down of originality. Let us therefore turn to the encyclopedia where movement is less constrained and the atmosphere more spacious. What has the encyclopedia to say of laughter?

"Laughing," we read, "is caused by a series of short expiratory blasts which provoke a clear sound from the vocal chords kept tense for the purpose, and at the same time other inarticulate but very characteristic sounds from the vibrating structures of the larynx and pharynx"—

"How do you spell the plural of larink and farink?" asks Flossie.

"Look in the dictionary," I rebuke her.

"But you just said some dreadful things about the dictionary," Flossie objects.

"Flossie," I lecture, "the dictionary is like many articles of common use; it may be handled in private, but is received with frowns when it appears in public. Let us go on."

The encyclopedia classes laughter with the "abnormal forms of respiration" which include coughing, hawking or clearing the throat, sneezing, snoring, crying, sighing, yawning and the hiccough.

At this point in my dictation Flossie most brazenly yawns.

"Cease that abnormal form of respiration," I order; whereupon she giggles again.

"I am afraid I must purchase a dictaphone," I murmur darkly.

At this threat Flossie grows serious.

"Where were we?" I ask.

"We were where I've seen you once or twice before," replies Flossie.

"Meaning?" I query.

"At the hiccough," says Flossie.

Pliny, a most respectable authority and a writer whose name looks well in an essay, has told us that the elder Crassus was never seen to laugh. It is clear therefore that the elder Crassus never read an encyclopedia article on laughter. Had he read such an article as that from which I have quoted the humor of placing the laugh in the same category with the cough, the sneeze, the snore et cetera would surely have affected mirthfully his larynx and his pharynx, not to mention his humerus and his funny bone. It is possible that some such article in some lost encyclopedia of antiquity was responsible for the taking-off of Calchas, Zeuxis, Chrysippus and Philomenes who laughed themselves to death. Theirs was an enviable death to die, and the only modern case of the sort is that of Aretine. This naughty Italian poet of the Renaissance laughed so hard at a story he heard that he chuckled

himself out of his chair, fell head first upon a marble floor and dashed out his brains in a flood of laughter. Aretine may be described as the original chuckle-head.

"What was the story he died of?" asks Flossie.

"Flossie," I reply, "you are curious, like all your sex, but in this case your curiosity is not to be satisfied."

"Please tell me the story," begs Flossie. "There is no marble floor here."

"Never!" I answer firmly.

"It can't be much worse than some you tell over the telephone," pleads Flossie.

"It was probably much worse," I respond, "but I have never been able to find it, though I learned Italian for that purpose."

Flossie sighs.

"Make a note," I tell her, "that I wish the extension phone taken out, and let us get along. We are wasting too much time."

Hobbes speaks of laughter as a "sudden glory," and this is indeed a glorious phrase, a phrase which the noble army of laughers hug to their bosoms until they discover the sense in which Hobbes uses it. It is nearly always true that philosophers say fine things in a mean sense, and so it is of Hobbes and his "sudden glory." Hobbes would have us understand that this "sudden glory" of laughter is the glory of discovering that we are superior to somebody, a discovery we are supposed to celebrate with laughter. He is not the only pundit who attributes laughter to this feeling of superiority: Kant, Spencer and Darwin say the same thing. Careful study of this theory as set forth in the books of Hobbes, Kant, Spencer and Darwin—

"Have you really read all the books of those men?" asks Flossie in considerable awe.

"To tell you the truth, Flossie, I have not," is my honest answer.

"Then why do you pretend that you have?" asks Flossie.

"Because I am writing an essay, and such pretense is always permissible in essays," I tell her.

"Then essays are all humbug!" exclaims Flossie.

"Where were we?" I demand with a frown.

"Passing judgment on a book you never read," says Flossie.

Careful study of this theory proves it inadequate to account for the death of the Greek Chrysippus. This obscure philosopher died of laughter caused by the sight of an ass eating figs. There could be no feeling of superiority here, for we have it on the best Greek authority that Chrysippus was an ass himself.

But enough of logic. There is no logic in laughter, and no laughter in logic. You may stub your toe on a syllogism, but you cannot split your sides over it. Your logician is a lean fellow who scorns the admonition to lard his ribs with mirth.

His case is only a little less pitiable than that of the dry investigator—if I ever knew his name, I have forgotten it—who wrote a learned treatise to account for the laughter of little babies. In words of six syllables this Dryasdust explains why nurslings rock their cradles with "sudden glory." Is not this a crackling of dry thorns under a pot? We laughers know that babies laugh because their guardian angels are telling them the jeux d'esprit of Paradise.

Blessed privilege of infancy! To hear and understand the pleasant jests of the seraphim! To smile at the angelic bon mots of Michael, Gabriel and Raphael! To share the happy laughter of the frolicking cherubim, and to learn from heavenly spectators of the mad antics of Thrones, Dominations and Powers! And oh! the hard condition of grown-up existence which may not be brightened by these merry tales from baby lips! It is for this reason, certainly, that babies do not talk—they might repeat to us the

fun of Heaven and put us out of conceit with earthly existence.

That high gift of innocent laughter conferred upon the little babe is demeaned as the years unroll. I do not know at what exact age the guardian angel ceases his confidential reports of the merriment of Paradise. The babe, we know, gives up this inspired laughter about the time he learns to speak. He begins to laugh then after the fashion of mere man. As the baptismal water dries away many saddening things engage his laughter. He learns, alas! to laugh at cruelty and cowardice and hypocrisy and other sins. Not angels, but certain other spirits echo too much of this mirth. Only a very few favored mortals retain that cradle gift of pure laughter in all its sweetness. The laughter of these beams like the sun, flows like silver ripples, peals like a chime of bells, refreshes like a rainbow shower. This laughter pierces the shadows that darken life, lifts up the heart of the hearer, soothes anxiety, lessens trouble, and dances, light as floss—

"Please leave me out of this," says Flossie with an affectation of dignity.

"You interrupt the flow of my ideas!" I cry.

"Dam your ideas, so to speak?" she asks innocently.

"Flossie," I say gravely, "you should be careful in your choice of words. If I do not spell correctly my readers will think you swore."

"Then spell correctly," replies Flossie rather coldly. "If you misrepresent me to your readers I shall tell them why your last stenographer left."

"You do not believe that silly tale," I exclaim.

Flossie is quite silent.

"My dear Florence," I cry with feeling, "I swear by all that is holy—"

"'At lovers' perjuries they say Jove laughs,'" Flossie retorts. "There is a quotation for your tedious essay on laughter."

"Florence," I say to her, holding her eye with mine, "Florence, why do you speak of lovers?"

Flossie blushes, blushes most charmingly.

"My dear Florence," I continue, "you do not really believe that I am married, do you?"

Flossie shuts her note book and consults her wrist watch.

"I haven't finished," I tell her.

"There is to be more of that tiresome essay?" she asks.

"I wasn't thinking of the essay, but of you," I explain.

"It's my luncheon hour," says Flossie. "I'm going out to get a good laugh."

"Where?" I demand suspiciously.

"There's a Charlie Chaplin movie next door," says Flossie.

A fool's paradise is a better place of residence than a wise man's home of torment.

There is less respect for laws than for the usages of society, which were invented to discourage individuality.

It seems absurd to contend that happiness begins with the extinction of desire, for after all there is memory.

Eugenists profess to be eager to improve the race, and yet we find that Eugenists intermarry with the intention of begetting Eugenists.

TWO POEMS ON WINE

I—The Soul of Wine

By CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

One eve in the bottle sang the soul of wine:

“Man, unto thee, dear disinherited,
I sing a song of love and light divine—
Prisoned in glass beneath my seals of red.

“I know thou labourest on the hill of fire,
In sweat and pain beneath a flaming sun,
To give the life and soul my vines desire,
And I am grateful for thy labours done.

“For I find joys unnumbered when I lave
The throat of man by travail long outworn,
And his hot bosom is a sweeter grave
Of sounder sleep than my cold caves forlorn.

“Hearest thou not the echoing Sabbath sound?
The hope that whispers in my trembling breast?
Thy elbows on the table! gaze around;
Glorify me with joy and be at rest.

“To thy wife’s eyes I’ll bring their lost-lost gleam,
I’ll bring back to thy child his strength and **light**,
To him, life’s fragile athlete I will seem
Rare oil that firms his muscles for the fight.

“I flow in man’s heart as ambrosia flows;
The grain the eternal Sower casts in the sod—
From our first loves the first fair verse arose,
Flower-like aspiring to the heavens and **God!**”

II—God The Wine Giver

By HILAIRE BELLOC

Though Man made wine, I think God made it, too ;
God making all things, made Man make good wine.
He taught him how the little tendrils twine
About the stakes of labor close and true.
Then next, with intimate prophetic laughter,
He taught the Man, in His own image blest,
To pluck the wagon and to—all the rest !
To tread the grape and work his vintage after.

So did God make us, making good Wine's makers ;
So did He order us to rule the field.
And now by God are we not only bakers
But vintners also, sacraments to yield ;
Yet most of all strong lovers. Praised be God !
Who taught us how the wine-press should be trod !

Whatever we find to be new is seldom entirely true,
for our ancestors of the ages had their eyes open.

When a man is in need of an intellectual distraction
he should cultivate a good hearty prejudice.

Never scorn the irrelevant. It is because the masses
are absorbed in it that they permit themselves to be
held in check.

The voluminous writer is not necessarily the most
luminous ; nor does it follow that the man with a large
stock of words has a large stock of ideas.

The Way to Medievalism

By VINCENT McNABB

(Those who pride themselves on their culture are careful nowadays not to speak of the Middle Ages as "the Dark Ages." We have left off reviling the Middle Ages and are trying to understand them. They have many surprises for us. Indeed, the more we study them the more they amaze us. Medieval enlightenment sometimes takes our breath away. It is a good thing for us to endeavor to understand the Middle Ages; it would be an excellent thing did we endeavor to recapture the spirit of medievalism. This spirit is not altogether lost, and those who would fain go in search of it will find the following road directions valuable.)

"1. Study ONE book. Read many. This will give breadth. Hobbes, in a mood of medievalism, said: 'I should be as ignorant as other men if I had read as much.'

"2. Spend a night watching in a church. This is more exciting and desperate than to spend a night boating on the river. It gives the mind the noble power of going asleep, when sleep is the only scientific attitude towards rubbish, written or spoken.

"3. Give away all your money. There is no need to sell your best books. Most of them are not fit to be bought. The best books you could read are not yet on your bookshelf.

"By having nothing of your own, you become possessor of the stars and sun. Franciscans say, 'A monk should carry about nothing but his lyre.' As I don't know what this means, I cannot tell you. But ask a Franciscan; for it means something fine, and means it furiously.

"4. Believe in God. Not otherwise can you become a real Rationalist and a thorough-going Agnostic.

"If Intelligence did not cause the world, then the world is not an intelligent unity. But if the First Cause of the world is Infinite Intelligence, there are infinite reasons for everything. Moreover, only the infinite can never be wholly known. Now, an Agnos-

tic is not a person who knows nothing; otherwise he would be a log, or a wooden head. An Agnostic is a conscientious person who knows something, but does not know it all. When he knows it all he ceases to be an Agnostic.

"5. Believe in an Infinite, intelligent First Cause and your rationalism and agnosticism will have infinite play. You can go on reasoning and being ignorant for ever.

"6. Scourge yourself to blood thrice a night, once for yourself, once for sinners (of whom you are the chief), once for the souls in Purgatory (which you will be glad to believe in when you get there).

"In hot, tropical weather this will keep you cool. In all periods of great political unrest this will enable you to be detached.

"7. Walk to Jerusalem, begging your way. You will come back with leprosy or ague or some other wide gateway into reality.

"You will also understand the Jews. This will help you to understand the Christians—a much more unintelligible people.

"8. Take Jesus of Nazareth seriously as a Leader to be followed, Jesus of Capernaum as a Master to be obeyed, Jesus of Thabor as a consolation to be drunk sparingly, Jesus of Golgotha as a model to be copied doggedly.

"Never mention Him, save in protest, on the same page as Evolution.

"9. Say a hundred Our Fathers every night between 11 p. m. and 2 a. m. At each Our Father genuflect. You do not know what a genuflection is! It is severe physical drill. But do not ask a Swedish gymnast. Ask any small Catholic child you see coming out of a slum school, I mean anyone that has reached the 'age of reason.'

"10. Believe possible everything that does not contain a self-contradiction.

"This quickly puts an end to the 'village pump'

type of mind which thinks miracles impossible. It may also lead to new inventions.

"11. Talk little or nothing about Art. Make something. Make anything (except money). If you want to make a useful thing, say a boot or cart-wheel, make it as useful as you can. If you want to make a beautiful thing like a chalice, a brooch or a poem, make it as beautiful as you can.

"Most of the great medieval artists who made beautiful things are unknown. People did not know they were artists; neither did they.

"12. Be merry. A man who never laughs is almost certainly a fool. A man who nearly always laughs may be a saint.

"The only serious way of taking most of our sorrow is with a little laughter.

"13. Learn the Metaphysics of Aristotle off by heart, like Aquinas. He did it to while away the dull hours in prison. You can do it, to make you modern. A man who does not know Greek thought is hopelessly antediluvian. It is a question whether he can be a Christian Mystic.

"Learn the Decretals of Gratian off by heart, like Antonino of Florence. He did it in order to earn his way into his Eden of the Cloister. You can do it in order to earn your way into Roman law. A man who does not know Roman law should not be a mystic. He will run 'amok' spiritually.

"14. Have great respect for the devil. Don't believe him when he tells you he does not exist. The lie subtle is his specialty.

"The devil is very intelligent. I have been told he is also a gentleman. This does not make him the devil, but makes him dangerous.

"15. Learn to sing great songs like 'Credo' and 'Veni Creator,' in a great tongue like Latin.

"Die hard like the Crusaders to the noble war song, 'Hail, Holy Queen.'"

A Vestal

By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

At first sight you could tell her nationality: faded and worn, her hair an iron grey, although not striking looking, yet there was something indefinable that spoke of Spain.

She walked as women walk who, in the plaza of their native town, have been accustomed since their youth to a cross-fire of eyes and compliments or quodlibets from all the passers-by. Although not educated—that is to say, in school-board learning, which enables those who possess it to tell at once the latitude of Guaymas, or on what parallel of longitude the Island of Lord Howe is situate—she yet had plenty of that homely knowledge of the world called the “brown science” in the Spains. Somehow you saw at first sight that she must be religious, and yet divined the portals of her heaven would be opened wide, not to saints only, but to all those who knocked.

For years she had worn the same kind of black clothes and hat, which, though not fashionable, still retained an air of self-respect. Though her position was not brilliant, she yet remained a human being, without apologizing for her continued presence upon earth. In fact, had she been asked to set forth her philosophy of life, it is most likely that she would have thought (all in humility and faith) that she performed as clear a function as a queen or beggar-woman, both of whom she probably in her own mind respected, as being creatures of the Lord, to whom, either as Christian or citizen, she gave her mite.

All the ridiculous watering-place in which she lived looked on her with respect, but tempered with contempt. They knew her story, simple and yet pathetic, and being sentimental, as uncultured people, be they rich or poor, are sure to be, they were twice moved—once by the pathos, and again amazed by the extreme simplicity of what had moved them. So may a ploughman sitting at a play exclaim contemptuously,

"Do you call this acting? Why, the man speaks just like a friend of mine who lives in the West country, down to Megavisey."

The Vestal, for so she had been named by a passing journalist (the people of the place could never find out why), lived on the third floor of a great hotel, in which at certain seasons of the year, just as the planets have their stated movements, Russians and Spaniards and then Englishmen succeeded one another—all dressed in London, all rich, and all and each of them speaking indifferent French, learned in the brothels and the restaurants of Paris, with fluency, and just sufficient accent to betray their origin. Thus may St. Paul, whilst in the provinces, have made himself respected when he said he was a Roman citizen; but the hall-porter in the Roman house probably smiled a little at his "thalve," and knew him for a Jew.

But though the vestal lived, slept, ate, and had her being generally, in the hotel, she was not of it, and had as slight connection with the sojourners as has a passenger with members of the crew, even upon a voyage round the Horn westward in a wind-jammer. Her rooms—for she had two—were furnished, as is usual in a French hotel, in a bastard style of Louis the Sixteenth. A nymph upon a rock of Parian marble piped to three sheep as large as donkeys, and to her crook was hung the dial of the clock. The chairs were covered with cheap Lyons silk, the color so contrived as to look faded, and with their legs twisted and curled after the fashion of the old-world barley-sugar sold in a Scottish shop. The doors were large and double, and the brass on them lacquered to appear like bronze; they left a draught when shut, quite strong enough to work an air-motor, and faced the windows opening to the floor, admitting the Atlantic breezes quite as continuously as a well-bratticed mine admits the air. The parquet floor was slippery, and here and there pieces were loose, which gave in walking an impression of a pebbly beach or road new metalled, over

which no roller had been passed. Rugs were laid on it here and there, which slithered as you walked, and overhead was hung a monstrous chandelier, which in the original had perhaps held candles, then passed to gas, and finally had been brought up to date with china tapers in which an electric light was introduced with the illuminating power of an old tallow dip.

Nothing less homelike or less comfortable could well be found than was the "salon" of the apartment where the Vestal lived.

Her bedroom, furnished without the least pretense, did not look out upon the sea, and in it usually she sat upon a rocking-chair doing interminable needlework, mantles of virgins and petticoats for saints. Stuck on a nail was a small holy-water stoup from Lourdes, and on the head-rail of the bed a rosary of black and silver beads was hung. Long use had made the beads as smooth as glass, the filigree Maria was polished bright as wire by constant slipping through her hands. A Spanish picture of a Christ hung at the bed head, with a palm passed through the cords which held it. Bad though the painting was, it yet was dignified, though dark and gloomy, and carrying out the proverb "To a bad Christ much blood." but yet no doubt brought up the scene at Golgotha before her eyes as clearly as if Velasquez with his brush dipped in life had painted it.

These properties, and the vases of wax fruit kept from the assaults of time and flies by round glass shades, were all her property, except a parrot in a cage, and two large boxes of papery leather, designed to fall to pieces easily under the railway porters' hands, in which she kept her clothes.

Antediluvian looking, and wiser than mankind, the parrot sat as if it tolerated life, with a half-kind contempt. Cribbed and confined within its cage, it yet contrived to keep a superhuman dignity, accepting nuts or sugar as a god accepts the adoration of his worshippers, or as a clergyman reckons up imperturb-

ably the halfpence and small silver in the offertory, not feeling in the least elated by the sum, but taking it as something due to his position, which confers some merit on the bestower of the gift.

Dearly the Vestal loved him, but, in a measure, all her love was wasted, for she, knowing but little French, lavished all her affection in the Spanish tongue upon the cynic bird, who listened attentively, put down his head for her to scratch, and then, whistling a bar or two of a fore-bitter, condemned, in English, both his own and other people's eyes to regions where members of all religions upon earth mutually send each other to be purged of their contempt.

This was the interior of the Vestal, simple and melancholy, and not such as at first sight might be supposed to bring about content, but yet she passed her life without complaint in the performance of the duties by which she gained her name.

Ten or twelve years ago, said the hotel-keeper, a Spanish gentleman had appeared at his hotel. With him he brought a woman of about thirty years of age, quiet and well-looking, who appeared to be half mistress and half nurse. This was corroborated by the weather-wizened women, older than the rocks, known euphemistically as flower-girls, who, as they stood about in wind and rain, pretending it was summer, and pestering the passers-by with faded violets and damped-off carnations, had known the couple when they first arrived. The gentleman, they said, "was all a nobleman," for he had shown his quarterings and his nobility of soul by buying violets largely and ignoring change. The lady they were not so sure about, for though she took the violets, carrying them, so said the ancient flower-maidens, as a bear might take a musket in its paw, she yet appeared to think the expense unwarranted, and even now and then remarked in broken French that the flowers were faded, which naturally had never been the case.

The scandal-loving watering-place—watched over by the stucco virgin on the rock on which the wind and surf roar ceaselessly, which kings in exile make their refuge, and where once an empress had her palace, and in which today perhaps more lunatics have built their follies than in any other place on earth—was scandalized.

Little enough it cared for ordinary vice. Countesses of Mourzoukh and Mogador, Princesses of Mohacs and Pondicherry at times abounded; Bella Chiquitas and Panderos fairly swarmed, and people, as they passed in carriages, talked of their diamonds and their furs, and of the time when they were washerwomen. But theirs was vice the people understood, knowing the princesses and countesses were of the ordinary kinds who spring up like some sort of hot-house flowers reared in a bed of gold, flourish and blossom for a season, and then sink back to dung. But the old Spaniard and his mistress were another kind of folk. A rich man with a mistress who neither tossed his money in the sea, gambled or drank, or made himself or her remarkable in any way, set every tongue awag. Their very presence was an insult to the place. Ladies who copied *demi-mondaines'* clothes, learned all their patter, and sung all their songs, were justly scandalized, and refused to sit in the same dining-room with the unconscious pair. Mothers, outwearied with the task of hawking round their daughters to be sold, were shocked to think that in the same hotel a woman lived who flouted openly the rules of the trade union of their sex, and yet aspired to be considered human and deserve respect.

Had not the aged sinner been a man of wealth, the protest of an English rural dean would have been listened to, and the offending pair incontinently thrust out into the street. But money has its privileges, and even rural deans, unless, of course, they are prepared to pay in cash for their opinions, have little weight against a man who settles promptly all his bills on

the first day of every week. So, barring now and then some few remarks in which the name of Rahab figured prominently, the frequenters of the hotel who came from England were content, after their national fashion, not being able to deal adequately with this sporadic branch of a great social evil, to which one would have thought the streets of London had accustomed them, to make believe that the abomination set up stark before their eyes really did not exist. Thus did they save their faces and their consciences, for, having with their hearts protested, they had the satisfaction of assuming that their protest was successful, and that the stumbling-block had disappeared.

As for the Russians and Spaniards, they being mostly of the class of the gold-plated Philistine, were inwardly amused, and thought the Vestal's lover was a fool for having taken to his purse a woman who did not do his judgment credit with the world. But, quite oblivious of the scandal that they gave, the Vestal and her lover unconcernedly pursued their lives.

No one knew whence they came, except that they were Spaniards; for they formed no friendships and had few acquaintances, although they did not shrink at all from such society as came into their way. Early each morning, in sunshine or in rain, they went to mass, the Vestal dressed devoutly in black clothes, and on her head a thick lace shawl after the manner of the more old-fashioned of her country-women. There she would kneel upon a chair and fall into that ecstasy of prayer which seems so easy to so many Spaniards, and which may be brought about by faith, or yet again come from a mind not occupied with other things, in the same way as those easily influenced by mesmerism often are quite uneducated.

The *ite missa est* pronounced, she would rise stiffly from her chair, mutter a prayer or two, shake out her petticoats, bow reverently towards the altar, and walk down the aisle—not in the way of Protestants who tread the mansion of their God as it were paved with

eggs, but boldly, and with an air of being upon good and yet respectful terms with the deity.

Having received the holy water from her friend's yellow hand, the pair would walk along the cliffs, passing beneath the tunnels which the inhabitants aver were made by action of the waves, but which appear to an unprejudiced observer to be the work of a municipality anxious and willing to assist unheedful Nature in her task. Breakfast, and a brief siesta, with a drive amongst the pine woods, and their day was done.

At nightfall, in the seclusion of their dreary jim-crack rooms, they played at tric-trac or bezique, or wrestled with the unilingual parrot, patiently endeavoring to teach him to discourse in Spanish, but without success. Thus did the uneventful day of these old sinners against God and man glide past without event, year in, year out, and day by day, until at last tongues tired of wagging, and the watering-place accepted them as harmless, having got fresh subjects to discourse about, and even feeling proud of its own charity and comprehension of the Christian faith. Nothing disturbed the even tenor of their days but an occasional trip to Spain, from which they both returned mildly elated with a gentle patriotism, but secretly rejoiced to find themselves once more in France and comfort, where doors turn on their hinges, windows shut closely, dinners are good, and trains leave stations at a seasonable hour. There seemed no reason but the laws of nature why their quiet idyll should not have lasted as a lichen lives upon a rock, growing still closer and still greyer as the consuming years pass over it.

But, though the Vestal did not see it, it was plain that the more desperate sinner of the two was wearing fast away, to where all goodness and all wickedness become identical, in the obliterating waves of time.

His well-cut London clothes, which, as to every

Spaniard, were his pride, hung loose upon him, and his sharp-toed and shiny boots wrinkled like autumn pease-cods hanging dry upon their stalk. Doctors he held in execration, saying they only served to kill sound people, but he took patent medicines for a time, with regularity. He dropped them, and by slow degrees his cigarette, which had been all his life his *vicio*, and without which he would have seemed almost indecent had he appeared in public, and as it were undressed.

Long did he linger, getting feebler by degrees, and always tended by the Vestal with the dog-like faithfulness which distinguishes the women of her race.

Priests sat with him, and he confessed, no doubt, his weakness (for men of his sort rarely attain the dignity of sin), and made his peace with Heaven and with man. Masses innumerable were said for his recovery, and the poor Vestal must have wearied Heaven with her entreaties; but even Heaven is impotent in cases of the sort, though prayer, no doubt, is useful to the man who prays.

The end came gently, and he set out on his journey in the old Spanish fashion, with a priest praying at the bedside, the candles lit, and the poor Vestal trying to hold him back by grasping fast his hand.

When he was decently laid out, looking transparent and the color of a vellum-covered book, the Vestal passed the time between the preparations for the funeral, sitting beside the bed and looking stonily at his dead face, pressing his hand between her hands and praying silently, raising her head occasionally as the grey parrot bit the wires of his cage and whistled his sea-songs.

The funeral and the arrival of the dead man's brother and relations from Madrid, and the ensuing days of misery, passed in a dream; but the next morning early, after mass, mechanically she wandered to the cemetery, taking some flowers in her hand, and sat down by the grave. She spoke to no one, asked

for nothing, and when the brother of the dead man asked her where she would like to live, answered, without a moment's hesitation, "Here!" He thanked her for her care of his dead brother, and said the family were grateful to her, and that they would allow her money sufficient to remain in comfort at the hotel where she had lived so long. She said that she expected nothing less from the relations of the man who so long had cared for her, thanking them all minutely, and by name, after the Spanish fashion, and saying that she would not forget them in her prayers.

When all had gone, she went back to her rooms, put all in order, and mechanically took up her life just as before, for still the dead man was the object of her care. Her day was just as full, or just as empty, as it was before. The morning's mass, in which she prayed for her dead lover's soul with all the fervency of entire belief, was followed by the walk along the cliffs, in which she thought of him with the true believer's certain hope of seeing him again some day just as he was on earth—a state of mind happy or miserable according to one's faith or one's imagination gets the upper hand, for the two qualities are deadly enemies and seldom live together in one breast.

Punctually every afternoon at three o'clock, a cab, paid for most scrupulously by the relations of the dead man in Madrid, takes her up to the cemetery. There, with a bunch of flowers in her hand (held like a musket by a dancing bear), she treads the shell-strewn alleys to the grave with the same confident yet humble step and air with which she trod the aisles as she walked down from mass. Before the grave she stands a little and weeps silently, and, kneeling, places the flowers upon the turf above the head. Then, drying up her tears, she walks down to the cab and drives to the hotel, to shut herself up with her few belongings and unilingual parrot for the night.

The Vestal still pursues her daily task, although ten years have passed since her first visit to the cemetery.

Rarely she speaks to any one, but yet seems happy in the contemplation of her grief; and when, some day, her task is over and her parrot sold, perhaps to a seafaring man who may appreciate his forecastle humor and his chanties, 'tis ten to one that the good people of the watering-place in which she lives will wonder why it was that passing journalist endowed her with her name.

A cross with the words "Her lies Don Fulano" and the R.I.P., last irony of an unquiet world, marks where her friend awaits her and the possibly fallacious trumpet's call; but his relations in Madrid, although consenting to her prayer to lie beside him, have tempered kindness with discretion and refused to let her name be sculptured on the cross. But thou, St. Anthony (I hope), before whose shrine she prays and in whose offering-box she drops a coin each morning, mass over, when the acolytes, pinching and pushing one another, have all left the church, wilt hear her prayer, saint who healest hearts, by granting their desires. Surely it is not much to ask from one who has perchance learned charity amongst the choirs celestial, to let the word "Ines" be added to the cross, for, after all, "Fulano" but means So-and-So.

No man afraid of laughter can be a hero in this derisive world. Brave men have hesitated from fear of the laughter of fools.

If poverty of speech is not an infallible sign of superabundance of sense, at any rate it is not the scholar but the man of superficial knowledge who has a great deal to say.

Meditations of Mr. Diogenes

Marriage is a cocktail composed of sweets and bitters in equal proportions. When one ingredient is allowed to predominate the cocktail is called Divorce.

There are men who are faithful to their wives, but they never mention the fact.

The very young kiss and tell. The very old tell, but they are generally lying.

Blushing is a grace women do not appreciate until they have lost it.

Some women know everything about love except the secret of inspiring it.

The world is full of maidens, but maidenhood is scarce.

It is quite possible that Balzac heard some of his drollest stories while making love to a prude.

When a man is in love you cannot convince him that the age of miracles is past.

Not all women grow old gracefully; a great many become suffragettes.

Certain women lose their virtue so easily that it is plain they never had any.

One may be able to distinguish one's prejudices from one's convictions—but what's the use?

All that is evil in the world is the result of weakness. And there is none so weak as he who lacks the courage of his passions.

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THE LANTERN

Edited by
Theodore F. Bonnet and Edward F. O'Day

*It is better to search for the truth of what
concerns us than to hunt for an honest man*

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Nero—An Idol of the Populace

By THEODORE BONNET

In these halycon days of democracy when popularity is accepted as proof of merit and mediocrity as a consequence is supreme, it is worth while making a study of Nero. For Nero was perhaps the most popular man of his day. And Nero's day was not one of darkness. If Pagan civilization was on the decline it had not gone far. Great scholars were among Nero's contemporaries; and it was a people whose education had not been neglected that Nero ruled. Of that populace Nero was an idol. Who ever thinks of Nero in that role? At school where the average man received his impressions of historical characters he learned that Nero was a cruel monster who illuminated his gardens at night with torches made of living Christians, and who fiddled with enthusiasm while Rome was burning. Rome on fire, and a fat Nero, resembling Bacchus, fiddling in his palace against a background of purple and blood-red—a picture this we all have had in our mind's eye. Indeed it is a picture that preoccupies the mental retina as soon as one thinks of Nero. Yet as a matter of fact Nero was a quite different person from the one we commonly visualize. In all probability we do him a great injustice when we think of him mainly as the man who made torches of Christians. At any rate there is evidence that gives the episode a quite different character from the one with which we are familiar. The punishment for incendiarism in Rome was incineration; and though Nero has been charged with setting fire to Rome the Christians were arrested for the crime.

They were sentenced to death by the usual method, and Nero, so the story goes, merely took advantage of the opportunity to thrill his friends with a spectacle. As to the Christians, it certainly made no difference to them whether they were burned in the gardens at night or in the public incinerator by daylight.

A panegyric on Nero would not be easy to write. But it would be easy, while admitting his faults as a man, to salute him as an admirable king with the reservation that much of the good he did was probably unintentional. Nero was hardly anything more than the prototype of several of Gabriel D'Annunzio's heroes. D'Annunzio, by the way, as an interpreter of the Latin temperament shows us that in the Eternal City history has in a measure repeated itself. He has pictured for us a society hardly any different from the society of Nero's day—groups of leisured men and women, libidinous, æsthetic, feverishly burning their lives away with no thought for the essential sacredness of humanity, with no real love for God or man. He has depicted for us in one of his novels an intellectual man obsessed always by the flesh who, wearied by his passion, lets his thoughts more and more incline toward destruction of himself and the object and excitant of his concupiscence. There is an excessive, an almost preposterous concentration on a state of body. The end is madness. So it was with Nero the Emperor whom the people worshiped. Nero embodied the whole philosophy of pleasure that D'Annunzio gives us as the painter of a decadence that spells utter degeneracy. Nero was but one of those poisonous fruits that ripen amid the warm lusts of leisure and luxury in old and brooding civilizations. As a monster obsessed always by the flesh he was not unique among the Caesars. As a monster he was merely horrible. There was another side of the man, a side to engage the attention of any person

whose interest in men and affairs is mainly human and artistic. Viewing that side we see a versatile, kind-hearted Emperor who, with all his weaknesses, did no injury to his country. He could do no injury. Already the seeds of irrevocable destruction were in the womb of Roman society, and Nero merely let them sprout. Nero's weaknesses were only those that deprive a man of the power of doing great injury to anybody but himself.

Now the point I wish to make is that the people adored Nero for his weaknesses. Frankly, it is to make that point that I am writing this little historical sketch. The wonderfully world-wise Montaigne tells us that "the vulgar and common esteem is seldom happy in hitting right." This is a truth that cannot be too often driven home. How many the illustrations of it we have today! Almost anything that is popular ought to be under suspicion, but the people go on voting for the Gracchi of Democracy. The people of Rome did not care much for Nero until the invention of new forms of sensual diversion became his chief occupation. Yet when Nero became Emperor he was a model ruler. In the beginning of his reign this young Caesar manifested a deep concern for the welfare of the State and the people. He revised and improved the criminal and civil statutes. He was the author of the law that forbids a lawyer when making a will for a client to insert a legacy for himself. He reduced taxes and banished informers who had done so much mischief during the reign of Tiberius and the ascendancy of Sejanus. He projected many public improvements, among others, the cutting of a canal through the isthmus of Achaia. He never cared for military glory, but was eager to promote the arts. He was the first to introduce competitions in music in Rome in imitation of the Greeks. He was of so gentle a nature that when first called upon to sign a death sentence he exclaimed, "I wish I

had never learned to read or write." So great a success was Nero that the Senate voted him thanks for his benign government. Thus we see that it is hardly just to Nero to think of him only as a monster with a fiddle.

The truth is that Nero was the first of the esthetes, the original man with the "artistic temperament." At first devoted to his art, like many an esthete since his time he drifted to decadence. It should be remembered that he lived in a day when nobody's pleasures were regulated by the narrow scruples which in the later years have controlled society. His were days of other morals, when Christianity was confined to the Catacombs. Men of leisure were absorbed in the fumes of voluptuous delights.

There were many corrupting influences in the high society of Rome in Nero's day. Not the least of them perhaps was the elaborate art of the cuisine. There is probably a relation between destiny and gastronomics as one of the Presidents of France suggested a few years ago when he remarked that the destinies of France were involved in the supremacy of her cooks. There are sauces that even a saint cannot afford to defy. The plutocracy of Rome soused itself in sauces. And aside from the menu the feasts of imperial Rome were utterly demoralizing. It was at a public feast that Messalina gave one of her most memorable performances. But the Roman menu was bad enough. Petronius tells us that at Trimalchio's dinner the hors d'œuvres were dormice baked with poppies and honey. There was what Fortunata called the zodiacal dish, a huge hemispherical tray of silver engraved with the signs of the zodiac, at each of which were appropriate viands: over Gemini were kidneys; over Leo figs; over Capricorn a lobster, and so on and so on, the while an Egyptian boy perambulated a silver oven with hot bread. The dishes followed one another fast and furious; fat fowls and a hare tricked out

with wings like Pegasus; caviare, and fish swimming in a miniature lake; wild boar with baskets of dates hung from his tusk. No wonder the Roman glutton's prayer at table was, "Ye gods reliver us!" And certainly it would be matter for wonder if a Roman could partake of Roman feasts, which sometimes lasted more than a day, and remain amiable and virtuous.

All things considered Nero did mighty well for a time. This was probably due to his absorption in art. Never was there a more enthusiastic artist than Nero. He was so ardent a lover of music that to win his favor one had but to listen rapturously to his harp and applaud the songs he wrote. These songs he sang in the streets at night, and he shocked Apollonius the Puritan, Vegetarian and Prohibitionist by singing stark naked in a tavern.

It is true Nero disliked the early Christians, but what gay Pagan could be tolerant of men who frowned on the lusts of the flesh and preached preparation for the life to come. Nero was a Pagan who pursued life with a fierce zest for its own sake. To him there existed in the world two things—sex and art. The sexes he confused, and in the intoxication of physical desire he regarded passion as the supreme art. Preoccupied with sensations—the sensations of pleasure and pain—he lived greedily on them and cultivated them as some folk cultivate orchids.

Now as a good Emperor Nero received the plaudits only of the Senate, but when as a result of his vices he developed into a pervert and got down among the people to compete as a chariot driver, act in Greek comedies and sing in the streets, he was hailed as a true Democrat. In time he developed a genius for invention in vice, and never permitted himself to run the risk of staling his enjoyment by too zealous a repetition. Avid of novelty, he left no froth on the bowl of life. Presently he became

the monster with whom we are familiar, the monster who killed his own mother. But to the end the artist in him was uppermost. Always he insisted on winning prizes for his performances. "With what extreme anxiety," says Suetonius, "he engaged in these contests (musical and histrionic), with what keen desire to bear away the prize, and with how much awe of the judges is scarcely to be believed." So keen was the desire that it was dangerous to be a formidable competitor. One man whose skill filled Nero with dread was beaten almost to death on the eve of a competition.

Most of the rulers of Rome demanded ovations in recognition of their military triumphs. Nero wanted them only for his success as a singer or as an actor. On those occasions he was very particular about his appearance. Nero was a great dandy. At once the prototype of Oscar Wilde and Beau Brummel, he was an artist whose material was his own body which he adorned and perfumed. When he made his entrance to Rome on his last return from Greece, his chariot drawn by white horses was filled with flowers. He wore a purple tunic and a cloak embroidered with golden stars. Along the route victims were slain in honor of the Emperor, the same Emperor who in his youth would not permit gladiators to kill one another. The supreme sentimentalist had become the cruelest of monsters.

At this time he was so eager to preserve his voice that all his imperial addresses were made in writing. In the end he was little more than a blithering imbecile, and though all Rome was familiar with his horrible vices and atrocious crimes his popularity had not waned. Driven to suicide by the soldiery, he quoted poetry in his last breath. We are told the common people rejoiced at the news of his death, but Suetonius tells us there were not wanting people who "for a long time decked his tomb with spring and summer flowers;" also that they "placed his

image on the rostra, dressed in robes of state, and published proclamations in his name as if he were still alive and would return to Rome to punish his enemies." Suetonius also tells this story: "When twenty years afterwards, at which time I was a young man, some person of obscure birth gave himself out for Nero, that name secured him so favorable a reception from the Parthians that he was very zealously supported, and it was with great difficulty that they were prevailed upon to give him up." Nero was indeed popular.

The modesty which "loathes publicity" generally has something to conceal.

Would Diogenes have recognized an honest man if he had found one?

In the waltz of passion the woman who *hesitates* is lost—and won.

The execution of a futurist painting comes under the head of "murder as a fine art."

The self-reproach of the morning after is merely the protest of an abused constitution; the body voicing its repentance, not the soul.

THE DUEL

By FRANCIS ANDREWS

His eyes were bright, his teeth were set,
His arm looked lily-white and fair.
His weapon shone, as though 'twere wet
With liquid moonbeams. All his hair
Blew backward from his brow, the while
I stood and watched him with a smile.

I think it was a kiss misplaced
Upon a cheek deemed his alone.
Or, 'twas another's favor graced
The bosom of a maid; I've grown
To think and do and then forget:
So, 'tis enough to say, "We met."

How frantic with unholy rage
He grew that night! I still can see
Him, restless; like a lion's rage,
His foolish, boylike, bravery.

Ah well! he made one foolish thrust—
And I took Chance, as all men must.

I threw my rapier on the snow
And crossed to where the stripling lay,
His friends around; I stooping low
Drew near his lips. I heard him say,
"He wins who gets her love!" and then
He neither stirred nor spoke again.

'Twas from that hour my fortunes fell:—
God! even down to this, the last!—
For here I lie, and know full well,
The loaded dice of Death are cast.
Hush, Father! listen! this is true;
The maid he loved died that night too!

It little mattered then to me,
That she was dead, I loved her not,
And little cared; 'twas strange that she
Should share his grave. Perchance they rot
Clasped cheek to cheek, as lovers might.
'Tis mine, to sleep alone tonight.

Alone, good Father! hark! I heard
A sound upon the window pane!
A little tap, as though a bird
Had fluttered there. Hush! there again!
I see a face all drawn and white!
I shall not sleep alone tonight.

God! it was cold the night we fought,
The night I grinned when he grew mad,
I mind me how his breath was short,
And what a reckless guard he had.
And she died, too, his promised bride!
From grief 'twas said. How things betide

Is very strange. Look, there he is!
You cannot see? Ah, well, I can!
He smiles, as though 'twere nought amiss,
That I lie here, a dying man.
If he would fight, then he knows well,
Our weapons must be crossed in Hell.

I played with lust, I toyed with gold,
I courted fools and little cared,
I deemed life something bought, or sold.
According as the vendor fared.
Look! he is there, all drawn and white,
He comes to watch my bed tonight.

TWO POEMS OF PASSION

By EDWARD F. O'DAY

Am I getting old? Has all the juice been squeezed out of me? Is there none of youth's ardent spirit in this body of mine? Has my sappy green been turned to the sere and yellow? I have been reading a tale of love accounted hot, and have not been kindled. In the focus of a flame supposed to be scorching my thermometer registers no advance. My fancy should be as warm as toast; it is as cold as dough. Am I become sluggish? Is there no spark left? Has the potency of my imagination departed? What's the matter?

These questions rattle in my head as I lay down Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*. I have been re-reading it after many years. There was a time when I regarded it as a dangerous poem, which was of course to regard it with respect. It had the delicious taste of forbidden fruit. It was entered in the *index prohibitorum*; it was banned and therefore to be read. To peruse it was a stolen rapture, a surreptitious adventure, a pilfered excitement. Here were love and life in all their heady ecstasy, pagan unrestraint, untrammelled dalliance. And yes, if anybody asked you, here was poetry! Here was art! How my pulses beat for amorous, sick-thoughted Venus! How I envied the opportunity, despised the reluctance of flint-hearted Adon! Had I tears for the fatal consummation? No, I was not quite sentimental enough for that. There was a sadness in my heart for the unfortunate boy when the tusk of the boar trenched his soft flank, and there was anguish for the baffled queen of love in her extremity of grief; but after all, it was a sweet sadness, a welcome anguish. Youth suffers gladly the melancholy wrought by antique woes. The appetite of the salad days feeds greedily on such emotions.

Yes, the salad days! I am constrained to think that *Venus and Adonis* is a masterpiece for the un-

ripe, a *vade mecum* for fledglings, a concomitant of pimples and the breaking voice. For I refuse to admit the indignity of encroaching years, to make the base confession of freezing veins, to acknowledge the transit of Venus. I protest I am not getting old, only harder to please. I insist that though I do not throb as quickly as of yore, I am still susceptible to a genuine thrill, the willing prey of honest feeling. Unmoved by *Venus and Adonis*, I approve my immobility and salute my ripened judgment. I cannot do less and preserve my self-respect.

It frequently happens that to reread a book is to surrender a treasured memory. Well do I remember my dismay when I discovered that I had outgrown *Ivanhoe*, I who once fought side by side with the Lion Heart and bowed before the chastity of Rebecca. Deep was my chagrin when it came upon me that the humor of *Sir Roger De Coverley* had worn thin with the passing of years, and that the *Sketch Book* of the American Addison no longer had power to please. These were wounds of the mind, not mortal but scarring. Out of these experiences I drew a bitter lesson: not to experiment rashly with early predilections. If I ever take up again those volumes of boyish delight *Peregrine Pickle*, *Jacob Faithful*, *Geoffrey Hamlin* and *Tom Brown*, it will be in a moment of forgetfulness or weakness. But Shakespeare? Surely one should not feel that way about the inexhaustible Shakespeare.

The answer is that one does not. None has ever outgrown Shakespeare. Only *Venus and Adonis* is not authentic Shakespeare. I am willing that the Baconians shall claim it!

Shakespeare was twenty-nine when he published this experiment in the erotic. He must have been younger, let us say by some ten years, when he wrote it. If it seem beyond the poetical powers of a boy of nineteen, remember that that boy was Will of Stratford. Surely poetry came to that boy be-

fore puberty. That he could not, nevertheless, overleap the years of immaturity *Venus and Adonis* bears witness. For it is a very immature performance. I could not see that when I first read it because I was immature too. It seemed compact of authentic passion then; it is dull, mechanical, merely silly now. I find myself laughing at some of its overwrought verses; without doubt those same verses stirred me in the years gone by.

What have we in *Venus and Adonis*? I know how impetuous juvenility would answer the question. But what does cold-sober judgment say? It says that this is a sorry Venus the poet shows us, an overhanded goddess, a nymphomaniac from Olympus, an æstrual queen of love. Here is a divinity who talks through twenty stanzas, one hundred and twenty verses, roughly speaking nine hundred words—I admit that I have counted them—and for what? For the kiss of a callow, pouting boy. O degenerate Venus! It was not always thus when you smiled on mortals. And when she fails to melt the frost of his disdain, this Venus catterwauls like a love-sick cat on a fence. We are tempted to shy an old shoe at her. Shame on you, shameless Venus!

In the notes of my Temple Shakespeare I read that a forgotten author of the seventeenth century mentioned *Venus and Adonis* together with other erotic poems of the same sort as part of a courtesan's library. The light ladies do not read much poetry nowadays. They prefer the meretricious stories of Elinor Glyn, Robert W. Chambers and Gouverneur Morris. To the elegant taste superrefined by these modern celebrators of the flesh Shakespeare's boyish effort would seem unexciting. It is a *Three Weeks* without the asterisks that so fillip curiosity. There was no Anthony Comstock in Elizabeth's reign to make its author cultivate the oblique method of sexual suggestion. He told his lickerish story boldly, without the polite evasions. He painted his voluptuous

nude without the draperies that accentuate where they pretend to conceal. He did not write with a knowing wink at prudery or compromise hypocritically with affected virtue. He has no half-hinted improprieties, no sly innuendoes, no wanton coquetries to titillate the passions. The scented Chambers, the hankering Glyn and the leering Morris have learned to turn the trick more skilfully than Shakespeare turned it. That is conclusive proof that the trick is not worth turning at all.

Shakespeare must have outgrown this *Venus and Adonis* very early. I wonder if he came to be ashamed of it? Perhaps not. One is apt to be tender of youthful indiscretions, particularly when they are one's own. Yet I cannot think that the author of *Measure for Measure* and *Lear* took that juvenile exercise seriously. There is evidence that he showed a regal indifference to the fate of his writings. Perhaps the man forgot that the boy had ever written this labored exposition of carnal appetite. Or if he remembered, he must have laughed at its studied concupiscence, poked fun at its flaunted wickedness, found its libidinosity ridiculous. "A good line or so, but the rest rubbish" probably expresses his thought, if indeed he wasted any thought on it at all.

The rereading of *Venus and Adonis* set my mind to work upon the general subject of erotic poetry, and quite naturally the erotic poetry of Swinburne occupied the major portion of my thoughts. You cannot dwell long upon the fleshly school without considering Swinburne. His inspiration was sicklied o'er with a pale cast of lasciviousness. His head was full of illicit passion. He never succeeded in keeping Venus out of his verses; doubtless he never tried. It is true that in some of his noblest poems he celebrated liberty; but he loved license more than liberty. It is true also that he sang in pure numbers of the sea; but the sea that stirred him most was

that from whose foam the naked queen of love came forth. At best he was merely nympholeptic; at worst an erotomaniac.

My rereading of *Venus and Adonis* was an accident of leisure; my rereading of Swinburne's *Laus Veneris* was an experiment undertaken to discover whether the erotic in Swinburne held a more enduring appeal than the erotic in Shakespeare. There was a time when I acclaimed the *Laus Veneris*, with many superlatives, a poem of marvelous beauty. I find now that it too palls.

The *Laus Veneris* caused a furore when it was published, a furore of admiration and of anger. Queen Victoria was mightily offended at it, doubtless without reading a line. But Queen Victoria was never young; she was born middle-aged. The young were swept off their feet by the *Laus Veneris*; they got it by heart, those who could match rhymes wrote insufferable imitations of it. To be in the fashion in those days poetry had to be morbid, tentiginous, perverse; your verses were naught unless they were naughty.

The fashion has departed, and the *Laus Veneris* has departed with it. It was regarded as the battle song of a revolt against moral conventions and restraints; we see now that it was the pretentious hymn of an unsuccessful uprising. Our poets are no longer uneasy in the presence of chastity, as Swinburne was. "Forgive us our virtue" is a discarded prayer. It is known now that there may be virtue without "lilies and languors," and that the "raptures and roses" of vice may be vastly overrated. We have grown rather weary of "the ache of purple pulses;" we are a little impatient of soft flesh pale with kissing and arms that droop from dalliance; faint sighs and low whispers in musky bowers, cleaving lips and love-tired eyelids have been sucked dry of their poetical appeal. The fashion may recur. Meanwhile we are happy in other things, more normal, healthier.

And turning back to recapture that youthful thrill, we find ourselves balked, but without regret. *Laus Veneris!* The Praise of Venus. Praise which turned to a curse on the poet's lips! Yet I saw no irony in the title when the poem was beautiful and new to me. I doubt whether Swinburne meant any.

Venus and Adonis, the poem of unappeased appetite, and *Laus Veneris*, the poem of satiety, are alike in this that they do not glow like flame, as youth thinks they do, but glitter like ice with a hard brilliance; they are too artificially elaborate to be other than cold. They are Dead Sea apples, rosy to the eye but ashen on the tongue. Their tang is acrid. Both were published when their authors were twenty-nine—a strange coincidence—and so they are both youthful indiscretions; here the similarity ends. They are unlike in this that while Shakespeare sowed his wild oats in *Venus and Adonis* and transgressed no more in that way, Swinburne continued writing in the *Laus Veneris* vein. Shakespeare had other arrows in his quiver. Swinburne kept on shooting the same bolt. Shakespeare saw that he was riding Pegasus up a blind alley. Swinburne imagined he had discovered a new highway. He thought he was enlarging the bounds of poetry. We thought so too. He made us mistake prosody for passion, the swing of rhythm for the pulse of life. In *Venus and Adonis* Shakespeare can scarcely keep his mind to the unworthy theme; the great artist reaches out instinctively toward truer beauty. But Swinburne was obsessed by the Venus Kallipyge. Having overridden the bounds of reticence he gloried in the shock to normal nerves, revelled naively in the sensation he had made and studied strange new modes of glorifying lubricity. Like many poets and most actors he was of inferior intelligence, which may account for much. When a thoughtless boy chalks naughty words on a fence he is spanked and learns to behave. Too bad somebody more impressive than Queen Victoria or Robert

Buchanan did not wield the slipper on Swinburne. He never learned self-discipline. His models for imitation were the passages in Catullus and Ovid which all healthy literary taste deploras. To him vice was a monster of such pleasant mien as, to be loved, needed but to be seen. He had his poet's creed, but there was nothing in it about avoiding the occasions of sin.

I am glad that I have reread these poems. It will be a long time before I shall read them again. I have had impressed upon me the deadly monotony of erotic poetry, its threadbare imagery, its repetitious incident, its barrenness of thought, its unconvincingness. Is it dangerous? To the unripe, yes. It is they who take it seriously, who fail to notice that its gold is tinsel. They mistake its clinkers for live coals and do not realize that they are scorched by their own flaming imagination. But to others, most certainly not. That must be a timid soul which fears these poems, a "cloistered virtue" which takes hurt from them. The soundest criticism is a yawn for their labored evil, a smile for their Byronic vanity. They defeat themselves, raising their own cry of "unclean! unclean!" for the warning of the unwary. Shakespeare put the cry in words:

Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,

Do burn themselves for having so offended.

The couplet is from *Venus and Adonis*. It didn't occur to Swinburne to say anything of the sort.

GEORGE BARRINGTON—THIEF

By CHARLES WHIBLEY

(The author of this sketch is an English essayist and journalist who boasts of his "Toryism," not of politics but of life and letters. He is an excellent writer whose style is distinguished by his use of the short sentence, which is always rich and never wearisome. He is the author of a biography of Thackeray and one of William Pitt. He has made a study of the lives of notable scoundrels, one of whom he made the subject of the following sketch.—Editor's note.)

As Captain Hind was master of the road, George Barrington was (and remains for ever) the absolute monarch of pickpockets. Though the art, superseding the cutting of purses, had been practiced with courage and address for half a century before Barrington saw the light, it was his own incomparable genius that raised thievery from the dangerous valley of experiment, and set it, secure and honored, upon the mountain height of perfection. To a natural habit of depredation, which, being a man of letters, he was wont to justify, he added a sureness of hand, a fertility of resource, a recklessness of courage which drove his contemporaries to an amazed respect, and from which none but the Philistine will withhold his admiration. An accident discovered his taste and talent. At school he attempted to kill a companion—the one act of violence which sullies a strangely gentle career; and outraged at the affront of a flogging, he fled with twelve guineas and a gold repeater watch. A vulgar theft this, and no presage of future greatness; yet it proves the fearless greed, the contempt of private property, which mark as with a stigma the temperament of the prig. His faculty did not rust long for lack of use, and at Drogheda, when he was but sixteen, he encountered one Price, half barnstormer, half thief. Forthwith he embraced the twin professions, and in the interlude of more serious pursuits is reported to have made a respectable appearance as Jaffier in *Venice Preserved*. For a while he dreamed of Drury Lane and glory; but an attachment for Miss Egerton, the

Belvidera to his own Jaffier, was more costly than the barns of Londonderry warranted, and, with Price for a colleague, he set forth on a tour of robbery, merely interrupted through twenty years by a few periods of enforced leisure.

His youth, indeed, was his golden age. For four years he practiced his art, chilled by no shadow of suspicion, and his immunity was due as well to his excellent bearing as to his sleight of hand. In one of the countless chap-books which dishonor his fame, he is unjustly accused of relying for his effects upon an elaborate apparatus, half knife, half scissors, wherewith to rip the pockets of his victims. The mere backbiting of envy! An artistic triumph was never won save by legitimate means; and the hero who plundered the Duke of L—r at Ranelagh, who emptied the pockets of his acquaintance without fear of exposure, who all but carried off the priceless snuff-box of Count Orloff, most assuredly followed his craft in full simplicity and with a proper scorn of clumsy artifice. At his first appearance he was the master, sumptuously appavelled, with Price for valet. At Dublin his birth and quality were never questioned, and when he made a descent upon London it was in company with Captain W. H—n, who remained for years his loyal friend. He visited Brighton as the chosen companion of Lord Ferrers and the wicked Lord Lyttelton. His manners and learning were alike irresistible. Though the picking of pockets was the art and interest of his life, he was on terms of easy familiarity with light literature, and he considered no toil too wearisome if only his conversation might dazzle his victims. Two maxims he characterized upon his heart: the one, never to run a large risk for a small gain; the other, never to forget the carriage and diction of a gentleman.

He never stooped to pilfer, until exposure and decay had weakened his hand. In his first week at Dublin he carried off £1000, and it was only his

fateful interview with Sir John Fielding that gave him poverty for a bedfellow. Even at the end, when he slunk from town to town, a notorious outlaw, he had inspirations of his ancient magnificence, and—at Chester—he eluded the vigilance of his enemies and captured £600, wherewith he purchased some months of respectability. Now, respectability was ever dear to him, and it was at once his pleasure and profit to live in the highest society. Were it not blasphemy to sully Barrington with slang you would call him a member of the swell-mob, but, having cultivated a grave and sober style for himself, he recoiled in horror from the flash lingo, and his susceptibility demands respect.

He kept a commonplace book! Was ever such thrift in a thief? Whatever images or thoughts flashed through his brain, he seized them on paper, even “amidst the jollity of a tavern, or in the warmth of an interesting conversation.” Was it then strange that he triumphed as a man of fashionable and cultured leisure? He would visit Ranelagh with the most distinguished, and turn a while from epigram and jest to empty the pocket of a rich acquaintance. And ever with so tactful a certainty, with so fine a restraint of the emotions, that suspicion was preposterous. To catalogue his exploits is superfluous, yet let it be recorded that once he went to Court, habited as a clergyman, and came home the richer for a diamond order, Lord C—’s proudest decoration. Even the assault upon Prince Orloff was nobly planned. Barrington had precise intelligence of the marvelous snuff-box—the Empress’ own gift to her lover; he knew also how he might meet the Prince at Drury Lane; he had even discovered that the Prince for safety had the jewel in his vest. But the Prince felt the Prig’s hand upon the treasure, and gave an instant alarm. Over-confidence, maybe, or a too liberal dinner was the cause of failure, and Barrington, surrounded in a moment, was speedily

in the lock-up. It was the first rebuff that the hero had received, and straightway his tact and ingenuity left him. The evidence was faulty, the prosecution declined, and naught was necessary for escape save presence of mind. Even friends were staunch, and had Barrington told his customary lie, his character had gone unsullied. Yet having posed for his friends as a student of law, at Bow Street he must needs declare himself a doctor, and the needless discrepancy ruined him. Though he escaped the gallows, there was an end to the diversions of intellect and fashion; as he discovered when he visited the House of Lords to hear an appeal, and Black Rod ejected him at the Persuasion of Mr. G—. As yet unused to insult, he threatened violence against the aggressor, and finding no bail he was sent on his first imprisonment to the Bridewell in Tothill Fields. Rapid, indeed, was the descent. At the first grip of adversity, he forgot his cherished principles, and two years later the loftiest and most elegant gentleman that ever picked a pocket was at the Hulks—for robbing a harlot at Drury Lane! Henceforth, his insolence and artistry declined, and, though to the last there were intervals of grandeur, he spent the better part of fifteen years in the commission of crimes, whose very littleness condemned them. At last an exile from St. James' and Ranelagh, he was forced into a society which still further degraded him. Hitherto he had shunned the society of professed thieves: in his golden youth he had scorned to shelter him in the flash kens which were the natural harbors of pickpockets. But now, says his biographer, he began to seek evil company, and, the victim of his own fame, found safety only in obscene concealment.

At the Hulks he recovered something of his dignity, and discretion rendered his first visit brief enough. Even when he was committed on a second offense, and had attempted suicide, he was still irresistible, and he was discharged with several years of imprison-

ment to run. But, in truth, he was born for honor and distinction, and common actions, common criminals, were in the end distasteful to him. In his heyday he stooped no further than to employ such fences as might profitably dispose of his booty, and the two partners of his misdeeds were both remarkable. James, the earlier accomplice, affected clerical attire, and in 1791 "was living in a Westphalian monastery, to which he some years ago retired, in an enviable state of peace and penitence, respected for his talents, and loved for his amiable manners, by which he is distinguished in an eminent degree." The other ruffian, Lowe by name, was known to his own Bloomsbury Square for a philanthropic and cultured gentleman, yet only suicide saved him from the gallows. And while Barrington was wise in the choice of his servants, his manners drove even strangers to admiration. Policemen and prisoners were alike anxious to do him honor. Once when he needed money for his own defense, his brother thieves, whom he had ever shunned and despised, collected £100 for the captain of their guild. Nor did gaoler and judge ever forget the respect due to a gentleman. When Barrington was tried and condemned for the theft of Mr. Townsend's watch at Enfield races—September 15, 1790, was the day of his last transgression—one knows not which was the more eloquent in his respect, the judge or the culprit.

But it was not until the pickpocket set out for Botany Bay that he took full advantage of his gentlemanly bearing. To thrust "Mr." Barrington into the hold was plainly impossible, even though transportation for seven years was his punishment. Wherefore he was admitted to the boatswain's mess, was allowed as much baggage as a first-class passenger, and doubtless beguiled the voyage (for others) with the information of a well-stored mind. By an inspiration of luck he checked a mutiny, holding the quarter-deck against a mob of ruffians with no

weapons but a marline-spike. And hereafter, as he tells you in his *Voyage to New South Wales*, he was accorded the fullest liberty to come or go. He visited many a foreign port with the officers of the ship; he packed a hundred note-books with trite and superfluous observations; he posed, in brief, as the captain of the ship without responsibility. Arrived at Port Jackson, he was acclaimed a hero, and received with obsequious solicitude by the Governor, who promised that his "future situation should be such as would render his banishment from England as little irksome as possible." Forthwith he was appointed high constable of Paramatta, and, like Vautrin, who might have taken the youthful Barrington for another Rastignac, he ended his days the honorable custodian of less fortunate convicts. Or, as a broadside ballad has it,

He left old Drury's flash purlieus,
To turn at last a copper.

Never did he revert to his ancient practice. If in his youth he had lived the double-life with an effrontery and elegance which Brodie himself never attained, henceforth his career was single in its innocence. He became a prig in the less harmful and more offensive sense. After the orthodox fashion he endeared himself to all who knew him, and ruled Paramatta with an equable severity. Having cultivated the humanities for the base purposes of his trade, he now devoted himself to literature with an energy of dulness, becoming, as it were, a liberal education personified. His earlier efforts had been in verse, and you wonder that no enterprising publisher had ventured on a limited edition. Time was he composed an ode to Light, and once recovering from a fever contracted at Ballyshannon, he addressed a few burning lines to Hygeia:

Hygeia: thou whose eyes display

The lustre of meridian day;

and so on for endless couplets. Then, had he not

celebrated in immortal verse his love for Miss Egerton, untimely drowned in the waters of the Boyne? But now, as became the Constable of Paramatta, he chose the sterner medium, and followed up his *Voyage to New South Wales* with several exceeding trite and valuable histories.

His most ambitious work was dedicated in periods of unctuous piety to his Majesty King George III, and the book's first sentence is characteristic of his method and sensibility: "In contemplating the origin, rise and fall of nations, the mind is alternately filled with a mixture of sacred pain and pleasure." Would you read further? Then you will find Fauna and Flora, twin goddesses of ineptitude, flitting across the page, unreadable as a geographical treatise. His first masterpiece was translated into French *anno vi*, and the translator apologizes that war with England alone prevents the compilation of a suitable biography. Was ever thief treated with so grave a consideration? Then another work was prefaced by the Right Hon. William Eden, and all were "embellished with beautiful colored plates," and ran through several editions. Once only did he return to poetry, the favored medium of his youth, and he returned to write an imperishable line. Even then his pedantry persuaded him to renounce the authorship, and to disparage the achievement. The occasion was the opening of a theatre at Sydney, wherein the parts were sustained by convicts. The cost of admission to the gallery was one shilling, paid in money, flour, meat or spirits. The play was entitled *The Revenge and the Hotel*, and Barrington provided the prologue, which for one passage is for ever memorable. Thus it runs:

From distant climes, o'er widespread seas, we come,
Though not with much eclat or beat of drum;
True patriots we, for be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good.
No private views disgraced our generous zeal,

What urged our travels was our country's weal;
And none will doubt, but that our emigration
Has proved most useful to the British nation.

“We left our country for our country's good.”
That line, thrown fortuitously into four hundred pages of solid prose, has emerged to become the common possession of Fleet Street. It is the man's one title to literary fame, for spurning the thievish practice he knew so well, he was righteously indignant when *The London Spy* was fathered upon him. Though he emptied his contemporary's pockets of many thousands, he enriched the Dictionary of Quotations with one line, which will be repeated so long as there is human hand to wield a pen. And, if the High Constable of Paramatta was tediously respectable, George Barrington, the Prig, was a man of genius.

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All writers have base thoughts; a few lack the effrontery to express them and call them art.

Silent suffering is a heroism which even the reticent do not often practice.

Considering woman's natural ability in make-believe it is remarkable that there are so few great actresses.

If you are incapable of thought, cultivate a profound look. If you can't talk, study taciturnity. These subterfuges fool the mob which can't talk and is incapable of thought.

A BOOK-KEEPER

By ALPHONSE DAUDET

"My faith, but it is foggy!" said the worthy man, as he stepped into the street. He pulled up his collar quickly, drew his muffler over his chin, and with bent head, and hands buried in his pockets, set out for his office, whistling as he went.

Yes, it was foggy. In the streets this fog is not so noticeable; in the heart of a great city it vanishes as quickly as the snow does. But on the still deserted quays, upon the bridges, the banks, the river, rests a heavy mist, opaque, immovable; through it the sun is rising yonder, behind Notre Dame, its light dimmed.

In spite of the fog, the man passes along the quays, never for a moment leaving them; he could have taken another road, but the river appeared to have some mysterious attraction for him.

Yet the river was not a cheerful sight that morning. The fog rising between its waves seemed to make it heavier. The dark roofs rising above its banks, the reflection of all those irregular chimney tops, leaning and cutting each other on the river's surface, made one think of some dismal factory located at the bottom of the Seine, and sending all its smoke aloft to Paris in fog. But our worthy man seems to find nothing sad in the sight. The moisture penetrates every portion of his body, he has not a dry thread of clothing, but he continues on his way whistling, a happy smile upon his lips. Long ago he became accustomed to the Seine fogs. And then, he knows that when he reaches his destination he will find his pleasant fur-lined foot-warmer, a roaring stove awaiting him, and the warm little plate in which he makes his breakfast every morning.

"I must not forget to buy some apples," he says to himself again and again, and whistles as he hurries on. You never saw any man go to his labor more gayly.

The quays, and still the quays; then comes a bridge, and now he has passed to the rear of Notre Dame. At this point of the island the fog is thicker than ever. It rises on three sides at once, partly obscures the high towers, gathers at the corner of the bridge, as if there were something there it would conceal. The man pauses. This is the place.

Not too plainly may be distinguished shadowy figures, squatting upon the sidewalk, who seem to await something. Here also may be seen flat baskets outspread with their rows of cakes, oranges and apples. Oh! those beautiful apples,—so fresh, so rosy, with the mist upon them. He fills his pockets with them, smiling at the vendor, who sits shivering, her feet upon her foot-stove. Then he opens a door shrouded in fog, and crosses a little yard where a cart is standing harnessed.

“Anything for us?” he asks as he passes. The wagoner replies:

“Yes, sir, and something pretty this time.”

He enters his office quickly. How comfortable and warm it is within! In a corner the stove roars: his foot-warmer is in its place: his little armchair awaits him in the brightest part of the room, by the window: the fog curtains its panes, making a subdued, even light, and big books with green backs stand in a methodical row upon their rack.

The man breathes freely. He is at home.

Before setting to work he opens a great closet, brings out his lustrine sleeves, which he puts on carefully, draws forth a little, red earthenware plate and some lumps of sugar, which came from some café, and begins to peel his apples, gazing about him with a satisfied air. And surely it would have been impossible anywhere to find a cheerfuller, brighter office, or one more orderly in every arrangement. But there was one singular thing, and that was the sound of water which one could not help hearing on every side—water everywhere, enveloping you as though

you were in the cabin of a ship. Below lay the Seine, roaring, dashing against the arches of the bridge, breaking in billows of foam at that point of the Ile, always encumbered with planks and piles and wreckage. And even within and around the office there was the drip! drip! of water thrown in pitcher-fuls, the splash of water washing heavily upon something within. Why, I know not, but the very sound of that water made one shiver just to hear it. One felt that it fell upon a hard floor, upon great slabs, upon marble tables which made it still colder than before.

What, then, do they wash again and again in this strange house? What ineffaceable stain is here?

At moments, when the splashing ceases below, drops are heard falling one by one as after a thaw or a heavy rain. One might think that the fog gathered upon roofs and walls was melting from the heat of the stove, and trickling ceaselessly.

But the man takes no notice of it. He is completely absorbed in his apples, which begin to sing in the red earthenware plate, exhaling a delicate perfume of caramel; and that delightful song prevents his hearing the drip of the water, the sinister drip of the water.

"Whenever you choose, recorder," speaks a husky voice from a side-room. He glances at his apples, and leaves the room regretfully. Where is he going? Through the door which opens for a minute, comes a chilly and unwholesome breath, smelling of reeds and marshes, and there is seen what seems to be a glimpse of clothes drying upon a line, faded blouses, smocks, a calico robe hanging at full length by the sleeves, and dripping, dripping.

That part disposed of, he returns to his office, and places upon his table a few small articles soaked with water; and, chilled, he turns towards the stove to warm his hands, which are red with cold.

"Any one must be crazy to choose such weather

as this," he says with a shiver; "what ails them all, I wonder?"

And as he is warm again, and his sugar has begun to form little crystal drops around his plate, he sits down to eat his breakfast upon a corner of his desk. As he eats, he opens one of his registers, and turns its leaves complacently. The big book is so well kept!—ruled lines, entries in blue ink, minute reflections of gold powder, blotters at every page, care and order apparent everywhere. It seems that his business is thriving, for the worthy man's face wears a satisfied air, like that of an accountant after an annual stock taking that has turned out well. And while he turns over the pages of his book with delight, the doors of the side-chamber open, the sound of many footsteps is heard upon the flagstones, and voices saying in a half-whisper, as if in church:

"Oh! how young she is! What a pity!"

And they elbow and push forward, whispering still.

What does it matter to him that she is young? Tranquilly finishing his apples, he sets before him the articles he brought in a little while ago. A thimble, full of sand, a pocketbook with a single sou in it, a little pair of rusty scissors, so rusty that they will never be used again, oh! never again; the little book which registers her as working-girl—its leaves glued together; a tattered letter, almost effaced, of which may be deciphered a few words: "The child . . . no money . . . a month's nursing . . ."

The book-keeper shrugs his shoulders with an air that seems to say:

"We have heard that before." Then he takes his pen, brushes away carefully the crumbs of bread which have fallen upon his ledger, makes a movement preparatory to placing his fingers in good position, and in his best hand writes the name he has just deciphered upon the mouldy book.

Felicie Rameau, burnisher: age, seventeen years.

A PLEA FOR PUBLISHERS

By EDWARD F. O'DAY

A despatch from Chicago informed us a few days ago that William Doxey was dying in poverty. The news must have touched many hearts in San Francisco. In a literary history of this city a chapter would have to be devoted to Doxey. It would be a most interesting chapter. The well-remembered, the cherished *Lark* would sing again in its pages. There would be much about a *Rubaiyat* all bibliophiles treasure. The publication of many volumes of poetry, some excellent, none of them bad, would be chronicled. The sad part of that chapter would be the record of the inadequate financial returns from Doxey's ventures. We did not support him. All of us admired his services to young authors, but few of us bought the books as they came out. Doxey was in advance of the San Francisco period he ornamented. He tilled a field that refused to yield its riches, until finally even his high courage was daunted and he went away. Now that he is dying in poverty we indulge a tardy regret. We recognize his worth too late. It is the fate of many publishers.

The obituary writer will give Doxey his due. It is a barren reward. It won't help Doxey, and it won't encourage struggling authors conscious of something important to tell the world of readers. When one Doxey dies in poverty a dozen poets who lack the means of publication feel a sinking of the heart. They have lost a friend. Where may they find another Doxey?

Publishing is a noble business, and there are always noble publishers. One Doxey may die in poverty without discouraging other Doxeys from continuing the splendid work. We have a Doxey in our town—his name is Aleck Robertson. Shall we neglect him as we neglected Doxey? It is useless to moralize on the bitter ending of a Doxey's life of fine endeavor unless we apply the moral to

our own opportunities and to the advantage of such a publisher as Aleck Robertson. They have a Doxey in New York—his name is Mitchell Kennerley. He too needs the support which was denied Doxey, for he is engaged in the same noble work of encouraging young authors which proved too much for Doxey and is retarding Aleck Robertson's progress toward the pleasant turning of the corner into Easy Street. I am making a plea for publishers like Robertson and Kennerley; I am, by so pleading, championing the cause of the young men who depend on publishers like Robertson and Kennerley for their first footing on the difficult slopes of literature.

"Now Barabbas was a publisher." We all know the story. Byron made the emendation in the eighteenth chapter, fortieth verse of John, and sent the Testament as a gift to his publisher, the great Murray. It is true there have been, there are robber publishers. But Murray was not one of them, and Byron knew it. It was only the indulgence of a momentary malice which made him say so. Murray made Byron's fortune. He paid Byron £20,000 while the professional connection lasted, and it was terminated by politics not by any dissatisfaction on either side. Byron could quote Scripture justly when he pleased, and so he called Murray "the Anak of publishers." Anak, you recall, was a giant. Men like Doxey, Robertson and Kennerley are Murrays in all but spacious opportunity. Murray paid Tom Moore £5,000 for his *Life of Byron*. He paid Crabbe £3,000 for his *Tales of the Hall*. Robertson or Kennerley would do as much for contemporary writers—if they could. It was in Murray's shop that Byron and Scott first met. Anak introduced the two giants to each other. It was in Kennerley's shop that George Sterling met George Sylvester Viereck. It was in Robertson's shop on Union Square that Edwin Markham met Clarke Ashton Smith. I

am not making comparisons; merely pointing out that the spirit is the same.

In other notable respects the spirit has vastly improved. Some of the bitterest quarrels of authors were their quarrels with their publishers. Yet I have never heard any author say an unkind word of Robertson or Kennerley. No doubt writers quarreled with the great Caxton and his only less great successor Wynkyn de Worde. If the Venetian Aldi and the Dutch Elzevirs had not their patience tried it was because the authors they published were dust. Literary annals are full of authors who excoriated their publishers, of publishers who damned their authors. Jacob Tonson published some very noble books. Wycherley called him "gentleman usher to the Muses," a high compliment not without its sad implication, for gentlemen ushers were shabbily paid. Tonson published Dryden's poems, the *Spectator*, Pope's earlier efforts. Yet Dryden wrote in spleen that Tonson had "two left legs and Judas-colored hair." This is not the language of conscious right. In the obscure bickering Dryden was probably at fault. Barnaby Lintot published Pope's *Homer* which turned a pretty penny for Pope. And yet the peevish poet quarreled with Lintot. He had netted £8,000 but complained that Lintot had not allowed him enough free copies for presentation. Yes, the authors have tried the publishers' souls, and *vice versa*. Poor John Dunton was a publisher the authors harassed until he wrote that he "could not stoop so low as to turn author." I cannot imagine Robertson or Kennerley saying a thing like that.

But the relations of the publisher and the author were not always trying, even in the hardest days of Grub street. I do not remember that Dr. Johnson ever complained of the treatment he received from Edward Cave, the publisher for whom he slaved at Parliamentary reports and hackwork. And the Great Bear of Literature loved Robert Dodsley, as well he

might, for that gentle soul who published the poems of Young, Akenside, Gray and Shenstone, suggested the Dictionary and helped to finance it. The spirit in which author and publisher met was getting better. At its best today it is the spirit that united Moxon with Shelley, Wordsworth, Hood, Barry Cornwall, Lytton, Browning and Tennyson, all of whom he published. It is the spirit which caused this noble publisher to spend £10,000 on the illustrations alone of Rogers' *Italy*. It is the spirit which caused Scott to work himself into the grave when he discovered that he was obligated to Constable in the staggering sum of £130,000. Poor Scott! He paid off £40,000 of the debt in two years, and died thinking that it was cleared, though it was not. It is the spirit which energised Mark Twain to essay a task equally Herculean, and to succeed. It is the spirit which prompts poets and novelists I know to doff their hats when Robertson or Kennerley is mentioned. It is the spirit which does not expire, though it droops, when the news comes that Doxey is dying in poverty.

That Dunton whom I have mentioned as declaring that he "could not stoop so low" turned author in the end. He addressed to George I a desperate appeal entitled "Dying Groans from the Fleet Prison, or a Last Shift for Life." His condition may be inferred. He was dying like Doxey. The only difference was that he published his misfortune. Personal misfortune is the only vital thing noble publishers will not publish. For their services to literature in America Robertson and Kennerley are not being adequately rewarded. I happen to know that quite well. Needless to say, the information did not come from them; they are proud. They have invested huge sums in budding genius. They are successful, but not successful enough. Shall we buy their books, and help them and their authors? Let us remember the tragedy of Doxey.



THE LANTERN

Edited by
Theodore F Bonnet and Edward F O'Day

*It is better to search for the truth of what
concerns us than to hunt for an honest man*

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THE LANTERN

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A Plea for Intolerance

By THEODORE BONNET

It occurs to me that death, which means the road to resurrection, is not the solitary solution of the problem entailed by condemnation to life. There are two roles in either of which a man may find something of the serenity of the celestial spirit. One is the role of the good man who takes a vow like the vow of a Franciscan monk and lives up to it in a metropolitan monastery where he is in touch with his unfortunate fellow creatures whom he loves and helps. The other is the role of the supernumerary in the drama of life who walks through his part with an eye and an understanding for others, never permitting any of them to get on his nerves. I mean the impersonal man who is never irritated by prejudices, to whom toleration is a matter of ingrained temperament; that self-centred individual who has asked a question of life and received the answer; the disinterested spectator of the impressive pageant of men and things; the shrewd and unimpassioned student of hidden causes and subtle effects. I believe that a man may enjoy life to the full observing the chief comedians in the drama, if he can maintain the mood to be amused. To the absolutely impersonal man the meannesses and ambitions of his fellow mortals are but the sources of the conflict essential to all good drama. To him a woman's tears are but the flowing symbols of an ancient tragedy contrived for the intellectual diversion of mankind. He is not even to be disturbed or angered by reformers. He is never in strong sympathy with them because he knows the spirit and the flesh quarrel incessantly in

us like bears with sore paws; because he knows it is only with an effort that the best of us can consistently tell the truth, or pay our debts, or keep our tempers, or be reasonably unselfish. So why bother with these blatant bores who complain and are impatient? In the whole history of the world not more than a score of men have been able to praise themselves sincerely, yet the average arrogant reformer in a world of reformers would imply that he is well nigh impeccable.

The chief difficulty with life is the attainment of the impersonal soul. All the while we are fooling ourselves with the fiction that we are tolerant. We are all proud of our toleration because we are all so vain. Toleration implies a broad mind; and who is there that does not like to lay the flattering unction to his soul that he has that magnitude of mind that is a mark of superiority? Yet how few of us are really tolerant! Who is so impersonal as to be without prejudice? If we have strong light we must have a shadow. So it is with strong sympathies. Their shadows are the restrictions and exclusions with which our preferences are hedged about; in other words, our prejudices which make us intolerant. When our preferences are irrational we defend them by affecting a superior taste or morality, and we find the likes of others intolerable. Prejudices are narrow, cramping things incompatible with perfect justice and charity. They are hardly to be dispensed with in this sublunary sphere before the millennium when we shall all love one another. To divest the average man of his prejudice would be like taking his skin off. Illiberal prejudices cannot be eradicated from the heart whose soul has never been fertilized by a liberal education, and nowadays nearly all education comes from the university which is a hotbed of prejudices. The average university professor has a jaundiced eye through which he sees only what he pleases. This professor is one of the objects of

my pet prejudice which I fondly justify by pretending to myself that it is different from the ordinary prejudice. The ordinary prejudice is never reasoned into a man, and therefore you cannot reason it out. Mine I am sure is amenable to reason, but like the Scotsman I defy any man to prove its irrationality to my satisfaction.

So rampant are prejudices in this country today that it is tormented as no country has been since England was in possession of the Puritans. The country is full of shrill-voiced persons proclaiming everybody but themselves a miserable sinner. Propagandists of divers persuasions are telling us what we must do to be saved. They are always getting ready for the next election when the work of redemption is to be performed. Meanwhile they are having interviews with the Most High and obtaining tabular messages of salvation. The case is always precisely this "Be saved in my way or be damned." There is so much lying, malice and uncharitableness among these braying minor prophets that invariably they give me the impression that to be saved with them would be nothing short of being damned. Frankly, I am intolerant of them. I am convinced that I can match them in intolerance. Being anything but impersonal I have become intolerant and unashamed. And reflecting on my intolerance I have come to the opinion that in this intolerant world of all the virtues imposed upon a conservative and gracious spirit the most difficult to maintain is toleration. In this opinion I am happily confirmed by some great minds. Was there ever a more intolerant man than Ruskin? Never perhaps except when Sam Johnson was making copy for Boswell. Milton, though he wrote the *Areopagitica*, was a bigot. He refused toleration to "Popery and open superstition," and of course to him both were one and the same thing. Locke excluded from tolerance "opinions contrary to human society and all who

denied the being of God." Sir Thomas More, though he preached toleration in an age that knew little of tolerance, was by no means tolerant. "Utopus," we read, "left men wholly to their liberty that they might be free to believe as they should see cause; only he made a solemn and severe law against such as should so far degenerate from the dignity of human nature as to think our souls died with our bodies."

Thus we learn that there were men of pretty broad minds who did not disdain to practice the gentle art of intolerance. Of course there was a time when toleration in religion was almost as bad as heresy, and heresy was dangerous. This was so in Sir Thomas Browne's day when it was almost heresy to defend or imitate the rites of the Catholic Church. Yet this paragraph is from Thomas Browne's pen:

"At my Devotion I love to use the civility of my knee, my hat and hand, with all these outward and sensible motions which may express or promote my invisible Devotion. I should violate my own arm rather than a Church; nor willingly deface the name of Saint or Martyr. At the sight of a Cross or Crucifix I can dispense with my hat, but scarce with the thought or memory of my Saviour. . . . I could never hear the Ave-Maria bell without an elevation; or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all."

I like to read that paragraph, it is so pleasant an example of sweet reasonableness in toleration. Nevertheless I am for intolerance; but (let me hasten to add) not in religion. Toleration in religion has become the virtue's easiest form. Nowadays it is in the heat and dust of political or social controversy that men feel the stir of bitter rage within them. I feel it when I reflect on the prohibitionists who are preparing to exploit this beautiful State of California for hire again next year. I am intolerant of prohibitionists, and I want other people to be in-

tolerant of them. Maybe you will say that if ever I had a sense of humor obviously I have lost it. My retort is that I have no present use for it. Life has become too serious a matter, made so by the prevalence of dulness. A sense of humor is invaluable to a man who would use any species of humor as a means of enlightening others, but a humorist can render no service where there is no imagination to be kindled. Were the sense of humor a national characteristic we should have no need of intolerance. I am pleading for intolerance in the absence of humor as the only available means of making our life tolerable. So for the present I prefer to cultivate a sense of the intolerable. My very reason for pleading for intolerance, I will repeat, is that the sense of humor is one of the missing senses among the people. If the people had a sense of humor the Comic Spirit would be abroad in the land, and the people would be harking to humorists instead of reading the Hearst comic pages.

By humorists I do not mean jokesmiths and lords of misrule who make and exhibit incongruities, inconsistencies and discrepancies for the purpose of splitting the sides of the groundlings and making laughter as of the crackling of thorns under a pot. They serve a good purpose, to be sure. But they excite the emotions, not the intelligence. By humorists I mean those gifted individuals who delve beneath the superficial levels into the deeper currents of the thought and feeling of their age, and who supply constructive criticism in politics, art and life. I mean the sons of men imbued with the Comic Spirit, who shoot folly as it flies and castigate the incorrigible with the rod of ridicule; the coiners of that genuine comedy that breathes a spirit of raillery, is an enemy of dulness and abounds in common sense.

It may be pleaded that the people are not to blame if the Comic Spirit has not come to dwell among them. I think they are. I believe with

Meredith that while the Comic Spirit must be subtle to penetrate, there must be a corresponding acuteness to welcome him. Comedy cannot flourish in a world which takes solemnity as a proof of learning. We are all too solemn. We have been Puritanized like the people of England under Cromwell who were responsible for the reaction under Charles the Second, the first patron of modern comedy. Charles gave theatres a license to produce the Comedy of Manners for the purpose of outraging and deriding the Puritan. In his period there were people to welcome the Comic Spirit, and they had seen so much of Puritanism, had been so nauseated by an arrogant piety that they enjoyed a cynical licentiousness more abominable than frank filth. They could sit through Wycherley's *Country Wife* without blushing.

It is the descendants of the Puritans of England who are trying to debauch this country with prohibition. We have no Moliere to ridicule them because there is no audience for him. The best our time can produce is a Jack London who contributes *John Barleycorn* to our literature, proving himself a critic of the Jeremy Collier type. He voted for woman suffrage (to which he was formerly opposed) because he was convinced that women would use their votes to prohibit the sale of alcohol. Thus we are enabled to gauge the breadth of mind of one of the literary lights of our day. As he is the best of the best-sellers we may judge whether the people are ready for a Moliere. Mr. London, according to his own confession, used to drink liquor to excess not because he liked it but for the sake of the "kick" that was in it. But as he no longer hankers for the "kick" he would prohibit everybody from taking a drink of wine or beer, though the most of us drink for the joy that is in it, not for the "kick." Now while I am impatient of Jack London I will not say he is intolerable. No man is intolerable

who supplies his fellow mortals with recreation and relaxation. Jack London has genius for that sort of thing despite his Puritan mind. Typical of his day and generation, nevertheless he has the talent to offset the ingrained qualities that are intolerable. I am impatient of him only because he is at times so vividly and violently representative of the crowd from whose noises and clamors I fain would find refuge.

But let me not be understood as implying that I hate any crowd, or that I am contemptuous of the crowd. It is only the bothersome, coercive crowd that I detest, and that for the reason I love all kinds of liberty, even the little liberty of language, which I am enjoying now as I wander afield just aside from the main current of my little disquisition. I hate to be coerced and governed by conventions. I find it irksome and irritating to be shackled with formalities. I like the turbulent heterogeneous crowd. It is in the crowd that one finds the "consolatory faces" of one's species. It is in the crowd that one experiences at once the ecstasy of solitude and society. In the crowd as in the forest one may possess the depth of one's own spirit in stillness.

But the prohibition crowd! If from that the Lord will not kindly deliver us let us try to deliver ourselves. Since humor cannot save us, let us be aggressively intolerant. I am intolerant of the prohibitionists not because I am intolerant like Locke of "opinions contrary to human society;" nor yet because I am prejudiced as Sir Thomas More would say, of those who degenerate from the dignity of human nature by thinking we cannot control our appetites, but because there are so many Jack Londons among them, and because being impervious to ridicule they are immune.

There is an objection to the opinions which prohibitionists profess to hold, but it is not Locke's objection that their opinions "are contrary to the

opinions of human society." It is the objection that their professed opinions, which are a great source of torment, are not their real opinions. Prohibitionists have not the sincerity that might cast a glimmering beauty over their unreason and grotesqueness. This is not gratuitous assertion. Ordinarily it is folly to challenge a man's sincerity, since it is given to no one to read another's heart. But it is impossible to believe in the sincerity of the men who profit from agitation and prosper on destruction. I mean the professional prohibitionists, the men who live off the business of campaigning for futility. It is impossible to believe in their sincerity because they know what prohibition has entailed in every State in which it has been adopted. Everywhere it has made either drunkenness or the drug habit a commonplace of everyday life. Wherever it has closed saloons it has opened blind pigs. The prohibitionists tell of much good they have done and of much evil they have banished, but I have yet to learn of one assertion made by a prohibitionist respecting reform that I cannot refute with overwhelming testimony.

Prohibition is a colossal industry that thrives off agitation. Its business is the manufacture of a false public sentiment and the manipulation of a gigantic political machine that is kept turning by a stream of coin flowing steadily from the pockets of fools, Pharisees and fanatics. Its agencies are press and pulpit, both of which have been corrupted by it. The enormous power it wields is shown by the use it makes of the great news agencies of the world. In the few months following the outbreak of the European war we read cable despatches from day to day telling us of what the belligerent nations were doing to suppress the liquor traffic. From these despatches the paramount inference to be drawn was that the great minds of Europe had taken cognizance of the fact long since established by the prohibitionists that all alcoholic beverages were injurious to

the human system and never beneficial. Now what is the truth as to the attitude of the belligerent nations toward alcohol? The truth, as any one may learn by inquiry abroad or at home from any person who has been in the war zone, is that in every army alcoholic stimulants are served daily, not as a means of brutalizing men on the firing line, as some women have said, but for the purpose of providing against exhaustion and against disease.

It is true that in England, shortly after the outbreak of war, there was agitation against the liquor traffic. The Puritans of England are not all dead yet. The churches that breed prohibitionists in this country are active in England. They got very busy in the midst of war, hoping to avail themselves of a new pretext to destroy the liquor interests. They said it was the Demon Rum who retarded the manufacture of munitions. Lloyd George, a statesman with a Puritan conscience and a Puritan constituency, a thoroughpaced politician, brilliant, but not over-scrupulous, as we know from the Marconi scandal, took up the prohibition cry. Do we hear it now? We do not. Anybody who followed the agitation in the London press knows the reason why. George and his clan were denounced for their implied insult to English workmen. It was soon made clear that the Demon Rum and the Demon Beer and the Demon Ale instead of retarding the manufacture of munitions were on the contrary making it possible for the men to work ten hours on a stretch seven days in the week. To be sure there was much drunkenness in England after the outbreak of the war, but the excessive drinking was noticeable chiefly among the poor wives and widows of soldiers who, in their misery or their sorrow, sought surcease of the poignant emotions that overwhelmed them. As a consequence the Government took control of the liquor traffic, but not to suppress it. In England, where the love of personal

liberty is too strong to permit even of conscription, prohibition is unthinkable except among those incapable of thought.

The only other country in which the prohibitionists have found material to bolster out their argument is Russia, where the manufacture of vodka is prohibited. Aside from the fact that the average illiterate Russian peasant, for whose benefit vodka has been banned, is hardly comparable with the average American, there is obviously no analogy between suppression of the vodka traffic in Russia and suppression of the traffic in all kinds of alcoholic beverages in this country. But granting there is, what has prohibition accomplished in Russia? If you would know read the Russian supplement of the London Times of June 28th, and you will see that prohibition in Russia has given rise to the same problems that have arisen in our prohibition States. Vodka, excepting absinthe, was once the worst intoxicant known to man. But, deprived of vodka, the Russian has invented worse drinks, so much worse that some peasants have gone to other excesses, the consequence being that the Government is more alarmed than ever. Prohibition has made new problems in Russia:

Here is one excerpt from the letter of the Times' correspondent:

"The discontinuance of the sale of liquor has undoubtedly produced a tremendous revolution in the psychology of the people. Liquor played an enormous role in the life of our peasantry; the disappearance of vodka from daily life has created more or less of a void which somehow or other must be filled. It is therefore not surprising that the further we get from the commencement of the war the oftener we hear about illicit stills and the dissemination among townfolk of all sorts of substitutes deleterious not only to health but to life. Concurrently comes the news that the villagers are beginning

to contract a passion for cards and that gambling is taking hold of the peasantry. Everything points to the fact that the sobering of the people cannot be permanently achieved by mere suspension of the sale of liquor."

Thus we see that prohibition in Russia is having precisely the effect it is having in American States where men are becoming addicted to every vice from the excessive use of drugs to indulgence in the sexual enormities that have made the saloonless town of Long Beach, California, infamous. Prohibition in Russia has borne out the scientists of this country who tell us that the craving for alcohol is an instinct that you cannot repress without causing a reaction on other instincts. As Dr. Mary Key Isham of the University of Cincinnati and the staff of the State Hospital of Ohio tells us: "All psycho-neurotic disturbances are caused primarily by 'repressions' to which adequate reaction has not been made."

How can one ponder these things to which I have casually referred without becoming impatient of prohibitionists? How can we be tolerant of the presumption of these professional agitators in essaying to lead us?

The stupid Puritans of this country would dominate our national life and policy, impart to that life their peculiar flavor and tone, and establish their definite type of Puritan civilization. The flower of this Puritanism is the present Administration at Washington with its Redfield and its McAdoo and its Daniels—the Administration that gave a Bryan to the prohibition propaganda. Are they not intolerable?

The liquor interests insist on arguing with these second-rate minds as though it were possible to convert men who are intellectually dishonest for the money there is in it. I am for treating them as enemies of society.

Think of our being tolerant of them in California!

Here in this great grape-growing State the serenity that is characteristic of the climate, the skies and the landscape is reflected in the temperament of the people. We drink wine that bubbles with laughter, and we are joyous and easy-going. Mild as the breezes that blow over the rolling hillside where the grapes ripen in the sunshine, we are not given to violent storms of passion. It might be well for us to think of the forbears of some of us in England who were threatened with a Reform Bill which, it was thought, would filch all the profits from rearing cattle and growing corn. At once there were outbursts of popular violence that gave the statesmen of England the scare of their lives. Now I would urge that when the "flying squadron" comes to California headed by a Bryan or a Hobson or a Sunday that we rise up in our indigation and do something more than protest. To such men the greatest optimist cannot listen without losing his temper. Why pay them a courtesy to which only sincere intellectually honest folk are entitled? I am as mild a mannered man as ever sang a lullaby, and I have strong sympathies with the poor, misguided I. W. W.'s. I wouldn't quarrel with the weakest of them, but a Bryan, the misfit Secretary of State who roved Chautauqua in pursuit of the dollar when he was paid to serve the people, him I wouldn't mind treating—not to grape juice but to another temperance liquid—cold water as it flows in one of our rushing and roaring streams.

Men are pleased when praised for qualities on which they secretly plume themselves. Women are delighted when praised for something piquant which they know they do not possess.

THE GRAVE OF TORQUEMADA

By EDWARD HUTTON

It was already midday when I came to the great silent monastery of Santo Tomas that lies in the plain below Avila. I had been in the saddle since dawn; all day the tawny passionate landscape had unfolded itself before me, sierra rolling after sierra more barren than the waves of the most desolate sea. Weary with the heat and the dust of the way I thought I would rest in the church before entering the city. Having tied my mule in the shade I passed into the coolness of the church under the great western coro where it is always twilight, past the high altar on its arch, across the transept where in a beautiful ruined tomb Prince Juan, the only son of the Catholic kings, lies sleeping, into the sacristy where I thought to find a priest of whom I might ask a cup of water. As I opened the door I saw a white frock disappear a little hastily through the passage that led, as I supposed, to the monastery. It must be, thought I, that I have disturbed a siesta; but before I had time to think what to do, an old man in the Dominican habit came towards me and very courteously and kindly asked me what I needed. When I had told my tale he led me, with a certain familiar gentleness that I think is peculiar to Spain, into the monastery, where he insisted upon my partaking of some bread and fish—for it was Friday—with a little wine mixed with water.

After I had thanked him he offered to show me the church and the house which he explained was now used as a seminary for the education of those young friars who go to the Philippines. The time passed quickly in his company, so that the bell began to ring for Vespers before he had shown me all. "And is there nothing, Father," I ventured to ask, "in yon sacristy that is old, curious or holy?" He did not reply for a time, and then quite suddenly the bell stopped, and he turned towards me. "Nothing

you would care for," said he quickly, "perhaps, tomorrow. . . .", and then after he had made me promise to return there to sleep that night, he bade me good-bye.

After Vespers I set out for Avila scarcely more than a mile away on her hill. In the sweet evening light she seemed a vision from some ancient missal, a beautiful mediæval city surrounded by perfect rose-colored granite walls, where the apse of the cathedral is just a bastion with the rest. Within there is the city. But its aspect upon those infinite stretches of sierra in a country as stony as Judæa I can never forget. It is impossible to convey in words anything of the immensity of this land or its strength. It is like a passionate and difficult silence.

As I passed the great convent of Encarnacion, coming into the city at last, as I always preferred to do, by the Puerta S. Teresa, it was of that great saint I was thinking, and it seemed to me for a moment that it was easy to renounce the world in a land without trees, flowers or birds; and yet everywhere there are hedges of sweetbriar, which, notwithstanding their sweetness, as she would have reminded herself, hide thorns. I came to the inn at last to find it full of tourists, Americans, who, under the guidance of one of their number, had been "doing" the city as they informed me. They seemed to think I should be glad of their company. At dinner, which is an early meal in Avila, they told each other of their adventures. But he who was the leader and guide began to speak of Santo Tomas in a loud voice, so that we all might benefit by his knowledge. I did not hear the beginning of his discourse, for I was talking with an old Spaniard who sat beside me; but my attention was caught when I heard him say, ". . . and so I spat right there, on the Tomb, and the monk didn't dare say anything, but he just looked, I can't tell you easily how he looked." My Spanish friend moved in his seat

and asked me, "It is of the Tomb of Torquemada that he speaks?" I did not know, but at his request I asked.

"Yes, sir, I'm telling you, aren't I? I spat right there on the Tomb. I'm a free-born American, a liberty-loving educated Independent minister and I'm glad to have the chance to show the Spanish idolators what I think of their man-burning devils." "And so say all of us," said a young man across the table with a laugh, while the others smiled and seemed to enter into the spirit of the thing.

A small part of this I told my neighbor: but alas, he had understood. "But it is too long ago, surely it is too long ago—to bear malice," he said in a quiet but agitated voice. "We are Christians: it is very necessary to forgive, is it not so?"

But that strident voice that was used to domineer over many congregations would not have it so. "And yet," said my friend to me in the hubbub that followed, "and yet it was us he burned; if we have forgiven, why should he remember?"

It was night when I returned to Santo Tomas, but the Father was waiting for me in the sacristy. After a minute he said, "My son, you are troubled, you are angry, what has happened? It is not well to sleep when one is angry." And somehow I told him all. Once or twice he smiled, but there were tears in his eyes as he led me to the bare slab of slate in the midst of that great room beneath which Torquemada sleeps. "It is true," he said, "we have forgiven him." There was a long silence, and then with a great deference he turned towards me and said, "If you will, senor, we will pray for him and for us all because—is it not so?—wherever one who is in need is left unaided, there passes an executioner and where two or three are gathered together in unkindness, there is the Inquisition." As we knelt I saw him wipe away the mark of scorn from the grave, with the strap of his cloak.

It is said that when a certain woman collected for interment the insulted remains of Nero, the pagan world surmised that she must be a Christian—only a Christian would have been likely to conceive so chivalrous a devotion towards mere wretchedness. Something of this kind came into my mind as I knelt with the old Father beside that rude slab of slate and tried to pray as of old that it might please Him to have mercy upon all men.

TO XAVIER MARTINEZ

By GEORGE STERLING

Poet, whose song leaves nothing more to say
Except the mystery beyond all song,
To thee that light and sight of Art belong
Which, searching Nature with a crystal ray,
Reveal in iris the rejected clay.

Visions august have made thy heart too strong
To need the fleeting plaudits of the throng,
And thou hast seen the choral stars by day.

Thy touch transmutes all things to loveliness—
A solemn beauty, delicate and strange,
A secret that we love too well to guess.

The goddess lingers long above thy dreams,
Hearing beyond this world of death and change
The lyres that glimmer by immortal streams.

THE BEST TIME FOR POETRY

By EDWARD F. O'DAY

The best time to read poetry is in the morning. I do not think this can be disproved. Poets will not attempt to disprove it. Poor fellows, they are too eager to have their masterpieces bought and read to dispute any such helpful proposition. They would agree quite as readily if I insisted that the best time to read poetry was the first hour after luncheon (which is the worst time of all if you lunch heavily) or the hour before dinner (which is an utterly impossible time). The poets are not impartial in this weighty matter; self-interest forbids their being so, and self-interest is so rudimentary in poets that I for one am in favor of cultivating it. I have told George Sterling as much a number of times, but I do not think he grasps my meaning.

Readers of poetry, on the other hand, have no reason for partiality, and I think they will admit after a little consideration that they enjoy poetry most in the morning hours. They have merely to consult their tablets of experience to find my proposition noted there. You are a reader of poetry, and that is not your experience? How comes such an unlikely thing? Ah, you have done all your reading of poetry at other times? You have no time for poetry in the morning? Then your experience is inadequate, is it not? You may differ with me and go your way in peace, or stay and be enriched while I address the man after my own heart. This man will *steal* a morning hour or so for the reading of poetry if he may not come by the time honestly. Or like the boy Sam Johnson when *The Anatomy of Melancholy* intrigued his fancy, he will get out of bed an hour earlier than the habit of his body prompts him to.

We are agreed, it seems. The proposition is admitted, or at least tolerated by those to whom I have cunningly limited its appeal. Nor am I begging the question for I am not arguing. I seek

neither to convince nor to convert. I speak only to the end that poetry may be praised. Those who do not read poetry at any time of the day or night may part company with me right now. Clearly it is none of their concern at what hour we superior beings read poetry. They are poor creatures; they have not our light. We may disregard them. In exactly the same way we disregard the godless when they deny God; it is only when the godly man commits this mortal sin that our souls are troubled.

I repeat that the most fitting time to read poetry is the time which wheels its triumphant hours on the hither side of noon. It is as meet and proper that we should read poetry in the morning as that we should say our morning prayers. I have not strayed and stumbled upon this similitude; it grows in the path of my subject where all may see it. For what is poetry but a prayer to Beauty, and Beauty is without doubt not the least of God's creatures. It is fitting therefore that we should make our *matins* to Beauty as we make our *matins* to the Most High.

I would not have it implied that I oppose the reading of poetry at night, or even in the afternoon. Let us return to that similitude of prayer. There are also evening prayers (only the saints pray in the afternoon, so the afternoon may be disregarded), but this is nothing against my contention. The prayer before retiring is not as pure a prayer as that offered up at rising. The morning prayer is a prayer of praise and thanksgiving; the evening prayer is a prayer of fear. In the morning we salute God and offer Him our service; at night we are afraid of Him. That is to say, all sinners are, for all sinners fall at least seven times during the day, and so they tremble when they embark on the perilous adventure of sleep. I am speaking to sinners, but if a saint reads this she will understand and agree, for of course she does not know she is a saint. And so I maintain that to read poetry at other time of

day than morning is to pay the lesser devoir to Beauty. Yet while it is to do imperfect service, the proper disposition is manifest. By all means, therefore, put up your prayer to Beauty—read poetry—at whatever hour of the day or night is most convenient. It is a counsel of perfection I am enforcing when I celebrate the morning as the best of all times for this most sweet exercise. I shall endeavor to point out later that there is a certain sort of poetry which lends itself to evening reading. It is more important, however, to remember that most poetry may be read to best advantage in the morning, and that a very great deal of poetry may be read to advantage at no other period of the day.

The morning is nature's greatest poem, her canticle of sublimity. The morning is an ode, its hours march in strophe and antistrophe. If day be the epic of the sun, the morning is its opening hymn of invocation. The morning inherits the riches of rest; true, it devises its wealth to the afternoon and night, but these are spendthrifts. The morning is the time of resurrection. In the morning the sky laughs at the hills and the hills smile happily at the sky. In the morning the trees are feeling and looking their best and cheerfullest. In the morning the flowers are sweetest. In the morning we have heaven's ever recurring surprise, the miracle of the dew. In the morning the skylark sings his finest song. So at least I have gathered from Shelley, Hogg, Wordsworth and others who were on listening terms with the skylark. Being a city man born and bred I have no firsthand knowledge of the matter.

And speaking of this same bird, no writer has ever yet pointed out how much more beneficent is his influence upon poets than the influence of the nightingale. Milton has celebrated both. Mark how he writes of the lark:

To hear the lark begin his flight
And singing startle the dull night

From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good-morrow
 Through the sweet briar, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine.

This is all joyousness except that one mention of sorrow which is brought in for the sake of rhyme, a freedom all great poets may permit themselves twice or thrice in a lifetime. Mark now how he celebrates Philomel:

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy!

I think the nightingale has the worse of the argument. Let us take another instance. Shelley's *To a Skylark* begins thus:

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it
 Pourest thy full heart

In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Turn now to the opening lines of Keats' *Ode to a Nightingale*:

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains

One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk.

I say nothing but this: some day I shall write an essay against nightingales and their evil influence upon poets.

But let us return to the morning. In the morning most great poetry has been written. Do you doubt this statement? Well, I cannot prove it. And yet it seems to me that the midnight oil is the plodding scholar's light; the poet's, the climbing sun. Surely Homer fashioned his spacious epics in the morning; perhaps he chanted them in the afternoon. I cannot think of the Mantuan as writing in the hours sacred to siesta, nor him of the Sabine farm. When did

Shakespeare write? Answer as you please, since we have no certain knowledge, but remember that the Mermaid was Will's evening haunt and that his verses are not stained with the lees of wine. Perhaps Milton dictated the opening books of *Paradise Lost*—they deal with Hell—by candle light; surely not the scenes in sun-drenched Eden, for to be a blind poet is not to be indifferent to the sun. But these are speculations, and I shall not pursue them.

Certain great poems, I allow, were probably written at night. There is Gray's *Elegy*. It is a great but a most melancholy poem. Its lines are attuned to the knell of parting day. It is the funeral march of all high youthful hopes, the dirge of disillusion. Night is the time for the writing of all such poems, laments at fate, outcries against life and love. You may read these poems at night if you desire to coddle a mood of gloom, to fill your brain with vapors; but not otherwise.

What poets may be read more fittingly at night? I think these:

All of Dryden.

All of Pope.

All of Goldsmith's little store.

All of Byron except *Childe Harold*; this is a morning poem.

All of Tom Moore, whom few read now at any time, and yet he is worth reading.

All of Scott but a ballad or so.

A great deal of Tennyson; certainly the *Idylls of the Kings*, and certainly not *In Memoriam*.

The earlier poems of Swinburne.

The *Earthly Paradise* of Morris.

Owen Meredith's *Lucile*, which all women still read, and a great many men, though they hesitate to say so.

The tales of Longfellow; his more thoughtful poems are for the morning.

All of Kipling, emphatically not a morning poet.

The other great poets from Chaucer and Spenser to Alice Meynell and George Sterling should be read in the morning. Shakespeare is not for any hour but for all day, but there are plays of his I should not think of reading except in the morning. Be careful not to read his sonnets at night. If you do they will trouble you and you may write a book to explain them in some strange, unnecessary, perverse way. This has been done too often already by men who made the mistake of reading them by night. And none of these books explain the sonnets, principally because no explanation is necessary.

I do not think I need point out that you should not spend the whole morning reading poetry. The practice has its drawbacks. It may lead you to neglect other duties just as important. An hour or an hour-and-a-half—say from five to half-past six; if you are a late riser, from six to half-past seven—is sufficient. You may indulge yourself a little more on Sunday, provided this does not cause you to forget church. Be careful, however, that this reading does not degenerate from a healthy and stimulating habit of the mind to a thought-deadening habit of the eye. Resist the merely visual magic of the printed page. A story may explain what I mean.

Biarritz was dull the January I was there. The French, the Spaniards and the Russians do not go in winter; the English do, but their presence is not enlivening, and those who stayed at the very respectable Hotel St. Julien had no tolerable conversation. In the winter afternoon there is mild amusement in Biarritz, such as sipping *cognac et siphon* at a sidewalk table. In the morning one's resources are few. You cannot go to Bayonne every day. You cannot look forever at the waves rolling over the Rock of the Virgin. You exhaust the beauty of the early mist upon the Pyrennees. Boredom ensues. I took refuge in reading. From the Tauchnitzes in

the *fumoir* of the St. Julien I selected Mrs. Browning's Poems. I had never read *Aurora Leigh*. I read it now from early coffee to *dejeuner*. I read it steadily for several mornings. I read all its thousands of lines, and today I have totally forgotten what it is all about. Doubtless there is a great deal of fine poetry in it, but when I open it now at random (at the beginning of the sixth book—there are nine, and they are very long), and find these words:

The English have a scornful insular way

Of calling the French light,

I am convinced that Mrs. Browning's blank verse is sometimes prose. However, I read it through, and when I had finished the last line with a yawn, a great distaste for all poetry overwhelmed me.

"A fine way to spend the morning, reading poetry!" I exclaimed in disgust. "Walking is better. I shall take a walk along the Côte des Basques, and if my legs hold out I shall walk into Spain and have a bottle of Spanish wine to my lunch in Fontarabia."

I had not walked far when it began to rain and hail, so I sought shelter. I found it under the penthouse of a postern gate, no doubt the tradesman's entrance to the great chateau that towered above the Bay of Biscay at this place on the beach. There were two girls sheltering there, but they smiled and made room for me. Such pretty, black-eyed, good-humored girls! One of them had an umbrella. She pointed to it and to the downpour, shrugged her shoulders and laughed and spoke to me in French. If the French spoke very slowly I might understand them a little. This girl spoke very fast, but I did not need her words to understand her meaning. No umbrella could weather that fierce storm!

"But it will soon be over," I said in English.

They did not understand, so I tried to say it in French. They both laughed then, but I was not offended in the least. You see, they were very pretty and very good-humored. When the storm abated

they offered me the hospitality of their umbrella for the walk back to Biarritz. I was on my way to Spain, but I accepted. We were good friends by now, and it was a merry walk. We told one another many things, but there was more laughter than comprehension. By the time we had passed the new church of Ste. Eugenie (it pleased them that I raised my hat) and had come to the shops of Biarritz I called them by their first names, and I confess that mine sounded well when Bertha and Suzanne pronounced it. I noticed a *patisserie* and invited them in to have "*une tasse à chocolat.*" I never knew chocolate could be so delicious, or two girls so pleased with chocolate. Bertha went into raptures over the *serviette* of dainty lace paper. Suzanne too. Before they drank their chocolate they folded these napkins with elaborate care and hid them inside their waists. I took leave of Bertha and Suzanne at the gate of a humble garden. It was the pleasantest morning I spent in Biarritz.

This is not much of a story, and perhaps its moral limps, but here it is: We should read poetry in the morning but we should not read it too long nor day after day, ploddingly. We should remember that life is finer than poetry, and that morning is also the time to live.

In this world there is nothing so patient as truth which spends most of its time waiting for vindication.

There are people to whom anything complimentary can be said with a good chance of being believed.

If we would know how to spend our leisure we must cultivate the rare art of idleness.

THE GOOD KNIGHT AND THE ORPHAN-MAID

(A Ballad of the Moyen Age)

By R. L. G.

"Sweet maid, where may thy home be?"
"Fair sir, I roam in misery."

"Where may thy good father be?"
"'Neath the seas of Brittany."

"Where may thy dear mother be?"
"Withered by a witch was she."

"Where may thy bold brother be?"
"In the Turk's captivity."

"Where may thy young sister be?"
"On London Bridge, in beggary."

"Where may thy grandfather be?"
"He rows in the King's galley."

"Where may thy grandmother be?"
"She was burned for Lollardy."

"Where may thy true uncle be?"
"Gibbeted in chains is he."

"Where may thy aunt Margot be?"
"Fast in Bedlam hostelry."

"Where may the ballad-maker be?"
"On the high road in thievery."

"Where may la Sœur Dénise be?"
"They walled her up for apostasy."

"Where may the tall Jacquot be?"
"Jacquot died in the Jacquerie."

"Where may Marthe, thy playmate, be?"
"At the wars in harlotry."

"Where may little Pierre be?"
"At La Vraye Croix through charity."

"Where may his baby-sister be?"
"She pined i' the cold o' February."

"Where may thy kind cousin be?"
"He is sick of leprosy."

"Where may thy stepmother be?"
"In the deep of Purgatory."

"Sweet maid, tell where thou would'st be?"
"Fair sir, in thy company."

(They ride off together.)

Is there a more hopeless striver in the world than the female champion of dress reform?

Some people won't heed the handwriting on the wall though a corps of experts attest its genuineness. Others believe what the ouija board tells them.

"Let him that is without sin cast the first stone" is a rebuke that has lost much of its force. Speak it nowadays and reformers will darken the air with cobblestones.

An exquisite compliment is one of the finest achievements of the intellect.

SHAKESPEARE'S WOMEN

By ALFRED E. RANDALL

Are there any *women* in Shakespeare? Is it possible that a poet who acclaimed *Venus and Adonis* and *Rape of Lucrece* as the "first heirs of invention" could ever have imagined a woman as anything but the pursuer or the slave of man? It is interesting to note how he treats his old maids. Cassandra is mad; Joan of Arc is a witch; the three old maids in *Macbeth* are witches; Ophelia becomes insane at the prospect of dying unmarried; and he is so disgusted with Rosaline, who has "forsworn to love," that he does not bring her on the stage, but promptly introduces Romeo to a less fastidious mortal.

Surely no poet was ever more certain that a woman's only purpose in life was to capture a man and stick to him. Rosalind has only to see Orlando win a wrestling match, and straightway she is in love.

Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Helena has scarcely exchanged two words with Bertram before she has doubts about the value of virginity and the possibility of preserving it. Juliet arranges her wedding at her second meeting with Romeo. Miranda loves at first sight with more excuse, as she had never seen any man before other than Prospero or Caliban, neither of whom was eligible. Perdita, in spite of her pastoral training, can yet fear that Florizel "wooed her the wrong way," and it was probably her comparative loneliness that inspired her famous simile:

pale primroses,

That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids.

Beatrice and Katherine the Shrew are no exceptions to the rule. Everyone knows that Beatrice intends to marry Benedick as soon as their store of

"carefully prepared impromptus" is exhausted. Katharine's first words in the play are addressed to her sister:

Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.
Is't not Hortensio?

Her reply to her father in the same scene shows her evident intention to have a husband before her sister:

Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes to hell.

It is curious to remember that Shakespeare improved upon Plautus in the *Comedy of Errors* by introducing "upon the unsentimental scene two figures of *young lovers*, a fervent youth and a fugitive maid, round which he has thrown a musical gloriole of lyric and elegiac poetry beyond all reach or all aspiration of all other comic poets," if one must quote Swinburne's splendid hyperbole. Desdemona, although "so opposite to marriage," as her father declared, was soon violently in love with Othello for his "bragging and telling her fantastical lies," as Iago phrased it. Shakespeare is so certain that his women must marry almost the first man they meet that he actually makes the Duke say:

I think this tale would win my daughter, too.

Shakespeare's thesis might well have been *Venus and Adonis*, with this difference: that while in the poem Venus is unsuccessful in her chase. I cannot remember one case in the plays where a woman fails to secure a husband, or at least a lover of some sort. Even Dame Quickly gets Ancient Pistol as a sort of consolation prize.

On the other hand, Shakespeare is in no doubt as to the relative position of woman. She is always the "weaker vessel:" the husband is always the "lord, the king, the governor."

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,

Even such, a woman oweth to her husband, says that over-crowed bully, Katharine. Lear can actually interrupt his magnificent threnody over Cordelia to say:

Her voice was ever soft,

Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.

The best thing that Shakespeare can say of Desdemona when Othello is raving is that she is "truly an obedient lady." The prime compliment of Coriolanus to his wife is:

My gracious silence, hail!

Shakespeare is careful to make you understand that Lady Macbeth is ambitious for her husband, not for herself.

Glamis thou art and Cawdor; and shalt be

What thou art promised.

Even Portia, in the *Merchant of Venice*, does not attempt to save Antonio because of her ability as a lawyer, or because she is friendly with him, or that she is aghast at the injustice that he is about to suffer. She is careful to state "that this Antonio,

Being the bosom lover of my lord,

Must needs be like my lord.

Shakespeare, with that ever-present contempt of woman, could not let her win this case on her merits. He must pack her jury for her, allow her to plead without a professional opponent, and give judgment in favor of her own cause. Brutus' Portia, perhaps the finest of Shakespeare's women, has no other idea of her existence than that she is Brutus' self.

Am I yourself?

But as it were in sort, or limitation;

And her impatience of Brutus' absence drives her mad. Hermione and Imogen love their lords none the less for the vile treatment they receive. In an age that knew Elizabeth, who, whatever her faults, managed to govern England very well without the aid of a husband, it might have been expected that

the "greatest of lyric and *prophetic* poets," as Swinburne calls him, would have had some faint glimmering of perception of the truth that woman is not an ancillary and subject person, but a self-centred entity, with capacities and powers that neither deny nor exclude the sexual nature, but are certainly not included in it. But his only interest in a woman is that

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,

She is a woman, therefore may be won;

Always with the man's proviso:

I'll have her—but I will not keep her long.

He cannot imagine any relation but a sexual one between the sexes: he murders Cassio and Desdemona because they are merely friendly. His imagination runs riot over filthy courtesans like Cleopatra or Cressida: one can imagine him gloating over the prospect of getting Juliet, or Beatrice, or Katharine married: he is interested, not in women, but in females. There is scarcely one of his women that would be tolerable to a modern man. It was to Desdemona, whom Swinburne described as "a figure even more tenderly to be cherished in the inmost heart of all men's love and pity than Cordelia," that Othello said:

I will deny thee nothing:

Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this

To leave me but a little to myself.

Brutus cannot even conspire against Caesar without having his wife at his heels, and Macbeth is in the same plight. Were ever men so plagued by women as in Shakespeare: were ever women so abnormally and obnoxiously wrapped up in their chosen? But these figures of conquest and suffering are the common-places of femininity; they are the mere externals of the sex, are women unawakened. We await a poet who will show us a woman who can do something better with a man than marry him, who can see a star in the sky in spite of a husband.

THE TEMPTATIONS: EROS, PLUTUS AND GLORY

By CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

Last night two superb Satans and a She-devil not less extraordinary ascended the mysterious stairway by which Hell gains access to the frailty of sleeping man, and communes with him in secret. These three postured gloriously before me, as though they had been upon a stage—and a sulphurous splendor emanated from these beings who so disengaged themselves from the opaque heart of the night. They bore with them so proud a presence, and so full of mastery, that at first I took them for three of the true Gods.

The first Satan, by his face, was a creature of doubtful sex. The softness of an ancient Bacchus shone in the lines of his body. His beautiful languorous eyes, of a tenebrous and indefinite color, were like violets still laden with the heavy tears of the storm; his slightly-parted lips were like heated censers, from whence exhaled the sweet savor of many perfumes; and each time he breathed, exotic insects drew, as they fluttered, strength from the ardors of his breath.

Twined about his tunic of purple stuff, in the manner of a cincture, was an iridescent Serpent with lifted head and eyes like embers turned sleepily towards him. Phials full of sinister fluids, alternating with shining knives and instruments of surgery, hung from this living girdle. He held in his right hand a flagon containing a luminous red fluid, and inscribed with a legend in these singular words:

“DRINK OF THIS MY BLOOD: A PERFECT
RESTORATIVE.”

and in his left hand a violin that without doubt served to sing his pleasures and pains, and to spread abroad the contagion of his folly upon the nights of the Sabbath.

From rings upon his delicate ankles trailed a broken

chain of gold, and when the burden of this caused him to bend his eyes towards the earth, he would contemplate with vanity the nails of his feet, as brilliant and polished as well-wrought jewels.

He looked at me with eyes inconsolably heart-broken and giving forth an insidious intoxication, and cried in a chanting voice: "If thou wilt, if thou wilt, I will make thee an overlord of souls; thou shalt be master of living matter more perfectly than the sculptor is master of his clay; thou shalt taste the pleasure, reborn without end, of obliterating thyself in the self of another, and of luring other souls to lose themselves in thine."

But I replied to him: "I thank thee. I only gain from this venture, then, beings of no more worth than my poor self? Though remembrance brings me shame indeed, I would forget nothing; and even before I recognized thee, thou ancient monster, thy mysterious cutlery, thy equivocal phials, and the chain that imprisons thy feet, were symbols showing clearly enough the inconvenience of thy friendship. Keep thy gifts."

The second Satan had neither the air at once tragical and smiling, the lovely insinuating ways, nor the delicate and scented beauty of the first. A gigantic man, with a coarse, eyeless face, his heavy paunch overhung his hips and was gilded and pictured, like a tattooing, with a crowd of little moving figures which represented the unnumbered forms of universal misery. There were little sinew-shrunken men who hung themselves willingly from nails; there were meagre gnomes, deformed and under-sized, whose beseeching eyes begged an alms even more eloquently than their trembling hands; there were old mothers who nursed clinging abortions at their pendant breasts. And many others, even more surprising.

This heavy Satan beat with his fist upon his immense belly, from whence came a loud and resound-

ing metallic clangor, which died away in a sighing made by many human voices. And he smiled unrestrainedly, showing his broken teeth—the imbecile smile of a man who has dined too freely. Then the creature said to me:

“I can give thee that which gets all, which is worth all, which takes the place of all.” And he tapped his monstrous paunch, whence came a sonorous echo as the commentary to his obscene speech. I turned away with disgust and replied: “I need no man’s misery to bring me happiness; nor will I have the sad wealth of all the misfortunes upon thy skin as upon a tapestry.”

As for the She-devil, I should lie if I denied that at first I found in her a certain strange charm, which to define I can but compare to the charm of certain beautiful women past their first youth, who yet seem to age no more, whose beauty keeps something of the penetrating magic of ruins. She had an air at once imperious and sordid, and her eyes, though heavy, held a certain power of fascination. I was struck most by her voice, wherein I found the remembrance of the most delicious *contralti*, as well as a little of the hoarseness of a throat continually laved with brandy.

“Wouldst thou know my power?” said the charming and paradoxical voice of the false goddess. “Then listen.” And she put to her mouth a gigantic trumpet, enribboned, like a *mirliton*, with the titles of all the newspapers in the world; and through this trumpet she cried my name so that it rolled through space with the sound of a hundred thousand thunders, and came re-echoing back to me from the farthest planet.

“Devil!” cried I, half tempted, “that at least is worth something.” But it vaguely struck me, upon examining the seductive virago more attentively, that I had seen her clinking glasses with certain drolls

of my acquaintance, and her blare of brass carried to my ears I know not what memory of a fanfare prostituted.

So I replied, with all disdain: "Get thee hence! I know better than wed the light o' love of them that I will not name."

Truly, I had the right to be proud of a so courageous renunciation. But unfortunately I awoke, and all my courage left me. "In truth," I said, "I must have been very deeply asleep indeed to have had such scruples. Ah, if they would but return while I am awake, I would not be so delicate."

So I invoked the three in a loud voice, offering to dishonor myself as often as necessary to obtain their favors; but I had without doubt too deeply offended them, for they have never returned.

When it is said of a man that he practices what he preaches let us know what it is he preaches before we praise him.

It is inaccurate to speak of the grand achievements of mankind. The triumphs of genius are the triumphs not of men but of man.

Formerly dead actors lived only in the applause of immortal critics. Now they are perpetuated in the "movies."

There are men who in the course of one revolving moon can do many things cleverly, but perhaps it is better to take one's time and do a few things thoroughly.



THE LANTERN

Edited by
Theodore F Bonnet and Edward F O'Day

*It is better to search for the truth of what
concerns us than to hunt for an honest man*

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THE LANTERN

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A Hero of Anti-Puritanism

By THEODORE BONNET

A little press despatch has set my thoughts traveling back to the days of that merry monarch and Lord of Misrule, Charles the Second, who has long been a hero of mine. Charles Stuart, you will remember, was a very amorous king. It is agreed that he was notable for his profligacy, and that he set a very bad example for his subjects. He made duchesses of his mistresses and dukes of the sons that were born to them, and it was his belief, which he once expressed to the prodigiously moral Bishop Burnet, that God "would not damn a man for a little irregular pleasure." Oh, it is not to be gainsaid that Charles the Second was exceedingly loose in his morals, and as we are all so chaste now that only ministers fall from grace, it is customary to speak of the merry monarch in terms of disapprobation. Yet Charles the Second is one of the few personages of history who have detached themselves from their historical connections, leaving a sort of personal seduction behind them in the world. As I have said he has long been a hero of mine, and presently I will tell you why, but I forgot to tell you about the press despatch that set my thoughts traveling back to the Restoration period. It was a despatch about a New York clergyman and his congregation who wired to President Wilson on the eve of his marriage expressing their disapproval of his fiancée's trousseau. "Here," thought I, "are some lineal descendants of the Puritans whom Charles the Second spent a lifetime in reviling and

rebuking. These egregious boors scorn costly apparel, and scorning it they have the impudence to demand that others should scorn it too. Their impudence is detestable."

Though naturally I sympathize with a victim of detestable impudence, in this instance not so. I am able to control my emotions because I am sure that if President Wilson had lived in the days of Charles the Second he would have been canting with the Puritans. That this is no far-fetched conclusion you may perceive by reflecting on the antecedents and sentiments of the tribe of statesmen elevated to power under the present dispensation. The Puritanical spirit has been flourishing in Washington ever since Mr. Wilson entered the White House. We have a perfect embodiment of Puritanism in the President's friend Josephus Daniels who barred a certain prophylactic from the navy, because, as he said, when men sin they should be punished and it would be doing the work of the devil to save them from a disease that is contracted only in illicit intercourse. President Wilson keeps Josephus on the job, where certainly he may do much more harm than was done by the authors of the protest against a trousseau.

Nowadays we laugh at the preposterous prejudices of Puritans, and we marvel at the hypocrisy of them; yet Puritanism is insidiously stealing into our own lives; and we are not on guard. The symptoms of it we are slow to recognize. As a matter of fact Puritanism is now rampant and brutally tyrannical in this country. In many States millions are under its heavy yoke, which they accept as a matter of course. Every movement that has for its object the suppression of a popular means of diversion or relaxation is a Puritanical movement. Most of the silly movements in the several States for the regulation of private morals by public statute are Puritanical movements.

Puritanism is a quality bred in the bone, and

it will out in the flesh. Puritans were born to say "Don't" and they will say it till their mouths are stopped with dust. They are a terrible affliction. The man of common sense pursuing his course through a pleasant enough world, glad and grateful for enjoyment, plucky in misfortune, and not over self-assertive either in joy or sorrow, finds his peace disturbed and his comfort endangered, and at once he becomes sensible of the presence of the Puritan.

Puritanism is a dread not of vice but of life. Puritans make war on every manifestation of gaiety and enjoyment, not only in the masses but in individuals. When a preacher affects to be shocked by a new fashion it is not because the fashion is essentially immoral, but because it gives pleasure to the people who have adopted it. Read that stodgy old Puritan Stubbs, his *Anatomy of Abuses*, and you will find that the early Puritans were imbued with the very same prejudices that were voiced by the New York divine and his congregation in their protest against a trousseau. All sumptuous apparel was hateful to Stubbs's envious eyes. He regarded all personal adornment as a sin. Hats of a certain shape were the invention of the Evil One, like the hobble skirt of our day. Pointing to men who wore hats of a certain shape Stubbs exclaimed: "And thus in vanity they spend the Lord's treasure, consuming their golden years and silver days in wickedness and sin."

Now to be tolerant of any species of Puritanism is to open the door to Puritanism in all its divers manifestations. For after all Puritanism is an attitude of mind, a very mean and contemptible attitude that nobody with the welfare of a State at heart will encourage. What the dangerous consequences of Puritanism are one may learn by studying the history of it in England, especially in the time of Charles the Second, the key to whose life is furnished by Macaulay in this sentence: "He could not get through

one day without the help of diversions which the Puritans regarded as sinful." Macaulay adds: "As a man eminently well bred and keenly sensible of the ridiculous he was moved to contemptuous mirth by the Puritan oddities."

There you have an epitome of the whole story. Charles the Second was a well-bred man with a sense of humor, and England in his day was heavy with the atmosphere of Puritanism, such atmosphere as is generated by a Bryan or a Josephus Daniels. He had been nauseated by the homilies of the Presbyterians in Scotland, and he had been bullied by them, and he came to the conclusion, as he said, that Presbyterianism "was not a religion for a gentleman."

Holding Puritanism in detestation, I cannot but love Charles the Second for his boldness in affronting the powerful and detestable tribe of his day. They were a tyrannical minority, like the Puritans of our day, and they soured the jolly, kindly life of old England. Charles spent his time promoting the amenities and discouraging the asperities of society, and he sweetened life, which is better than making it censorious and melancholy. A lover of liberty, he hated oppression, and if in promoting the Restoration spirit there resulted a too deliberate profligacy it should be remembered that he was combating an aggressive and vulgar intolerance. Intemperance in reform induces intemperance in opposition. This we see exemplified in the Restoration period.

Nowhere perhaps is the conflict between dull, unimaginative Puritanism and licentious decadence better described than in Macaulay's *History of England*. He shows us at once the absurd excesses of Puritanism and the excesses by which people expressed their utter loathing. "The war between wit and Puritanism," he says, "soon became a war between wit and morality." This point he amplifies thus:

"The hostility excited by a grotesque caricature of

virtue did not spare virtue herself. Whatever the canting Roundhead had regarded with reverence was insulted. Whatever he had proscribed was favored. Because he had been scrupulous about trifles, all scruples were treated with derision. Because he had covered his failings with the mask of devotion, men were encouraged to obtrude with cynic impudence all their most scandalous vices on the public eye. Because he had punished illicit love with barbarous severity, virgin purity and conjugal fidelity were made a jest. To that sanctimonious jargon which was his shibboleth, was opposed another jargon not less absurd and much more odious. As he never opened his mouth except in scriptural phrase, the new breed of wits and fine gentlemen never opened their mouths without uttering ribaldry of which a porter would now be ashamed, and without calling on their Maker to curse them, sink them, confound them, blast them, and damn them."

In so far as it is well that life should be joyous and easy-going and smiling the Puritans are the enemy, and in so far as one may reasonably love liberty and hate oppression one is right in detesting the tyranny which they would impose on the unwilling majority. Hence it is that with all his faults and frailties, with his purple record of unabashed self-indulgence I have fashioned a hero for myself out of Charles the Second. May God forgive him! But with all his faults Charles was a pretty good fellow. That indeed was precisely what he was—a good fellow. He was also a man of splendid courage and invincible humor, qualities that are essential to heroism, and his heroism he exhibited to such a degree as to entitle him to rank with the most fascinating figures of romance. There are few better stories of adventure than the story of the vicissitudes he experienced while in hiding from the revolutionists. There was a price of a thousand pounds on his head, and he was only a little over twenty, but he

encountered danger with something of the same stoicism with which he contributed to literature one of the most charming of immortal deathbed phrases—his apology for his “unconscionable time dying.” Hardships he endured with good-humored patience and his presence of mind in great emergencies was not surpassed by any of the heroes of Lever or Dumas. We all know how he rode as Mrs. Lane’s servant before her on the saddle through a troop of soldiers and chuckled at his close shave. That lady, by the way, he afterwards pensioned at a thousand pounds a year, which is a circumstance that argues somewhat against the charge of ingratitude made by courtiers who befriended him not out of kindness of heart but out of a mistaken sense of favors to come. That day he rode with Mrs. Lane his mare cast a shoe, and he had to stop at a smith’s and the smith lamented that the rogue Charles Stuart had not been captured. Charles Stuart sympathized with the smith in his lamentation, saying: “If that rogue is taken he deserves to be hanged more than all the rest for bringing in the Scots.” Later when he entered a town full of Cromwell’s soldiers he went (impudently, as he said himself) into the best inn; also he put his horse in the stable. “I went blundering among the soldiers,” he afterwards told Pepys, “and they were very angry with me for my rudeness.” What a boyish delight he took in hiding from the hangman and mocking at the perilous irony of a dramatic situation! At Trent he heard the church bells ringing for his reputed death, and at Stonehenge where he waited till dark for an opportunity to creep into a friend’s house, he passed the time refuting an old superstition that the stones could not be counted twice alike. Verily a hero to any lover of romance was Charles Stuart! But to many he has gone unappreciated and misunderstood. This is not hard to understand. Politics made it expedient to vilify the Stuarts by every device of

suppression and exaggeration, and besides, the men who write history have the absurd notion that they must write biography with a view to improving the morals of their readers. Above all Charles Stuart lived a life of protest against Puritanism, for which he has been very enthusiastically damned. Born with the full use of his senses, with the aid of the great sixth sense—imagination—he was for enjoying God's good earth. Naturally he horrified the Puritans. Charles Stuart worshiped Beauty in all its manifestations. He loved painting, architecture, poetry and music. Worse than all he loved a pretty wench. Now in the days of the Restoration the visible signs of an artistic temperament were the negation of everything else, but to take on a new Maid of Honor was behaviour more abominable than ever before or since.

So historians have not been kind to the man who frankly lived an epic of frivolity. His virtues they have inadequately extolled, his vices they have greatly exaggerated. Most of them have viewed him through the eyes of Samuel Pepys, who was always worrying about the king's extravagance and his illicit love affairs. "It is not in his nature to gainsay anything that relates to his pleasures," says Pepys in his great treasury of gossip. This was quite true. And Pepys deplored the king's pleasures. He thought it terrible that the king should be addicted to mistresses, and he kept count of them. Lady Byron, daughter of Robert Meecham, was the seventeenth, he tells us. But at least he did not have seventeen at a time. Indeed, according to Evelyn in his diary Charles never had more than two mistresses at a time, and Evelyn argued the virtue of Mrs. Stewart, when she was under suspicion, because the Countess Castlemaine was still a favorite. But as a gossip Evelyn was not half so shrewd as Pepys. If Pepys was over-censorious Evelyn erred in the other direction. Evelyn was not versed in the psychology of

love. He inferred that the Countess Castlemaine was a favorite when, as a matter of fact she was losing her grip. Before getting rid of her Charles was encouraging the artistic talent of Nell Gwynn, whom he afterwards made Duchess of Cleveland, and though Mrs. Stewart was not his mistress it was not because he was preoccupied with the Countess Castlemaine. He flirted a good deal with Mrs. Stewart, and when that lady saw that the chase was getting so hot that capitulation could not long be delayed she eloped with the Duke of Richmond who lost the king's favor by interfering with the royal prerogative. The unpardonable sin in Charles the Second's court was "beating him to it." Nevertheless we should not give too much credence to Pepys. How incapable Pepys was of giving unbiased testimony we may infer from his comments on Lady Byron. "The king," he says, "ordered 400 pounds of plate made for her, but by delays, thanks be to God! she died before she got it." Pepys himself had the Puritan mind, the mind of the hypocritical Puritan who exults in the lusts of the eye and the glorification of the senses. Though censorious of the king, whom he often pledged in a glass of sack, he took unto himself a mistress and blacked his wife's eyes for complaining. Some roysterer himself was Pepys, but a thrifty one, penurious in his amours; and therefore he frowned on the king's extravagance, for Charles was so much of a good fellow that a mistress—bless her little heart—could have any bauble she babbled for.

But surely we are not going to abuse Charles Stuart for his kindness. Indeed I'm not for abusing him at all. It is very unjust to a king of those far-off days to judge him by the conventions of these chaste times; more so to hold him to a "strict accountability" in the matter of his morals. He is a dull person who cannot appreciate the temptations that beset a king however hedged. We know what poor Prince

Edward was up against in the sober and stern Victorian era. And if Charles the Cyrenaic was an indiscriminate lover in a period notable for its profligacy, what about Samuel Pepys, the ardent Christian, who made his conquests on the highway or in the kitchen; who, to dally with the wife sent the husband forth to purchase wine? Those were evil days, but let us blame the Puritans not Charles. And let us study history a little more closely for then we may find that the Stuart court with all its profligacy was no worse than the court of George the Second when, according to the fifth Earl of Carlisle (George Selwyn's friend), "Every lady who moved in splendor had an avowed lover, and no husband cared what paths his wife followed provided he was unmolested in following his own." He adds: "I know thirty-seven ladies who would have been affronted had you supposed there had been a grain of conjugal fidelity among them." Surely my hero was not the most licentious of kings. He was fond of mistresses, but think of the hobby of Henry VIII, a hobby for getting married, which, singularly enough, good church people adduce as evidence of the king's strict regard for a high and austere morality. That devoted bigot, Charles Kingsley, urged this argument without a blush. However the truth would seem to be that Henry had sufficient conscience to wish to legalize his indiscretions. But is it to his credit that he had more wives than mistresses?

It occurs to me that I am wandering from my subject. I was for writing something in the nature of a panegyric on Charles the Second, not anything in the nature of censure for anybody else, however long dead. Charles the Second deserves our admiration because he understood the art of life incomparably well. Say what we will of his frailties, his inconsistencies, his insincerities, still if we look at his portrait with sympathetic insight and justice of perception, we shall find in his make-up many gen-

erous motives that sustained the charm of social existence. As I have said he was above all things a good fellow, and certainly he deserves more praise than historians have given him. There are historians who never saw anything good in him. I have observed that these same historians, after telling us of the rapacity of kings who sanctioned gross breaches in the administration of justice, eulogize them for their pure and moral character. They were pure because they were not given to lewdness. They were moral because they were given to the outward practice of religion.

Of Charles the Second many anecdotes are told to illustrate his waywardness, his incompetency, his lack of royal dignity and his subservience to his mistresses. Nevertheless it appears that he was at once a man of serious mind and a man of keen wit and lively sense of humor. He was interested in science, and spent much time in his laboratory. He was almost as fond as Lincoln was of telling stories, and he enjoyed a laugh against himself. His wit he exhibited in pithy summaries of character, in snubs to imposture, sensitiveness to incongruities and in a polished irony that saved courtesy from unconventionality. There is a delicious anecdote illustrative of this polished irony. An uncouth statesman stood covered in his presence one day. The king took off his own hat. "Friend Charles," said the statesman, "why dost thou not keep on thy hat?" The king replied: "'Tis the custom of the place that only one person should be covered at a time."

In an age of love and war, of strong passion and hot temper when Puritanism was making virtue ridiculous, Charles Stuart imparted a certain glamor to wayward reign by making life radiant and joyous. A merry monarch was Charles, and he made others merry, and surely that is better than diffusing irritation.

THE ROSE

By B. C.

A thief? He had no right there; but her door
Stood open as he passed, while, from the floor
Below, voices of jocund breakfasters
Rose up, amongst them, sweet and merry, hers.
Still drugged with dreams, in healthy day's despite,
He paused, but half awake from yesternight.
Something of hers he craved, however small—
Something, so it were wholly personal.
Like Venus' myrtle gate, distilling scent,
The lovely portal smiled—and in he went.
Then, tingling with all guilt from crown to heel,
Stole soft on tiptoe, seeking what to steal.
Brushes? A silver hand-glass? Perfumes? Pins—
Called "safety" for our most adventurous sins?
A pyx of powder—O, the feminine wit,
Painting the peach with bloom to flatter it?
A slender waist-band? Buttons, a starry group?
A nest of flossy "combings" in a stoup?
Two little bedroom slippers, soft as mice,
Her feet had kissed—then he, not once or twice?
A comb, the amber sluice through which at dawn
The golden ripples of her hair were drawn?
All intimately private, and betrayed
To his rapt touch!

He rose; then, half afraid,
The heart-beats throbbing in his throat, he turned,
And faced the bed, where still his fancy burned.
Her "form," like some shy woodland thing's im-
pressed,
Kept faint its pattern in that creamy nest.
Pale mould of loveliness, when Love was gone,
Its very garment doffed and flung forlorn.

Love's garment! What to this were all the rest,
The bow of ribbon clustered at its breast?
Breathless he stooped, to ravish from its place
The little tender knot of silk and lace;
And, as his hand plunged in the lawny billow,
He hapt, by chance, to turn the lady's pillow.

So gasped and stood. A rose, both flat and red!
She'd dreamed with it all night beneath her head.
A rose—his gift! accepted, scarce regarded;
He'd thought it just acknowledged and discarded.
And now!

He turned, all thought of theft forgot,
And strode downstairs, Love's whistling autocrat.

MR. THOMAS TRADDLES

By EDWARD F. O'DAY

Salem House, a school for boys, was down by Blackheath, about six miles from London if you took the stage-coach from the Blue Bull in Whitechapel. It was kept by Mr. Creakle who was a Tartar by his own confession, and the masters were Mr. Sharp and Mr. Mell. If the school is still there—a doubtful matter—you will find the names of most of its students carved on an old door in the playground. The name of David Copperfield will be among them, and the name of J. Steerforth, cut very deep and very often. In the right hand corner, over the top-bolt, you will notice the name of T. Traddles.

In Thomas Traddles' time there were five-and-forty boys at Salem. James Steerforth was the most important. David Copperfield was the one destined to greatest fame in after life. Traddles was not a distinguished student except insofar as to be the most unfortunate lad in a school constitutes distinction.

Traddles was an orphan, and was brought up by an uncle, a retired cloth-merchant from whom he had the promise of a comfortable fortune. It was strictly in line with Traddles' habitual bad luck that this promise was never fulfilled. At the time of his introduction to history, on the occasion of his first meeting with young Copperfield at Salem House, Traddles is thus described:

“Poor Traddles! In a tight sky-blue suit that made his arms and legs like German sausages, or roly-poly puddings, he was the merriest and most miserable of all the boys. He was always being caned—I think he was caned every day that half-year, except one holiday Monday when he was only ruler'd on both hands—and was always going to write to his uncle about it, and never did. After laying his head on the desk for a little while, he would cheer up somehow, begin to laugh again, and draw skeletons all over his slate, before his eyes were dry. I used at

first to wonder what comfort Traddles found in drawing skeletons; and for some time looked upon him as a sort of hermit, who reminded himself by these symbols of mortality that caning couldn't last for ever. But I believe he only did it because they were easy, and didn't want any features."

On those memorable nights in the dormitory of Salem House when little David Copperfield retold the histories of Peregrine Pickle, Gil Blas and other heroes whose acquaintance he had made before going to school, Steerforth was the most appreciative listener; but Traddles was more than a listener, he was a sort of chorus. He affected to be convulsed with mirth at the comic parts, and overcome with fear when there was any passage of an alarming character in the narrative. Thus, when Gil Blas met the captain of the robbers in Madrid Traddles counterfeited such an ague of terror that he was overheard by Mr. Creakle and handsomely flogged.

There was always some sort of excuse for flogging Traddles. If a window was to be broken accidentally with a ball, Fate invariably chose Traddles as the unlucky instrument of the mishap. Fate also saw to it that a sound flogging ensued. One Sunday Steerforth laughed out loud in church. The beadle blamed Traddles, and as Traddles didn't dream of telling on Steerforth, he was imprisoned for hours. He came forth from durance "with a whole churchyardful of skeletons swarming all over his Latin Dictionary." It was on this occasion that Steerforth said there was nothing of the sneak in Traddles; and indeed this was true, for "he was very honorable, and held it as a solemn duty in the boys to stand by one another." His loyalty was tested another time. Mr. Peggotty went to Salem House to visit young Copperfield and brought with him from Yarmouth two prodigious lobsters, an enormous crab and a large canvas bag of shrimps. These delicacies were smuggled into the dormitory and there was, as you

may imagine, a splendid midnight feast. But the crab made Traddles sick, and the infraction of rules came to light. Poor Traddles was drugged with black draughts and blue pills, and then received a caning and six chapters of the Greek Testament for refusing to confess.

James Steerforth was the leader of the boys at Salem House. He was especially fond of Copperfield, but he did not value Traddles. Sometimes he called him contemptuously "Miss Traddles;" and yet I think that Tommy Traddles turned out to be more of a man than James Steerforth. Most of the boys were afraid of their leader; not so Traddles. When Steerforth sneered at poor Mr. Mell's lack of gentility it was Traddles who protested: "Shame, J. Steerforth! Too bad!" Traddles cried when Mr. Mell was discharged, and of course Creakle caned him for it.

When word came to Salem House that Copperfield's mother was dead Traddles was the most sympathetic boy in the school. That night he insisted on lending David his pillow. "I don't know what good he thought it would do me, for I had one of my own," Copperfield wrote of this incident; "but it was all he had to lend, poor fellow." When David left Salem House next morning, never to return, Traddles gave him a sheet of paper full of skeletons. It wasn't much of a gift, but it was the only one David bore away, and Traddles' big heart went with it, you may be sure.

Concerning the rest of Traddles' school days we know nothing. We may be certain however that he continued to be flogged, that flogging failed to quell his innate cheerfulness, that he went on drawing skeletons and that he left Salem House the same honorable, upright, loyal, warm-hearted boy he entered it. In after years he looked back upon those days with an affection totally free from any bitterness. To the Tartar Creakle who had caned him so

often he more than once referred in the kindest terms.

When next we meet Tommy Traddles we are in company of David Copperfield at a dinner party given by Mr. Waterbrook of Ely-place, Holborn, London. Traddles, it seems, had been invited at the last minute "to fill in," a circumstance which did not daunt his good nature, if indeed he was aware of it. At that time "he was a sober, steady-looking young man of retiring manners, with a comic head of hair, and eyes that were rather wide open." We learn more concerning that comic head of hair later on. It seems that Traddles had "the habit of brushing his hair very upright. It gave him a surprised look—not to say a hearth-broomy kind of expression." This bothered David Copperfield considerably when Traddles went with him to wait on the Misses Spellow, the maiden aunts of Dora, to discuss the propriety of an engagement between Dora and himself. Nervously eager to make the best impression David ventured to hope that Traddles "would smooth it down a little."

"My dear Copperfield," answered Traddles, lifting off his hat, and rubbing his hair all kinds of ways, "nothing would give me greater pleasure. But it won't."

"Won't be smoothed down?"

"No," said Traddles. "Nothing will induce it. If I was to carry a half-hundredweight upon it, all the way to Putney, it would be up again the moment the weight was taken off. You have no idea what obstinate hair mine is, Copperfield. I am quite a fretful porcupine."

Copperfield justly observed in answer that Traddles' hair must have taken all the obstinacy out of his character, as he had none.

"Oh!" returned Traddles, laughing, "I assure you, it's quite an old story, my unfortunate hair. My uncle's wife couldn't bear it. She said it exasperated

her. It stood very much in my way, too, when I first fell in love with Sophy. Very much!"

"Did she object to it?" asked David.

"She didn't," rejoined Traddles; "but her eldest sister—the one that's the Beauty—quite made game of it, I understand. In fact, all the sisters laugh at it."

"Agreeable," said Copperfield.

"Yes," returned Traddles with perfect innocence, "it's a joke for us. They pretend that Sophy has a lock of it in her desk, and is obliged to shut it in a clasped book, to keep it down. We laugh about it."

This conversation refers to two facts of the utmost importance in the life of Thomas Traddles: his uncle had married, and Traddles was engaged.

Traddles' uncle had made Traddles his heir, so Traddles was led to believe that he would never have to worry and in consequence had been brought up to no profession. Unfortunately, however, Traddles' uncle didn't like him when he grew up. Traddles' uncle said Traddles wasn't at all what he had expected him to be, and so he married his housekeeper.

"And what did you do?" Copperfield asked when Traddles imparted these matters to him.

"I didn't do anything in particular," said Traddles. "I lived with them, waiting to be put out in the world, until his gout unfortunately flew to his stomach—and so he died, and so she married a young man, and so I wasn't provided for."

"Did you get nothing, after all?"

"Oh dear, yes!" said Traddles. "I got fifty pounds."

Traddles was at a loss what to do for a living, but he was not dismayed and his good nature was no whit impaired. He began to copy law writings. Then he stated cases for lawyers, made abstracts and that sort of work. That put it into his head to enter as a law student; and that ran away with all that was left of his fifty pounds. He became acquainted with

a person in the publishing way who was getting up an encyclopedia, and did compiling for him. So, by little and little, and not living high, Traddles managed to scrape up the hundred pounds to pay for his entrance at one of the Inns of Court. He confessed to Copperfield, wincing as though he had had a tooth pulled out, that this had been "a pull," but he had learned to expect "pulls" of that sort, and no "pull" could mar his happiness.

For at this period of his career Traddles was exceedingly happy. And why not? Was he not engaged to the dearest girl in the world?

"She is a curate's daughter," he explained; "one of ten, down in Devonshire. She is such a dear girl: a little older than me, but the dearest girl!"

This dearest girl was Miss Sophy Crewler, daughter of the Reverend and Mrs. Horace Crewler. She was not the only daughter; in fact she was one of ten. The eldest Miss Crewler was a Beauty. Being formed for society and admiration, and not being able to enjoy much of it in consequence of the Reverend Horace's limited means, she naturally got a little irritable and exacting some times. It was Sophy's office to put her in a good humor. The second girl, Sarah, had something the matter with her spine and had to lie down most of the time. It was Sophy's office to nurse her. The third was Louisa. Sophy was the fourth girl. The names of the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth we do not know. The youngest were Margaret and Lucy. They were only nine and ten, and it was Sophy's office to educate them. Mrs. Crewler was a very superior woman, but the damp country was not adapted to her constitution and she had lost the use of her limbs. It was Sophy's office to take her place. In fact, Sophy was as much a mother to her own mother as to the nine girls.

Traddles' becoming engaged was, as he expressed it, rather a painful transaction. He told the incident

to Copperfield, and I cannot do better than repeat their conversation.

"You see," said Traddles, "Sophy being of so much use in the family, none of them could endure the thought of her ever being married. Indeed, they had quite settled among themselves that she never was to be married, and they called her the old maid. Accordingly, when I mentioned it, with the greatest precaution, to Mrs. Crewler—"

"The mama?" said David.

"The mama," said Traddles—"Reverend Horace Crewler—when I mentioned it with every possible precaution to Mrs. Crewler, the effect upon her was such that she gave a scream and became insensible. I couldn't approach the subject again, for months."

"You did at last?" said David.

"Well, the Reverend Horace did," said Traddles. "He is an excellent man, most exemplary in every way; and he pointed out to her that she ought, as a Christian, to reconcile herself to the sacrifice (especially as it was so uncertain), and to bear no uncharitable feeling towards me. As to myself, Copperfield, I give you my word, I felt a perfect bird of prey towards the family."

"The sisters took your part, I hope, Traddles?"

"Why, I can't say they did," he returned. "When we had comparatively reconciled Mrs. Crewler to it, we had to break it to Sarah. You recollect my mentioning Sarah, as the one that has something the matter with her spine?"

"Perfectly!"

"She clenched both her hands," said Traddles, looking at David in dismay; "shut her eyes; turned lead-colour; became perfectly stiff; and took nothing for two days but toast-and-water, administered with a tea-spoon."

"What a very unpleasant girl, Traddles!" David remarked.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Copperfield!" said Trad-

dle. "She is a very charming girl, but she has a great deal of feeling. In fact, they all have. Sophy told me afterwards, that the self-reproach she underwent while she was in attendance upon Sarah, no words could describe. I know it must have been severe, by my own feelings, Copperfield; which were like a criminal's. After Sarah was restored, we still had to break it to the other eight; and it produced various effects upon them of a most pathetic nature. The two little ones, whom Sophy educates, have only just left off detesting me."

"At any rate, they are all reconciled to it now, I hope?" said David.

"Ye—yes, I should say they were, on the whole, resigned to it," said Traddles, doubtfully. "The fact is, we avoid mentioning the subject; and my unsettled prospects and indifferent circumstances are a great consolation to them. There will be a deplorable scene, whenever we are married. It will be much more like a funeral than a wedding. And they'll all hate me for taking her away!"

Traddles' circumstances as well as the circumstances of the dearest girl made a long engagement necessary, but this did not dispirit Traddles. "Wait and hope" was his motto, and Sophy's. But they did not believe in leaving everything to the future. They had made a start toward housekeeping. They had two pieces of furniture to begin with, a flower pot and stand, and a little round table (two feet ten in circumference) with a marble top. The utility of these excellent articles was explained by Traddles to his friend and confidant Copperfield: "You put that (meaning the flower pot and stand) in a parlour-window, with a plant in it, and there you are!" And as to the table: "You want to lay a book down, you know, or somebody comes to see you or your wife, and wants a place to stand a cup of tea upon, and there you are again! It's an admirable piece of workmanship—firm as a rock." As Traddles justly

remarked, these were not a great deal toward the furnishing, but they were something. "The table-cloths, and pillow-cases, and articles of that kind are what discourage me most," he confessed. "So does the iron-mongery—candle-boxes, and gridirons, and that sort of necessaries—because those things tell, and mount up. However, 'wait and hope!' And I assure you she's the dearest girl."

At this period Traddles had the fourth of a room and the fourth of a clerk in the Inner Temple. His dwelling place was in a little street near the Veterinary College at Camden Town. This street was principally tenanted by veterinary students who bought live donkeys and made experiments upon them in their private apartments. It was not a very desirable street, as the inhabitants appeared to have a propensity to throw any little trifles they were not in want of, into the road: which not only made it rank and sloppy, but untidy too, on account of the cabbage leaves. In this street Traddles lodged and boarded with Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins Micawber who were established at this stage of their variegated career on (to use Mr. Micawber's words) what might be designated as a small and unassuming scale. In the expectation that certain events would turn up Mr. Micawber had fallen back before making what he trusted he should not be accused of presumption in terming—a spring. He had every reason to believe that a vigorous leap would shortly be the result. He was engaged in the sale of corn upon commission which, as he admitted, was not an avocation of a remunerative description. In the meantime Traddles had granted Mr. Micawber a friendly acceptance for the sum of £23 4s 9½d and this bill was not provided for. Neither were other obligations of Mr. Micawber's. The consequence was an execution for rent. Mrs. Micawber was in such a dreadful state that Traddles couldn't resist giving his name to a second bill, this time for £18 6s 2d. But this did

not save the situation. Within a week another execution came in and broke up the establishment. Traddles took a furnished apartment, and Mr. Micawber changed his name temporarily to Mortimer and went into seclusion with his family. The unfeeling broker who levied the execution carried off the flower pot and stand and the little round table with the marble top. As soon as Traddles had earned the necessary money he bought them in. He carried home the flower pot himself, with one of the most delighted expressions of countenance David Copperfield ever saw. The bills to which Traddles had put his name were never paid. Later on Mr. Micawber gave Traddles his I. O. U. for 41, 10, 11½ and so recovered his moral dignity, but Traddles never recovered the money.

About this time Thomas Traddles was able to do quite a service for his dear friend Copperfield. The latter's aunt, Miss Betsy Trotwood, found herself ruined. It was necessary for David to find remunerative employment at once, and Mr. Dick was eager to lend a hand. Traddles got Mr. Dick copying to do, and helped devise an expedient whereby that excellent gentleman was enabled to keep the bothersome head of Charles I out of the legal documents he copied. To Copperfield Traddles suggested shorthand reporting, and in order that David might acquire facility Traddles declaimed the speeches of Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Burke, Castlereagh and Canning while David, shorthand note book on knee, fagged after him with might and main. Those were great sessions. "The inconsistency and recklessness of Traddles were not to be exceeded by any real politician. He was for any description of policy, in the compass of a week; and nailed all sorts of colors to every denomination of mast."

Traddles too tried his hand at stenographic reporting, but it was not in his way, and he was perfectly good-humored about his failure, frankly

confessing that he always considered himself slow. However he had occasional employment on a newspaper, getting up the facts of dry subjects to be written about and embellished by more fertile minds. And he had been called to the bar.

This was about the time of David's marriage to Dora, on which occasion Traddles stood up with him while the dearest girl was one of the bridesmaids, Agnes being the other. Sophy came up from Devonshire to London for this great event. Copperfield found that she had the most agreeable of faces,—not absolutely beautiful, but extraordinarily pleasant,—and was one of the most genial, unaffected, frank, engaging creatures he had ever seen.

Traddles had helped David when David's aunt found herself ruined. It was his good fortune to assist in the rehabilitation of Miss Trotwood's fortune. He was among those present the day Mr. Micawber exposed the rascalities of Uriah Heep, and he held a power of attorney from Mr. Wickfield which he used to the very best possible advantage. He was now doing much better at the law and had chambers in Gray's Inn. At last it was possible for him to claim the dearest girl who had waited about three or four years with the most exemplary patience; and so they were married down in Devonshire, the Reverend Horace Crewler performing the ceremony. The circumstances surrounding the marriage were so remarkable that once more I must quote Traddles' own words:

"You see, my dear Copperfield, after I had delivered my argument in *Doe dem Jipes versus Wigzell*, which did me great service with the profession, I went down into Devonshire, and had some serious conversation in private with the Reverend Horace. I dwelt upon the fact that Sophy and I had been engaged for a long period, and that Sophy, with the permission of her parents, was more than content to take me—in short," said Traddles, with his old

frank smile, "on our present Britannia-metal footing. Very well. I then proposed to the Reverend Horace—who is a most excellent clergyman, Copperfield, and ought to be a Bishop; or at least ought to have enough to live upon, without pinching himself—that if I could turn the corner, say of two hundred and fifty pounds, in one year; and could see my way pretty clearly to that, or something better, next year; and could plainly furnish a little place like this, besides; then, and in that case, Sophy and I should be united. I took the liberty of representing that we had been patient for a good many years; and that the circumstance of Sophy's being extraordinarily useful at home, ought not to operate with her affectionate parents, against her establishment in life—don't you see?"

"Certainly it ought not," said Copperfield.

"I am glad you think so, Copperfield," rejoined Traddles, "because without any imputation on the Reverend Horace, I do think parents, and brothers, and so forth, are sometimes rather selfish in such cases. Well! I also pointed out that my most earnest desire was to be useful to the family; and that if I got on in the world, and anything should happen to him—I refer to the Reverend Horace—or to Mrs. Crewler—it would be the utmost gratification of my wishes, to be a parent to the girls. He replied in a most admirable manner, exceedingly flattering to my feelings, and undertook to obtain the consent of Mrs. Crewler to this arrangement. They had a dreadful time of it with her. It mounted from her legs into her chest, and then into her head—"

"What mounted?" asked David.

"Her grief," replied Traddles with a serious look. "Her feelings generally. As I mentioned on a former occasion, she is a very superior woman, but has lost the use of her limbs. Whatever occurs to harass her usually settles in her legs; but on this occasion it mounted to the chest, and then to the head and,

in short, pervaded the whole system in a most alarming manner. However, they brought her through it by unremitting and affectionate attention; and we were married yesterday six weeks. You have no idea what a Monster I felt, Copperfield, when I saw the whole family crying and fainting away in every direction! Mrs. Crewler couldn't see me before we left—couldn't forgive me then, for depriving her of her child—but she is a good creature, and has done so since."

It was an exceedingly happy marriage. As Traddles expressed it, Sophy and he had put to sea in a cockboat and were quite prepared to rough it. Traddles could not afford a home as well as chambers, so he took his bride to Gray's Inn where they did very nicely in three rooms, even finding accommodations for the sisters when they came to London on a visit. In this establishment all the furniture was plain and serviceable with the exception of the magnificent flower pot and stand and the little round table with the marble top. The tea-spoons were Britannia metal, but Traddles and Sophy consoled themselves with the reflection that the silver would be all the brighter when it came. Sophy learned to do law copying to eke out her husband's income, and became so expert that she could throw off ever so many folios an hour. Their pleasures were simple. They walked out on fine evenings, and looked into the glittering windows of the jewellers' shops, and Traddles showed Sophy which of the diamond-eyed serpents coiled up on white satin he would give her if he could afford it, and Sophy showed Traddles which of the gold watches she would buy for him if *she* could afford it. Sometimes they went at half-price to the pit of the theatre. And when they saw a fine house to let, they wondered how that would do for them if Traddles was made a judge.

The time came when Sophy didn't have to clerk for her husband any more. Traddles became a very

busy lawyer, and his hair (where he was not bald) was made more rebellious than ever by the constant friction of his wig. He was prosperous. His two sons were receiving the very best education. Three of the nine remaining Crewler girls were comfortably married. Three of them lived with Mr. and Mrs. Traddles. Three kept house for the Reverend Horace, now a widower. Traddles had been able to rent one of the houses Sophy and he had picked out on their evening walks. And there was every reason to believe that he would soon be made a judge.

Had good fortune altered him? Not in the least. The same kindliness, the same loveliness, the same simplicity characterized the eminent Mr. Traddles as when he was a boy at Mr. Creakle's and was flogged and drew skeletons. Speaking of skeletons, David said to him one day:

"I suppose you never draw any skeletons now?"

"Really," replied Traddles, laughing and reddening, "I can't wholly deny that I do, my dear Copperfield. For being in one of the back rows of the King's Bench the other day, with a pen in my hand, the fancy came into my head to try how I had preserved that accomplishment. And I am afraid there's a skeleton—in a wig—on the ledge of the desk."

No. Traddles had not changed. God bless him, Traddles could never change!

WHO WAS SHE?

By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD

There were times in the life of Arthur Minns when he didn't know whether he was standing on his head or his feet. "Everything looks different suddenly," as he expressed it. He saw things upside down, or inside out, or backwards forwards. And the condition first betrayed itself one afternoon when he returned unexpectedly from work—he was traveler to a publishing house—and found his wife talking over the teacups with a caller. He burst into the room before he knew that anyone was there and did not know how to escape without appearing rude. They were talking of many things, the sins of their neighbors in Maida Vale, chiefly, and after the pause and interruption caused by his unwelcome entrance, the caller, searching for a suitable subject, asked:

"You've heard about Captain Fox, I suppose?"

Mrs. Minns opened her eyes as though to read the other's thoughts. Evidently she had not heard.

"What's the latest about him?" she enquired cautiously.

"He's going to marry her," was the reply. "I know it for a fact. But don't say anything about it yet, because I heard it from Lady Spears who . . ." She dragged a good deal of Burke into the complicated explanation, making it as impressive as she could. Captain Fox was a gay young spark, no better than he should be, who paid rather frequent visits upon the young widow of the ground-floor flat, who should have been better than she was. The widow made her living by literature—phrase used by the other occupants of the building, but not by the neighborhood—and "the Captain" was well connected, very. Hence the malicious interest in their doings. To find that honest courtship explained the friendship was a violent disappointment. Mrs. Marks, the caller, being chiefly responsible for the darker inter-

pretation, wished to be the first to announce the innocent one, to claim authorship, indeed.

"Who'd ever have guessed *that*?" exclaimed Mrs. Minns, off her guard a moment. "You always told me—"

The face of her caller betrayed a passing flush.

"One always hoped," she began primly, when the other interrupted her with a firm, clear question. It was this question that first started the odd condition enjoyed subsequently by Minns, and referred to in the opening sentence. Mrs. Minns asked it, and Mrs. Minns was a good, clean, honest soul, while Arthur Minns was even simpler—a hard-working, gentle, saving and generous little man who knew the selling value of an author as well as he knew the title of every book his firm had published in the past twenty years. Just at this moment his wholesome little mind was wondering sweetly whether Captain and Mrs. Fox would be happy in their married life. He had been uncommonly happy himself; he longed for others to be the same. His natural thought ran spontaneously upon the chances of the new couple—on lines domestic, financial, love-in-a-cottage, children, and the rest. Yet vaguely only: there was nothing he could have said.

"Who was she, I wonder. Do you know?" came the amazing question.

And, hearing it, Arthur felt his world turn upside down a moment. He realized, that is, that his excellent, dear little wife saw it upside down.

Which came to the same thing. For his wife was a good, true woman, no modern complexity in her. Her present gossip was merely tact—adopting her caller's mood from sheer politeness. And for his wife to ask such a question was as if he had asked it himself. His world turned inside out. He rose abruptly, finding the energy to invent a true escaping-sentence.

"You ask who she was," he said, not with inten-

tional rudeness, yet firmly and with clear decision, "when what you ought to ask should be—"

Both ladies stared at him with surprise, waiting for him to finish. He was picking up the cup his sudden gesture had overturned.

"Who and what she is," concluded Mr. Minns with the astonishment of positive rebuke in his tone. "What does—what can it matter who she was? It's what she is that's of importance. The Captain's got to live with that. 'Who she was' is like thinking backwards and seeing things upside down.' And the escaping-sentence: "If you'll excuse me, Mrs. Marks, I have to go upstairs to see a book"—he hesitated, stammered, and ended in confusion—"about a book." And off he went, making a formal little bow at the door. He went into the dining room down the passage, vaguely aware that he had not behaved very nicely. "But of course I'm not a gentleman exactly," he said to himself, "what's called a gentleman, that is. Father was a chemist at Guildford."

He stood still a moment, then dropped into a chair beside the table with the red and black check cloth. His mind was working on all by itself, as it were.

"What I said was true, anyhow. People always ask, 'Who was she?' What the devil does that matter? It's what you are that counts. Father was a chemist, but I—I—"

He got up and walked over to the clock, because the clock stood on the mantelpiece with a mirror behind it. He wanted to see his own face. He stared at himself a moment without speaking, thinking or feeling anything. He put his tie straight and picked a bit of cotton from his shoulder.

"I am Arthur Minns, not a gentleman quite, not of much account anywhere perhaps, but a true workman, earning £250 a year, knowing all about the outside, but nothing about the inside, of books, thirty-seven years old, with a boy at the Grammar School, and a girl of sixteen in the house, and married to—

to—" He paused, turned from the mirror, and sat down. Who was she, now? It cost him an effort to remember—"To Mary Lumley, daughter of a corn-chandler in Norfolk, who might die any moment and leave us enough to live on," he went on, in a more comfortable position, passing his hand across his forehead, "and my life is insured, and I've put a bit by, and Alfred's to be a solicitor's clerk, and everything's going smoothly, except that taxes—"

The sound of an opening door disturbed him. He felt all confused in his mind. He heard Mrs. Marks saying loudly, "And please say good-bye for me to your 'usband,"—it was suspiciously like a dropped h—as though intending he should hear and understand she bore him no ill will for his bad manners, and, as the steps went downstairs, the two questions came back upon him like pistol shots:

"Who was she? Who am I?"

He realized he had been wandering from the point.

"I'm a centre of life, independent and unafraid," thought flashed an answer. "I'm what I make myself, what I think myself. I'm not seeing things upside down; I'm beginning to think for myself, and that's what it is. No one, nor nothing, nor anything anywhere in the world," he went on, mixed in speech, but clear in mind, "can prevent me from being anything I feel myself, will myself, say I am. I've never read nor thought nor bothered my head about things before. By heavens! I'll begin. I have begun. . . !"

"What's the matter, Artie? Have you got a headache, or is it the books bothering you, dear?" His wife had stolen in upon him.

She put her hand upon his forehead, and he got up and faced her.

"I've made a discovery," he said with exhilaration in his manner, "a great discovery." He looked triumphantly at her. "I am."

"What are you?" she asked, thinking he was joking, and his sentence left unfinished on purpose.

"I am," he repeated with emphasis. "I have discovered that I am, that I exist. Your question to that woman made me suddenly see it."

His wife looked flustered, but said nothing. Arthur continued:

"As yet, I don't know exactly what I am, but I mean to find out. Up till now I've been automatic, just doing things because other people do 'em. But I've discovered that's not necessary. I'm going to do things in future because I want to. But first I must find out why I am what I am. Then the explanation'll come—of everything. Do you see what I mean? It's a case of 'Enquire within upon everything.'"

"Do you mean you're going to start in the publishing line, Artie?" It had always been her secret ambition.

"That may come later," he told her, "when I've something to say. For it's big, you know, it's really big, this discovery of mine. Most people never find it out at all. She"—indicating with his thumb the direction Mrs. Marks had taken—"hasn't, for instance. She simply isn't aware that she exists. She isn't."

"Isn't what, dear?"

"She is not, I mean because she doesn't know she is," he said loudly.

"Oh, that way. I see." Mrs. Minns looked a wee bit frightened.

"There are strange, big things about these days, I know," she said after a pause, thinking of the books with queer titles his employers published. "You have been reading too much, thinking and—"

"Mary," he interrupted, in a tone that convinced her his head was momentarily turned, "that's the whole trouble. I've never thought in my life."

"But why should you, dear?" she soothed him, wondering if fits began this way, or if people who lost their memory and wandered off had symptoms like this first. "You always do your work splendidly.

Don't think, is what I say. It always leads to trouble—"

"Hardly ever—till this moment," he was saying in the grave, emphatic way that so alarmed her. "Not even when I asked you to marry me, when Alfred was born, or Joan, or when we took this flat, or anything."

"You've made a great success of your life without it anyhow, Joe, dear. And no woman could ask more than that. D'you feel unwell? Joan can fetch Dr. Monson in a moment."

"I feel better and bigger and stronger," he replied, "than ever before in my life. I have never been really alive till this moment. I am—and for the first time I know it. I'm experiencing." He stopped short, as Joan went down the passage, pausing a moment to look in, then tactfully going on her way again. "Mary," he said, as their heads turned back from the door together, "do you know what 'experiencing' is? D'you realize what the word means?"

She sat down, resting her arms upon the table. She looked quietly into his eyes, as one who is about to speak out of greater knowledge.

"Joe, dear, I have had experiences of my own, you know."

"Yes, yes, I know, you good old soul. I know, I know. But what I mean is—do you get the meaning, the real meaning of the word?"

She sighed audibly. "Not your meaning, perhaps," she meant. But she did not say it. She was a precious woman, words few in her.

"It means," he said, delighted with her exquisite silence, "it means—er—" He thought hard a moment. "Experience," he went on, "is that 'something' which changes potatoes into nourishment, and so into emotion. That's it. Until you eat potatoes, you don't exist. Until you have experiences, you don't exist. When you have experiences, and know that you have them, you—persist."

She gasped aloud. She took his hand—very quietly, hoping he would mistake it for a caress, while surreptitiously she felt his pulse.

“Joe, dear,” she said, softly as in their courtship day—she loved him very dearly—“such ideas don’t come into your head from nowhere. Has someone been talking to you?”

For his pulse was very quiet.

“Have you been reading the firm’s books, dear?”

She asked it gently, forgivingly, as a mother might ask her boy—“Have you been tasting father’s whisky?” The books were meant to sell to book-sellers, to the public, to people who needed that particular kind of excitement. Her husband was to be trusted. He was not supposed to know what they contained. His line of trade was chiefly medical, psychological, religious, philosophical. Fiction was another “line”—for the apprentice. Joe was an expert “traveler.” He was expected to talk about his wares, but not as one who read them. Merely their selling value was his strong point.

By the expression of his face she knew the answer.

He leaned back in his chair, just as he did sometimes when he asked what there was for dinner—the same real interest in his eyes—and he answered very calmly:

“My dear, I have. *Cogito ergo sum*. For the first time I understood, in theory, that I existed. My reading taught me that. But I never knew it in practice until just now, when I heard you ask that question about the future Mrs. Fox: ‘Who was she?’ And then I knew also that you—”

“You what?” enquired Mrs. Minns, bridling.

“Were unaware that you existed,” he replied.

“Aren’t you a little beside yourself, Joe,—sort of excited, or something?” she asked, proud of her tact and self-control. “What else could I have said? How could I have put it different?”

"Mary," he answered gently, "you should have said, 'What is she?' For that would have meant you thought for yourself. It would have meant that you knew who you were, and that you knew she was."

"Original," said Mrs. Minns slowly, catching her husband's meaning.

"True," he answered, "just as when, years ago you were looking at the prehistoric things in the Crystal Palace grounds, and the band was playing a waltz, and the sun was lovely, and you said, 'Yes.' Do you remember?"

Somehow or other she had got upon his knee, and their faces were close together. She understood his meaning—in a way. She looked into his glorious eyes. He was the exceptional man she had always believed him to be. Something big, caught from his proximity, stirred strangely in her. She said, at random, something bigger than she knew:

"Then you mean, that until a person thinks for himself upon the common little everyday things of life, he's not really alive—independent, true, real, is it? Is that it, Joe, darling?"

He smiled indulgently. He kissed her paternally. He realized what a long way he had traveled.

"That's part of it," he replied, kissing her. "To ask who she was, is to accept the judgment of the common mass. To ask what she is means that you think for yourself—and want the truth. If a man asked me who you were—I'd—" Mr. Minns made a movement that half shook her from his knee.

"What dear?" she murmured adoringly.

"Knock him down," said Mr. Minns with grandeur.

Then Joan came in noisily, singing down the corridor as she came. But, before she could ask whether it was to be cold lamb or curry for supper, her father was on his feet.

"I'm going to take you both out tonight," he said. "We'll dine at a restaurant in the West End." And they did.

THE LANTERN

Edited by
Theodore E Bonnet and Edward E O'Day

*It is better to search for the truth of what
concerns us than to hunt for an honest man*

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THE LANTERN

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No. 11

The Slump in the Box-Office

By THEODORE F. BONNET

In venturing to challenge a pretty generally accepted dictum touching affairs in the theatre I am prepared to be asked the question Charles Lamb put to Dr. Nott—"Who the devil are you?" I am prepared to answer that my name is not a household word for eminence in the amusement business; that I never owned a theatre, never produced a play. Only a student of things theatrical, with a simple faith in the mission of the stage, I venture nevertheless to dispute the dictum that the cinema is ruining the theatre of the spoken drama, and to assert that on the contrary the cinema is doing the twin arts—acting and the drama—a lot of good. Herein my thesis, in so far as I have a thesis, is that the theatre of the spoken drama put playgoers in the mood for the "movies." Talked almost to death by the spoken drama, playgoers were resuscitated by the speechless drama, which made its appearance providentially at the psychological moment. And now the cinema with its inarticulate drama of quick action and sensation is making us understand what the matter is with the theatre Shakespeare used to write for. But the cinema is not wholly responsible for the slump in the box office. The slump in the box-office was in a large measure induced by the failure of the manager to give playgoers what they wanted. The manager thought he knew what was wanted, but he was mistaken.

When hard times came along a few years ago the cheapness of the "movies" appealed to people athirst

for amusement, but they were already turning their back on the spoken drama and the untutored actor. The art of the theatre had been suffered to deteriorate. There had been evolved a kind of drama that was no drama at all, whose first and last object was talk. The theatre was darkened with the vapors of tedious debate, and playgoers were plunged into the profounds of boredom. The theatre is a pleasure-house to which we go for delight and to indulge our sense of art, but some playwrights have seemed to be under the impression that the stage was only a rostrum, while others wrote as though they thought the drama should be divorced from reality and that plots should be distilled through popular magazines. We were asked to take plots for granted like the solar system. Plays were written for the tired business man on the theory that he goes to the theatre to quit thinking and give his brain a complete rest. As though to insure him against exhaustion, and lest the slightest sting of veracity imperil his digestive system, he was soused in sloppy sentimentality and shielded from common sense and reality. All the while managers were making actors over night for Road Company No. 5 or No. 6 and starting sweet girls on the fast track to stardom which is something less than a block long on Broadway.

Thus we see the cinema was invented just in time to fill a void and satisfy the demand for distraction and diversion. The cinema is a most momentous invention. It has made a great stir in the world. It is having a tremendous influence. Although in its infancy, it is the most powerful of all agencies for the moulding of public opinion and public taste; for it tells its story to the illiterate as well as to the literate, and it is going to produce effects that all the cheap books, all the yellow newspapers and all the oratorical demagogues in the world could never produce. But the cinema is having no ill-effect on the dramatic art.

As I have suggested, before the cinema the dra-

matic art had been impaired in its own home, among its own friends. This is true of the dramatic art only in this country. Elsewhere the art of the theatre in all its aspects was flourishing up to the breaking out of the war. This art has been in a state of transition for many years, ever since Ibsen substituted for the drama of external action what Maeterlinck describes as the drama "that reveals human consciousness." It was Ibsen who first showed us that not all the crises of life are on the surface; that the greatest of them are in silent hidden ways. Most of the dramas of the pre-Ibsen period began with a love affair, and ended with a marriage. Ibsen gave us the psychological drama that begins with joyful domesticity and ends with a family explosion. For a time the Drama of Ideas, as it was called, had a monopoly of the stage. It was full of the battlecries of advanced people intent either on posing problems or solving burning questions. The theory of today was expounded behind the footlights of tomorrow. The writers of these plays were regarded as disciples of Ibsen because they imitated his stagecraft. But Ibsen was a philosopher who had something to say, and whose dramas took life in the warmth of the footlights. His so-called disciples were able to follow his methods, but they had nothing in particular to say. The problems they sweated over were problems contrived by college professors for intellectual exercise in feminine clubland. These playwrights were superior persons who disdained the elementary conflicts and the primitive emotions. Not for them such complications as a Pinero or a Henry Arthur Jones or a Sudermann can invent, but they enabled us to eavesdrop on intimate domestic episodes and to inspect naked souls from high spiritual levels. It was a novel experience, but unfortunately the naked souls belonged to lopsided men and women who were never able to stand the test of afterthought. Drama of this sort gets on the nerves in time and makes one long for the entrancing atmosphere of the

lordly passionate life, and feel that even a farce like *Pink Dominoes* or a melodrama like *The Silver King* might prove a great relief.

We demand above all things in a play dramatic vitality, and if the characters are persons who were born defective, and whose lives have thrills only for persons with the artistic temperament, the play is fit only for that solemn drudge, the critic whose function is performed only to keep body and soul together. There is a very natural desire in playgoers to see something happen, and whatever it is they like to see it happen to persons like themselves or to persons whom they fondly imagine themselves to be like. Hence it is that plays like *On Trial* and like the Cohan masterpiece *Seven Keys to Baldpate* have a great vogue in the theatre.

Now it was because people were not getting what they wanted, because they were surfeited with the fare furnished forth by uninspired imitators of Ibsen and by the pamphleteers of the burning problems school, that the "movie" drama, crude and vulgar as it is, proved a strong counter attraction. It proved so strong an attraction that it produced a panic in the theatre. Managers jumped to the conclusion that a revolution had been wrought by the cinema, which would soon put an end to the spoken drama. Our theatre managers are alarmists. What they were attributing to the cinema was in a large measure due to themselves—to their own incompetency. For be it known, our theatre managers have much to learn about their own business. The theatrical business is the only business in which men in this country have succeeded though absolutely ignorant of one of its essential elements—the drama itself. Among our producers there are few managers informed in the current literature of the drama. All of them depend chiefly on "readers" who are supposed to have excellent judgment, but what the value of their judgment is we may infer from the many failures that occur on the New York stage

every year; also from the successful plays that have been rejected in New York—a notable instance being *The Blue Bird*, which was produced in this country only after the merits of it had been made manifest by a London production. There is a very large mass of evidence of the incompetence of the persons who pass judgment on the merits and demerits of plays in our great centre of production. By way of palliating their blunders they tell us that nobody can tell anything about a play until it is produced. This is a very familiar patter in the theatrical world. And there is nothing more to it than patter.

That an unacted play will be an enormous success it would be folly for anybody to predict, but assuredly the fatal defects of a play crude of conception and construction are not imperceptible to the eye of an intelligent critic. Moreover the shrewd critic may perceive elements that will ensure success and that are not accessible to the faculties of the average theatre manager or professional reader of conventional plays.

The history of the theatre in modern Europe abounds in proof of the purblindness and ignorance of professional producers and their readers. Some of the best of modern plays were rejected dramas. Fancy an opera like Charpentier's *Louise* going the rounds for years! It was rejected by every manager in Paris. For all that is great in the modern drama and theatre we are indebted to artists and literary folk who gave the stage fresh material when it was disintegrating from dry rot. It was because of the obtuseness of managers that Ibsen struggled in obscurity in Norway and remained in obscurity to be discovered by a society of literary men. The Abbey Theatre of Dublin, made famous by Yeats and Lady Gregory, was a protest against the dulness of managers. And now the arrival of the Irish Players in London is one of the regular events of the summer season. Theirs are the really precious

weeks of the London playgoer. In no other theatre but the one they appear in is the Britisher able to forget the common traffic in plays between manager and public. They produce fine dramas, and they give speech that is beautiful, feeling simple and sincere.

What amateurs did in Dublin, amateurs did also in Paris. Antoine was the founder of the Theatre Libre. He was unknown in the theatre. He was employed as a clerk in a gas company. He raised the necessary funds for his theatre among his friends. The first play he produced was snapped up by the Odeon, so great was its success. He introduced thirty unknown playwrights to Paris. Among them were Ibsen, Catulle Mendes, Tolstoi, Turgenieff and Zola. He tasted the anodyne of complete success.

The most notable instance of the rescue of the theatre from the hands of incompetent professional managers is to be found in the history of the Moscow Art Theatre, the influence of which has been felt all over the continent of Europe and in England. That famous theatre was born in a period when although every other form of art, not only in Russia, but all over Europe, was undergoing a revival, the art of the stage in Russia remained stagnant and drowsy. Sardou was supplying plays for the Russians in the late eighteen-nineties when Chekhoff's *Seagull* was "turned down" in the Imperial Alexandra Theatre. In that year an academic prize was awarded to Nemirovitch-Danchenko for his play *The Price of Life*. He refused the prize, saying that by right it belonged to Chekhoff. About that time a rich Moscow merchant by the name of Stanislavsky, a name now familiar to all the theatrical world, was trying to do something for the drama in Russia. He was an amateur actor. He founded the Moscow Society of Art and Literature. With two or three other merchants he started the Moscow Art Theatre in a big barn in the grounds of a country home. There they gave

a number of amateur performances. The actors and actresses, now world-famous, used to make their own scenery, prepare their own meals and sweep the stage. In this theatre was produced Chekhoff's *Seagull*. The curtain went down on the first act in dead silence. The audience was spellbound, but about the time the actors reached their dressing-rooms the whole house broke into such a roar of applause as Moscow had never heard before. After the last act the audience stood up as one man and demanded that a telegram expressing its feelings be at once sent to Chekhoff who was ill in the Crimea.

The *Seagull* made the Art Theatre, and in grateful memory the directors chose as the emblem of the house a seagull. It is commonly known in Russia as the theatre of the *Seagull*. It has one of the most modern and best equipped stages in the world. The theatre has a stock company of one hundred people, and this company has made a tour of Europe, which was a great financial as well as a great artistic success.

We are a very cultured people in this country—so we think; and we have many theatres, but we have few managers who ever heard of Chekhoff or his *Seagull* or his famous *The Cherry Orchard*, or any of his plays which have been produced in Berlin, Paris and London. And certainly we have no theatre like the Moscow Art Theatre, nor have we any merchants with an artistic interest in the drama. However, I have permitted myself to indulge in the pastime described by Balzac as “smoking perfumed cigarettes;” that is to say, I have amused myself by pondering an airy theatre project to which I have but small hope of giving a local habitation or a name. My hope is small because to realize it I must separate a man from his money, and I am not an experienced or tactful promoter. True, I have enthusiasm for the stage, and what is more, I have absolute confidence in my project, but it has none

of the characteristics of any of the enterprises with which the average millionaire is on speaking terms. It is the sort of thing wherewith to frighten a millionaire merely by mentioning it. So you see my problem is far from facile. O, for a bevy of Clutterbucks! According to Hilaire Belloc, Clutterbuck is the typical successful business man. He was swindled into fortune. Time and again he was taken in on the ground floor by promoters who enriched him contrary to their own expectations. Fate performed miracles for Clutterbuck. Now I believe that only a Clutterbuck would be susceptible to my enthusiasm; only a Clutterbuck or a millionaire with imagination who would like his name to go echoing down the ages.

But I am forgetting you, dear reader. You are my friend, and will listen. What I wish to do is what Antoine did. I wish to do in San Francisco what Antoine did in Paris; not what the three merchants of Moscow did in that city, because that would be too much. There is a great and genuine love of art in Russia; hardly any at all in this country. And the Art Theatre of Moscow is now an institution. It has its own dramatic school. Besides it has a big orchestra, a choir and, in addition to the company, a staff of about a hundred people engaged in various other departments connected with the school; also an experimental stage on which the young actors and students give regular performances of plays by young authors. No, I have no thought of anything approximating to the Moscow Art Theatre. For the present it would be enough to follow in the footsteps of Antoine, and give the people drama worth seeing. Though there is no end of good drama in the world we are not getting any of it. Half the best literary artists of our time have devoted themselves, entirely or in large measure, to writing plays. Just before the war, from Moscow to Rome, from Paris to New York the air was trembling with proclamations of the artistic and social missions of

the drama. Repertory theatres and producing societies sprang up everywhere with the object of staging plays that appeal to the brain and the spirit. The drama was usurping one by one most of the functions of the printed word; never, even in the days of Aristophanes or of Shakespeare, did the theatre touch the communal life at so many points. The modern theatre had become among other things a pulpit, a platform, a legal and economic research bureau and a debating hall. But San Francisco except at long intervals has been aside from the current. Now I am for putting the old city on the theatre map; but let it not be supposed that I wish to make the stage a pulpit or platform for the discussion of theses. When one pleads for excellence of any kind in literature or the theatre, one is almost immediately suspected of wishing to deprive the world of its lightness of heart. Excellence suggests solemnity, long hair and a tall forehead. There seems to be an inevitable association of ideas between merit, moral or esthetic, and dullness. Whilst I should like to see the theatre brought into close touch with reality, I am not partial to propagandist plays. The "movies" have made us see that the propagandist play is played out, and therefore the "movie" is really elevating the stage of the spoken word. A handbook to therapeutics may be Art; likewise plays that call attention to disease and insanitation, but I prefer plays that deal with the more general topics of God, Destiny and Human Nature without ramming any particular deductions down anybody's throat. If a propagandist play happens also to have the qualities of fine comedy or tragedy, then it may be acceptable but not otherwise. (I am only giving you an inkling of the main rule for the playhouse that I have visualized in the wreaths of smoke from my perfumed cigarettes.) There are propagandist plays of which I am tolerant, but I want to get the money. I want to make the San Francisco theatre a monetary

success. To the purely intellectual the polemical or the propagandist play may be acceptable as an alternative to the poetic drama, but I harbor the notion that it is not an entirely satisfying substitute. In the nature of things it cannot appeal to the average man, and the average man has been going to the movies. He was bored in the theatre, first, by the extreme conventionality of the society play with its narrow appeal and its everlasting repetition of types, and, secondly, by the ethically militant propagandist in rebellious drama bristling with animosities and animated by restless persons suffering from a world out of joint and crazy to set it right. Who wouldn't want to go to the "movies" after sitting through a problem play like Gus Thomas's *As a Man Thinks*?

What I purpose giving the people are the best works of the best playwrights. If I give a Hauptmann play it will not be symbolical drama for the esthetes to rave over; it will be a play wherein there is a supremacy of sensation. Hauptmann has written some great melodramas, but they have never been seen in this country. Strindberg, Masefield, Galsworthy, Schnitzler, Granville Barker, Suderman, Synge—all have written plays to thrill the average man, not one of which has ever been seen in San Francisco. Few of them have been seen anywhere in this country: not even in the so-called Little Theatres which have been opened in several towns by small groups of devotees of high-class drama. If the Little Theatres have not been a success it is because they appeal chiefly to the highbrow. My plan is to appeal to the general with plays that have the literary quality but that appeal to all lovers of good fiction. There are plays galore of this character, and it is my theory that good plays, the handiwork of skilled craftsmen, are more enjoyable even to the crowd than the ordinary claptrap plays of American manufacture. This theory is borne out by the success in this city of such plays as *The Blue*

Bird, Peter Pan, Kismet, Milestones, Seven Keys to Baldpate and Man and Superman.

My whole plan, including as it does, details of management and patronage, is quite elaborate, and I will not spread it all before you. I remember that Mr. Samuel Weller once remarked that a letter should not exhaust its subject. "She'll wish there was more," he said of his valentine to the pretty housemaid. This may be true of my readers. Perhaps the art of the promoter is the knack of suggesting new lines of thought and leaving them unexplored.

MY ECCENTRIC UNCLE

By EDWARD F. O'DAY

I wonder if I can interest you in my late lamented uncle? I was very fond of him, my loss is recent, and I simply have to tell somebody about him to relieve the oppression upon my feelings. It may be that my affection speaks rather than my judgment when I say that uncle was the salt of the earth, a man in a thousand. That, however, is my firm opinion, and I regard it as his memory's due that I should try to impress the same opinion upon you. Doubtless I shall bore you, so in all fairness I promise to listen any time you see fit to tell me about *your* uncle or your grandfather or whichever relative you happen to be most proud of. Everybody has such a relative, whom not to boast about is to be less than human. To have a good family line is to inherit valuable experience of life. I heard uncle say that, and he added that things might have gone differently in the Garden of Eden if Adam and Eve had only had relatives to pattern after.

I suppose uncle was what the world calls *eccentric*. Not that he wore queer clothes, or behaved preposterously at table, or did anything in a way to make you lift the eyebrow. But his opinions in many matters breasted the current of thought, and he never was averse to expressing them. You might shrug your shoulders at uncle's notions, but you listened when he talked because he was a ripe man who had seen a great deal of life and thought after his own fashion about all that he had seen. He valued ripeness in other men. I think his favorite quotation from Shakespeare (whom he pretended never to read) was this wise saying of the Fool in *As You Like It*:

And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.

The trouble with most men, uncle used to say, was that either they rotted as soon as they ripened, or else never ripened at all. He thought a green old man a sorry spectacle, and said so whenever a college president made an ass of himself. As this happened every three days during his later years I was in no danger of forgetting uncle's remark.

Uncle did not care much for vice crusaders. He used to laugh and say that for years before the fire there was a splendid painting over the altar of Old St. Mary's, but that he never heard of a vice crusader stopping to view it on his way to the Barbary Coast. And he told me that there were very interesting nuns doing missionary work in Chinatown, but the vice crusaders never learned this fact, they were so eager to have a peep at Commercial street. He often wondered whether the trustees of certain fashionable churches knew as much about their pastors as the police did. He told me once that one of the most inspiring spectacles he ever saw was a Chicago drummer rebuking a minister for telling a dirty story. Uncle thought the drummer was sincere because he laughed at the story when it was told in a crowd, and rebuked the minister very gently when they were alone together. Uncle called that real respect for the cloth. He thought the cloth ought to be respected even when the wearer treated it like a hand-me-down. But he said that if there were as many traitors in the uniform of Uncle Sam as in the uniform of Christ, it would be wise for all of us to become "too proud to fight."

Uncle was angry with me once when I laughed at a Los Angeles deacon who had fallen a victim to the badger game.

"Charity," uncle said, "must be exercised, or it will not grow. If you exercise your charity every time such a misfortune happens to a Los Angeles deacon, it will grow till it is large enough to embrace all the frailties of mankind."

Uncle's skepticism had a peculiar slant.

"I have certain doubts about this Long Beach scandal," he told me. "It rests upon the testimony of private detectives who are the most unimaginative people in the world. I cannot believe that all the Long Beach saints sin in one and the same way."

Uncle had small affection for modern reformers, but promised to think better of them when a few went to the stake for their opinions. He hated all prohibitions except those contained in the Decalogue. He never tasted grapejuice in his life, but conceded that it might be an excellent beverage for reformed drunkards. He was not too fond of saloons, holding that they tended somewhat to corrupt the noble sport of Christian drinking; but he had a tender feeling for innkeepers, and often wondered whether the proprietors of blind pigs would ever beget such children as Saint Monica, Rabelais, Will D'Avenant, Murat, Martin Van Buren, Verdi, Porfirio Diaz and many others who, he told me, were born of men that sold spirits for a livelihood.

Uncle was not fond of talking religion. But he said that there must be a Hell since certain self-made millionaires of his acquaintance had nothing but happiness in this life; and that there must be a Heaven as he once knew a beggar who starved to death and died on his knees, praying.

He had the utmost compassion for streetwalkers, but to kept women with fine clothes and expensive apartments he always applied a Biblical word very offensive to polite ears that are attuned to the stories current in our best society. He insisted he was no cynic, and to prove it declared that he believed in the virtue of many women who had none.

Uncle defended the double standard of morals. He hoped that women would never be as bad as the leaders of their sex wanted them to be. And what would it avail, he asked, to make men as virtuous as women? Would women love them more than they do now? *Could* women love them more than they do now? If this argument shocked the women to

whom uncle expressed it, he was wont to ask them if they had ever investigated polyandry. And he used to say that divorces for adultery would diminish if women were denied the use of the telephone during the cocktail hour before dinner.

Uncle told me that he had heard in the course of a lifetime forty-three reasons why mothers should not nurse their own babies, and that forty-two of them were bad reasons. He professed not to understand why sophistries should be advanced in favor of the artificial limitation of offspring when twin beds were within the reach of all except the desperately poor with whom the thing was no problem. He abhorred Emma Goldman and other preachers of contraception, saying that it was a woman's noblest duty to *rock* the cradle, but that Emma and the rest preferred to *stone* it. And he said, if would explain a male anarchist—*cherchez la femme*, but don't tell on her, as her husband thinks she is merely interested in parlor socialism. The most innocent woman he ever knew, uncle said, was the mother of a dozen children; and the most corrupt the chairwoman of a purity committee who was called an old maid. He said his idea of unreasonable complaining was exemplified by a woman of fashion with three childless marriages to her discredit who suffered terribly from cancer and cried out that God had mistreated her.

The only time I knew uncle to be discourteous to a woman was when one asked him to sign a petition for a judge's recall. He insisted that this was no enormity on his part, because the woman had once entreated his influence on behalf of her son who had violated the Mann Act. Woman's uplift clubs, he thought, were a harmless diversion for matrons who had passed the grand climacteric. As for that species of woman's club where leisured females go to drink gin fizzes, smoke cigarettes and exchange scandal, he had a queer theory that it was imitated from the oriental harem, but spoiled in the borrow-

ing. He professed to see a subtle distinction between certain metaphors.

"The tough who calls his girl a *skirt*," he said, "knows that a skirt is the symbol of modesty. The rounder who calls her a *chicken* is thinking of the cold bottle in the *cabinet particulier*."

Uncle's literary likings were few but pronounced. He never outgrew Dickens and Longfellow. He never read Russian novelists or even learned to pronounce their names. He prided himself on never having read a German philosopher, not even Carlyle. He had no use for nonsense books like *Alice in Wonderland* and *A Night in the Luxembourg*. He made no merit of not reading Henry James, declaring that he was quite content to wait until James's writings were translated into English—and he hoped that would not happen during his lifetime. He read, once, a story by Robert W. Chambers, and said it left him with a dirty, sticky feeling, as on the days when he missed his morning tub and shave. Nevertheless he preferred the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* to the *Atlantic Monthly*, explaining that the writers for the former once had souls, although they had sold them; and that the contributors to the latter were not writers but Spencerian penmen. He thought the style of most of our American writers would be vastly improved if the capital *I* were wrenched off their typewriters. He used to wonder why it was that our writers of sweet love stories were so often divorced by their wives on the ground of cruelty; and why the sex novels of the highest smell were written by middle-aged spinsters. I never heard uncle say that an erotic book was a work of art—or refuse to read one. I remember that he burned a copy of *Fanny Hill* that fell into his hands—after perusing it with great attention.

"This," he told me, pointing to a particularly improper passage, "is what Elinor Glyn means by her asterisks."

When the talk was of the drama uncle liked to

lead the conversation back to Joe Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle. He confided to me once that he was never quite the same after the death of Little Eva became a joke. And he used to say that when Augustin Daly died several players of the company died too, only they didn't know it. He had a favorite saying that the degeneration of American morals began when the Amazon chorus of *The Black Crook* ceased to be regarded as sinful. Also that about the time of the *Florodora* sextet the chorus girl stopped looking her mother in the eye.

I fear that uncle had no very high regard for representative government. He made light of senators and the like.

"Suppose," he put it, "that it should be said of Californians: By their *Works* ye shall know them," and he shuddered.

Uncle once declared that the Roman Empire would never have lasted as long as it did had it possessed yellow newspapers. And he used to say that no doubt people called medieval times the Dark Ages because electricity had not been discovered then; at least, he added, he could conceive of no other reason. He said retribution had come on France because she had lent Voltaire to Frederick the Great; and that it was too bad, for France's sake, that Voltaire had not died in his cradle.

I never heard uncle speak ill of a struggling artist, nor praise one who had arrived, except behind his back.

When drawn on juries I think he very rarely voted for conviction.

Uncle was not rich. He used to thank God for keeping him poor, as he feared that riches would unbridle vices on which poverty compelled him to keep a tight rein. I do not think he was a very happy man; he laughed too much, and did not smile easily. Yet he was far from miserable, for there was no envy in his makeup.

Uncle professed to be a great coward. Yet I

never saw him take a clove from a bar, or withhold his eye from a slender ankle, or refrain from spending money frivolously because the banker who lent it him was looking on, or pretend that he was not frightened when a jitney just missed killing him.

That uncle was no fool is certain, for I have known him to keep his hand on his watch while conversing with a politician known as "Honest" This or "Honest" That. He did not conceal his pleasure when a police captain or a battalion chief called him by his first name. He always said that as he was not in politics this was real distinction. He confessed to me that he felt a glow when a baby showed it liked him. I have known uncle to be bored in the company of a multimillionaire, and hugely delighted at gaining the confidence of a pickpocket.

Uncle told me once that it would be no crime to shoot certain captains of finance because they had no more souls than their corporations or their wives' lapdogs; but that it would be a very serious offense to lynch certain college professors because they were not in God's grace and would go straight to Hell. But this was his Pickwickian vein.

Uncle was, I think, a keen judge of men, but never a severe judge except of public characters. Roosevelt he used to dismiss with the remark that history had no instance of a great man who was also loquacious. Lincoln was the nearest approach, he added; but while Lincoln loved to talk he was so far from being talkative that people thought him silent.

I asked uncle one day what would be President Wilson's place in history.

"Of course you mean in American history," he replied: "for President Wilson has exerted no influence on world affairs." And he added: "He may possibly be remembered longer than Chester Arthur if a cigar is named after him. But it will depend on the quality of the weed."

I am afraid uncle despised Bryan—I say *afraid*

because I cannot help thinking this was a weakness in uncle. To despise Bryan seems so superfluous. Uncle said Bryan was trying to reverse the Biblical order, for in the Bible the dove of peace came after the Deluge whereas with Bryan the dove of peace came first and the deluge was pretty apt to follow. Uncle said that the Chautauqua Circuit had converted Bryan to the gold standard; also that he sometimes thought Bryan would rather be wrong than President.

Of John D. Rockefeller uncle remarked that he had nothing on his mind but his hair, and that was a toupee.

Of Billy Sunday I remember uncle saying that poor Billy would have a hard time of it in the Paradise League because St. Peter was a strict umpire and would probably *bench* him for foul language.

Of Dr. Aked he said that it was a sad thing to see the auctioneer place himself under the hammer.

Uncle said he would like to see how tall Henry Ford would look in the presence of Joan of Arc; also that he doubted whether Luther Burbank knew as much about plants as Brother Juniper, let alone Francis of Assisi.

Poor uncle! He expired of an apoplexy while trying to express his opinion of Hearst.

THE MISANTHROPE

By J. D. BERESFORD

Since I have returned from the rock and discussed the story in all its bearings, I have begun to wonder if the man made a fool of me. In the depths of my consciousness I feel that he did not. Nevertheless, I cannot resist the effect of all the laughter that has been evoked by my narrative. Here on the mainland the whole thing seems unlikely, grotesque, foolish. On the rock the man's confession carried absolute conviction. I am thankful that my circumstances are conducive to sanity. No one appreciates the mystery of life more than I do; but when the mystery involves such a doubt of oneself, I find it pleasanter to forget. Naturally, I do not want to believe the story. If I did I should know myself to be some kind of human horror.

The misanthrope had lived on the Gulland Rock through the whole winter. The fact of his presence on that awful lump of rock was now accepted by the country people. I went out one night to the point of Gunver Head and saw a light within his distant hut; a patch of golden lichen on the mother parasite. Some aspect of humanity I found in that light it was that finally decided me; that and some quality of sympathy, perhaps, with the hermit—mad, criminal, or lovelorn?—who had found sanctuary from the pestilent touch of the encroaching crowd. It was, in fact, a wildish night, and I stayed until the little yellow speck went out, and all I could see through the murk was an occasional canopy of curving spray when the elbow of the Trevoise Light touched a bare corner of that black Gulland.

The making of a decision was no difficult matter, but while I waited for the necessary calm that would permit the occasional boat to land provisions on the island two miles out from the mainland, I suffered qualms of doubt and nervousness. My nervousness suffered no decrease as we approached the rock and

saw the figure of its single inhabitant awaiting our arrival. I had some consolation in the thought that he would be in some way prepared by the sight of a passenger; but my mind shuddered at the necessity for using some conventional form of address if I would make at once my introduction and excuse. My self-consciousness increased as we came nearer to the single opening among the spiked rocks, that served as a miniature harbor at half-tide. I felt that I was being watched by the man who now stood awaiting us at the water's edge. The sound of the hermit's voice startled me.

"Fairly decent weather today," he remarked.

The boatmen were conveying their cargo up to the hut.

I looked up and met his stare. He was regarding me with a curious effect of concentration, as if he were eager to note every detail of my expression.

"Jolly," I replied. "Been pretty beastly the last day or two. Kept you rather short, has it?"

"I make allowances for that," he said. "Keep a reserve, you know. Are you staying over there?" He nodded towards the bay.

"For a week or two," I told him.

"Never been on the Gulland before, I suppose?" he ventured, when the boatmen had discharged their load and were evidently ready to be off.

"No, no, I haven't," I said, and hesitated. I felt that the invitation must come from him.

He boggled over it by saying, "Dashed awkward place to get to, and nothing to see, of course. I don't know if you're at all keen on fishing?"

"Rather," I said with enthusiasm.

"There's deep water on the other side of the rock," he went on. "In the right weather you get splendid bass there." He stopped and then added, "It'll be absolutely top hole for 'em, this afternoon."

"Perhaps I could come back" I began.

"If you'd care to stay, now . . ." began the hermit.

"Thanks! it's awfully good of you. I should like to of all things," I said.

I stayed on the clear understanding that the boatmen were to fetch me the next morning.

At first there was really very little that seemed in any way strange about the man on the Gulland. His name, he told me, was William Copley. And if he had shaved he would have looked a very ordinary type of Englishman roughing it on a holiday. His age I judged to be between thirty and forty.

Only two things about him struck me as a little queer during our very successful afternoon's fishing. The first was that intense appraising stare of his, as if he tried to fathom the very depths of one's being. The second was an inexplicable devotion to one particular form of ceremony. As our intimacy grew, he dropped the ordinary formal politeness of a host; but he insisted always on one observance that I supposed at first to be the merely conventional business of giving precedence.

Nothing would induce him to go in front of me. He sent me ahead even as we explored the little purlieus of his rock—the only level square yard on the whole island was in the floor of the hut. But presently I noticed that this peculiarity went still further, and that he would not turn his back on me for a single moment.

That discovery intrigued one. I excluded the explanation of madness—Copley's manner and conversation were so convincingly sane. But I could not avoid the inference that the man must be afraid of me; and I hesitated as to whether he were flying from some form of justice or from revenge, perhaps a vendetta.

The explanation came without any effort on my part.

He sent me out of the hut while he prepared our supper. I saw his reason at once; he could not manage all that business of cooking and laying the table without turning his back on me. One thing.

however, puzzled me a little; he drew down the blind of the little square window as soon as I had gone outside.

I climbed down to the edge of the sea—it was a glorious evening—and waited until he called me. He stood at the door of the hut until I was within a few feet of him, and then retreated into the room and sat down with his back to the wall.

We discussed our afternoon's sport as we had supper, but when we had finished and our pipes were going, he said, suddenly:

"I don't see why I shouldn't tell you."

Like a fool, I agreed eagerly, when I might so easily have stopped him.

"It began when I was quite a kid," he said. "My mother found me crying in the garden; and all I could tell her was that Claude, my elder brother, looked 'horrid.' I couldn't bear the sight of him for days afterwards, either; but I was such a perfectly normal child that they weren't seriously perturbed about this one idiosyncrasy of mine. They thought that Claude had 'made a face' at me, and frightened me. My father whacked me for it eventually.

"Perhaps that whacking stuck in my mind. Anyway, I didn't confide my peculiarity to anyone until I was nearly seventeen. I was ashamed of it, of course. I am still—in a way."

He stopped and looked down, pushing his plate away from him, and folded his arms on the table. After a moment's hesitation he looked up and held my gaze again, but now without that inquiring look of his. Rather, he seemed to be looking for sympathy.

"I told my house-master," he said. "He was a splendid chap, and he was very decent about it; took it all quite seriously and advised me to consult an oculist, which I did. I went in the holidays with the pater—I had given him a more reasonable account of my trouble—and he took me to the best man in London. He was tremendously interested, and it

proves that there must be something in it, that it can't be imagination, because he really found a defect in my eyes, something quite new to him, he said. He called it a new form of astigmatism; but, of course, as he pointed out, no glasses would be any use to me."

"But what . . . ?" I began, unable to keep down my curiosity any longer.

Copley hesitated, and dropped his eyes. "Astigmatism, you know," he said, "is a defect—I quote the dictionary, I learned that definition by heart; I often puzzle over it still—'causing images of lines having a certain direction to be indistinctly seen.' Only mine is peculiar in the fact that my sight is perfectly normal except when I look back at anyone over my shoulder." He looked up, almost pathetically. I could see that he hoped I might understand without further explanation.

I frowned my perplexity. "But I don't see . . ." I said.

He knocked out his pipe and began to scrape the bowl with his pocket-knife. "Well, mine is a kind of moral astigmatism, too," he added. "At least, it gives me a kind of moral insight. I'm afraid I must call it insight. I've proved in some cases that" He dropped his voice. He was apparently deeply engrossed in the scraping out of his pipe. He kept his eyes on it as he continued.

"Normally, you understand, when I look at people straight in the face, I see them as anybody else sees them. But when I look back at them over my shoulder I see . . . oh! I see all their vices and defects. Their faces remain, in a sense, the same, perfectly recognizable, I mean, but distorted—beastly There was my brother Claude—good-looking chap, he was—but when I saw him . . . that way he had a nose like a parrot, and he looked sort of weakly voracious . . . and vicious." He stopped and shuddered, and then added: "And one knows, now, that he is like that, too. He's just been hammered

on the Stock Exchange. Rotten sort of failure it was . . .

"And then Denison, my house-master, you know; such a decent chap. I never looked at him, that way, until the end of my last term at school. I had got into the habit, more or less, of never looking over my shoulder, you see. But I was always getting caught. That was an instance. I was playing for the School against the Old Boys. Denison called out, 'Good luck, old chap,' just as I was going in, and I forgot and looked back at him . . ."

I waited, breathless, and as he did not go on, I prompted him with "Was he . . . 'wrong,' too?"

Copley nodded. "Weak, poor devil. His eyes were all right, but they were fighting with his mouth, if you know what I mean. There would have been an awful scandal at the school there, four years after I left, if they hadn't hushed it and got Denison out of the country.

"Then, if you want any more instances, there was the oculist—big, fine chap, he was. Of course, he made me look at him over my shoulder, to test me. He asked me what I saw, and I told him, more or less. He went simply livid for a moment. He was a sensualist, you see; and when I saw him that way he looked like some filthy old hog.

"The thing that really finished me," he went on, after a long interval, "was the breaking off of my engagement to Helen. We were frightfully in love with one another, and I told her about my trouble. She was very sympathetic, and I suppose rather sentimentally romantic, too. She believed it was some sort of spell that had been put on me. I think, anyway, she had a theory that if I once saw anybody truly and ordinarily over my shoulder, I should never have any more trouble—the spell-would-be-broken sort of thing. And, of course, she wanted to be the person. I didn't resist her much. I was infatuated, I suppose. Anyway, I thought she was perfection and that it was simply impossible that I could find any

defect in her. So I agreed, and looked—that way . . . ”

His voice had fallen to an even note of despondency, as though the telling of this final tragedy in his life had brought him to the indifference of despair. “I looked,” he continued, “and saw a creature with no chin and watery, dotting eyes; a faithful, slobbery thing—eugh! I can’t . . . I never spoke to her again . . . ”

“That broke me, you know,” he said presently. “After that I didn’t care. I used to look at everyone that way, until I had to get away from humanity. I was living in a world of beasts. Most of them looked like some beast or bird or other. The strong were vicious and criminal; and the weak were loathsome. I couldn’t stick it. In the end—I had to come here away from them all.”

“Have you ever looked at yourself in the glass?” I asked him.

He nodded. “I’m no better than the rest of them,” he said. “That’s why I grew this rotten beard. I haven’t got a looking-glass here.”

“And you can’t keep a stiff neck, as it were,” I asked, “going about looking humanity straight in the face?”

“The temptation is too strong,” Copley said. “And it gets stronger. Curiosity, partly, I suppose; but partly it’s the momentary sense of superiority it gives you. You see them like that, you know, and forget how you look yourself. And then after a bit it sickens you.”

“You haven’t . . . ” I said, and hesitated. I wanted to know, and yet I was horribly afraid. “You haven’t,” I began again, “er—you haven’t—er—looked at me yet . . . that way?”

“Not yet,” he said.

“Do you suppose . . . ?”

“Probably. You look all right, of course. But then so did heaps of the others.”

"You've no idea how I should look to you, that way?"

"Absolutely none. I've been trying to guess, but I **can't**."

"You wouldn't care . . . ?"

"Not now," he said sharply. "Perhaps, just before you go."

"You feel fairly certain, then . . . ?"

He nodded with disgusting conviction.

I went to bed, wondering whether Helen's theory wasn't a true one; and if I might not break the spell for poor Copley.

The boatmen came for me soon after eleven next morning.

I had shaken off some of the feeling of superstitious horror that had held me overnight, and I had not repeated my request to Copley; nor had he offered to look into the dark places of my soul.

He came down after me to the landing-place and we shook hands warmly, but he said nothing about my revisiting him.

And then, just as we were putting off, he turned back towards the hut and looked at me over his shoulder—just one quick glance.

"Wait." I commanded the boatmen, and I stood up and called to him.

"I say, Copley," I shouted.

He turned and looked at me, and I saw his face was transfigured. He wore an expression of disgust and loathing.

I dropped down into the boat and turned my back on him. I wonder what it was he saw in me.

BALLADE AGAINST HELL FIRE

By EDWARD F. O'DAY

In Hell, good Savior, cruel kings
And wanton queens together fry;
With captains who wrought wicked things
And all unshriven went to die
In battle when no priest was nigh.
Let me not house with these, I pray,
When I have breathed my latest sigh—
In Hell burn not my soul away.

Fair harlots wearing blood-stained rings
On scorching brimstone curse and cry;
And Satan's sizzling pitchfork swings
Above the pit where conquerors lie
Cut off from grace and from the sky.
Let me not house with these, I pray,
Although a wicked sinner I—
In Hell burn not my soul away.

Thy wrath is terrible, and wrings
The tear of torment from the eye
That looked in lust; Thy arrow stings
The hand that squeezed the orphan dry
And sent the widow weeping by.
Let me not house with these, I pray,
But Heaven rather let me spy—
In Hell burn not my soul away.

Envoy

Sweet Jesu, when I come to die,
Take me to Paradise for aye;
I am not good, yet hear my cry—
In Hell burn not my soul away.

WINE WHEN IT IS RED

By GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

I suppose that there will be some wigs on the green in connection with the recent manifesto signed by a string of very eminent doctors on the subject of what is called "alcohol." "Alcohol" is, to judge by the sound of it, an Arabic word, like "algebra" and "Alhambra," those two other unpleasant things. The Alhambra in Spain I have never seen; I am told that it is a low and rambling building; I allude to the far more dignified erection in Leicester Square. If it is true, as I surmise, that "alcohol" is a word of the Arabs, it is interesting to realize that our general word for the essence of wine and beer and such things comes from a people which has made particular war upon them. I suppose that some aged Moslem chieftain sat one day at the opening of his tent and, brooding with black brows and cursing in his black beard over wine as the symbol of Christianity, racked his brains for some word ugly enough to express his racial and religious antipathy, and suddenly spat out the horrible word "alcohol." The fact that the doctors had to use this word for the sake of scientific clearness was really a great disadvantage to them in fairly discussing the matter. For the word really involves one of those beggings of the question which make these moral matters so difficult. It is quite a mistake to suppose that when a man desires an alcoholic drink he necessarily desires alcohol.

Let a man walk ten miles steadily on a hot summer's day along a dusty English road, and he will soon discover why beer was invented. The fact that beer has a very slight stimulating quality will be quite among the smallest reasons that induce him to ask for it. In short, he will not be in the least desiring alcohol; he will be desiring beer. But, of course, the question cannot be settled in such a simple way. The real difficulty which confronts

everybody, and which especially confronts doctors, is that the extraordinary position of man in the physical universe makes it practically impossible to treat him in either one direction or the other in a purely physical way. Man is an exception, whatever else he is. If he is not the image of God, then he is a disease of the dust. If it is not true that a divine being fell, then we can only say that one of the animals went entirely off its head. In neither case can we really argue very much from the body of man simply considered as the body of an innocent and healthy animal. His body has got too much mixed up with his soul, as we see in the supreme instance of sex. It may be worth while uttering the warning to wealthy philanthropists and idealists that this argument from the animal should not be thoughtlessly used, even against the atrocious evils of excess; it is an argument that proves too little or too much. Doubtless it is unnatural to be drunk. But then in a real sense it is unnatural to be human. Doubtless the intemperate workman wastes his tissues in drinking; but no one knows how much the sober workman wastes his tissues by working. No one knows how much the wealthy philanthropist wastes his tissues by talking; or, in much rarer conditions, by thinking. All the human things are more dangerous than anything that affects the beasts—sex, poetry, property, religion. The real case against drunkenness is not that it calls up the beast, but that it calls up the devil. It does not call up the beast, and if it did it would not matter much, as a rule; the beast is a harmless and rather amiable creature, as anybody can see by watching cattle. There is nothing bestial about intoxication; and certainly there is nothing intoxicating or even particularly lively about beasts. Man is always something worse or something better than an animal; and a mere argument from animal perfection never touches him at all. Thus, in sex no animal is either chivalrous or obscene. And thus no animal

ever invented anything so bad as drunkenness—or so good as drink.

The pronouncement of these particular doctors is very clear and uncompromising; in the modern atmosphere, indeed, it even deserves some credit for moral courage. The majority of modern people, of course, will probably agree with it in so far as it declares that alcoholic drinks are often of supreme value in emergencies of illness; but many people, I fear, will open their eyes at the emphatic terms in which they describe such drink considered as a beverage; for they are not content with declaring that the drink is in moderation harmless, they distinctly declare that it is in moderation beneficial. But I fancy that, in saying this, the doctors had in mind a truth that runs somewhat counter to the common opinion. I fancy that it is the experience of most doctors that giving any alcohol for illness (though often necessary) is about the most morally dangerous way of giving it. Instead of giving it to a healthy person who has many other forms of life, you are giving it to a desperate person, to whom it is the only form of life. The invalid can hardly be blamed if by some accident of his erratic and overwrought condition he comes to remember the thing as the very water of vitality and to use it as such. For in so far as drinking is really a sin it is not because drinking is wild, but because drinking is tame; not in so far as it is anarchy, but in so far as it is slavery. Probably the worst way to drink is to drink medicinally. Certainly the safest way to drink is to drink carelessly; that is, without caring much for anything, and especially not caring for the drink.

The doctor, of course, ought to be able to do a great deal in the way of restraining those individual cases where there is plainly an evil thirst, and beyond that the only hope would seem to be in some increase, or, rather, some concentration of ordinary public opinion on the subject. I have always held consistently my own modest theory on the subject.

I believe that if by some method the local public house could be as definite and isolated a place as the local post office or the local railway station, if all types of people passed through it for all types of refreshment, you would have the same safeguard against a man behaving in a disgusting way in a tavern that you have at present against his behaving in a disgusting way in a post office: simply the presence of his ordinary sensible neighbors. In such a place the kind of lunatic who wants to drink an unlimited number of whiskies would be treated with the same severity with which the post-office authorities would treat an amiable lunatic who had an appetite for licking an unlimited number of stamps. It is a small matter whether, in either case, a technical refusal would be officially employed. It is an essential matter that in both cases the authorities could rapidly communicate with the friends and family of the mentally afflicted person. At least the post-mistress would not dangle a strip of tempting six-penny stamps before the enthusiast's eyes as he was being dragged away with his tongue out. If we made drinking open and official we might be taking one step towards making it careless. In such things to be careless is to be sane: for neither drunkards nor Moslems can be careless about drink.

GHOSTS

By B. C.

O never a room in a strait, dull house
But has its thrill, if no more than a mouse!
O, never a heart, dull, formal and blind,
But has its closed door, and a ghost behind!
A whisk, or a flash, or a laugh, or a prayer—
And you enter and look—and there's nothing there.

MEDITATIONS OF DIOGENES

Imagination is a faculty by which we elaborate our desires and sharpen our sense of the unattainable.

Love brings with it an intoxication which superior natures never resist.

To some men a sense of obligation is intolerable, and therefore it is hazardous to earn their gratitude.

By no means rare is the wife whose devotion to her husband is entirely due to the conviction that a divorce would bring happiness to another.

Some fastidious critics love a thing because it was well said, but neglect to inquire whether it was worth saying.

Despise not the man whose conversation is not so good as his silence. His thinking may be first rate. And he may know when not to talk.

There are women skilled in dealing with early teething troubles and the rival merits of French and German flannels who nevertheless are on intimate

terms with literature and art, and who sweeten the world's corners with the perfume of their charm.

The atheist has this advantage. He has no moral reason for enduring a dishonored life.

Psychological attractions possess a much greater power than physical beauty, and hence it is that so many women seem to be beloved for their many defects of face, form and address.

Nature's accommodations verge on the miraculous. An instance is found in the case of the man who marries for love, wearies of the saintly monotony of his wife, but never shows it and is never discovered.

The virtuous man, concerned for his soul, who hopes that when he dies he shall not have lived in vain ought to experience at once the joy of a great sin.

Until the people of this country realize that there is a certain inconsistency between patriotism and the pork barrel they will be the legitimate prey of their politicians.

Before the days when education of the inadequate mind gave us the aggressive collective female conscience there were many learned and contented women in the world, and they exercised a tremendous influence.

THE LANTERN

EDITED BY

THEODORE F. BONNET and EDWARD F. O'DAY

*It is better to search for the truth of what
concerns us than to hunt for an honest man*

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William R. Hearst: A Critical Study

By THEODORE BONNET

Always wrapped in fog and haze, William R. Hearst is of an indistinctness that confounds the perceptions of his fellow-men. The average man has no clearer conception of Hearst than of the A-khoond of Swat. This is very unfortunate, since Hearst, as was said of Cobbett, "is a kind of fourth estate in the politics of his country." Being a man of great power Hearst is deserving of attention. It is important that we of this country should be well informed about our great men; that is to say about men active and influential in great affairs. To govern ourselves shrewdly we should know our governors and guides, and it is therefore lamentable that in our land a man's appearance between book covers seldom precedes his disappearance beneath a coffin lid. Now if we may estimate men according to their influence in affairs of great moment, the greatest man of his time in the United States is William Randolph Hearst. Publisher of nine big daily newspapers and five flourishing magazines, he is also employing the cinema as a means of moulding public opinion; further, he is the owner of a telegraph news service, a film news service and a special news syndicate. A monster of publicity is Hearst; and not the least of his power he exercises as the pilot of a floating political machine which serves him as a destroyer. Here is a man in touch with millions of people every day, people whose sentiments are reflected in the councils of the nation. Obviously in a country ruled almost directly by public opinion a man in control of the agencies that have been

acquired by William Randolph Hearst possesses tremendous power.

De Tocqueville tells us it was adopted as an axiom of political science in the United States that the only way to neutralize the effect of public journals was to multiply them indefinitely. He pointed out that as nothing was easier in the United States than to set up a newspaper, and as there was no great metropolis where newspaper authority could be concentrated, the nation was not to be menaced by the evils that flow from the liberty of the press. Though wise in his generation De Tocqueville had not the power of prevision. Surely he would have made some melancholy prognostications had he been capable of conceiving a superman of journalism with the power of multiplying journals indefinitely in his own hands, and with unparalleled genius for establishing newspapers in public favor. Such is the hero whom I would put under a microscope that my readers may judge for themselves what sort of being this is that plays the irresponsible tribune in the greatest democracy of all time.

My opinion is that no complete study of Hearst can be made without the aid of a pathologist, but my study is intended only to throw light on the nature and character of the man, the bent of his mind and the tendencies congenial to his soul. The Hearst personality is a curious, incredible compound for which it would be hard to find an analogy in history. Hearst reminds me of Leonardo da Vinci's Gioconda, the lady who has haunted three centuries with a smile wherein lurks all the subtle wonder of the ages. Like Gioconda Hearst has lips that frame an enigma. Hearst himself is an enigma.

Desultory studies of this colossus of journalism have been made from time to time by more or less disinterested magazine writers, all of whom agree that his personality is elusive. To them he gave the impression that he is a difficult man to know. In his company they found him at once reticent and

lacking in warmth and magnetism. Similar is the verdict of all who have experienced the chill of the Hearst temperament. Hearst has the reticence of a man who has taken a leaf out of the book of the Sphinx. Almost uncanny in his self-control, one might suspect him of grudging himself the laugh into which he is sometimes betrayed. So difficult is Hearst to know that it is not easy to decipher the features of his character from the materials furnished by writers who have had a cursory acquaintance with him. But there is a fairly good portrait of him for which we are indebted to Ambrose Bierce. That great satirist, the mystery of whose disappearance has never been solved, was for many years a member of the Hearst staff. A man who despised cant, humbug and every species of intellectual dishonesty, Bierce was an anomaly in the Hearst field of journalism. Hearst probably employed him for self-protection, for in the days when Bierce joined the staff of the "Monarch of the Dailies," as the San Francisco *Examiner* was called, Hearst was sensitive to criticism. At that time I was a "kid" reporter on *The Examiner*, and I remember what happened to a reporter on *The Alta*, a San Francisco daily, now defunct, who wrote a bit of satire on the young man from Harvard who had brought with him to San Francisco several of his associates on the Harvard *Lampoon* with the expectation of revolutionizing journalism on the Pacific Coast. Hearst immediately hired the author of the satire. Was it because he wished to control the pen that punctured his hide? Some of his severest critics have been induced to join his staff. But if he is sensitive to criticism, he is also on the alert for brains, and the cost he does not mind. Anyway he employed Bierce, employed him to free-lance it on *The Examiner*, and Bierce wrote what he pleased save when he was asked to write not at all, as he was more than once when it was known that his opinions were antagonistic to Hearst's policies. Two of the occasions

Bierce tells us of in what he called *A Thumb-Nail Sketch*. It is in this sketch that a good portrait of Hearst is to be found.

Telling of the occasion of their first meeting, an occasion on which Hearst visited the writer to engage his services, Bierce says: "His personality suggested extreme diffidence. He spoke in a voice like the fragrance of violets made audible, and then backed a little away." A life-like portrait that might be slightly elaborated without impairment. After backing away Mr. Hearst in all probability screwed his head to one side, smiled faintly, crossed his legs and stood on one foot. For such is, or was, Hearst. In the years since I knew him he may have divorced himself from his mannerisms, but in most respects he is the very same Hearst that came to San Francisco with a bound volume of the *New York World*, his ideal newspaper and the model which he fondly tried to imitate. He was of exceeding diffidence in those days, not at all like the Hearst who had himself nominated for Governor of New York. He was so modest it required an effort for him to brace himself for the ordeal of seeing his name on the editorial page. And the day on which he confessed himself on the editorial page proprietor of *The Examiner* he called the attention of a friend to the printed line with something of the same sheepishness that struck Bierce on the occasion of their first meeting. How great the change that has come o'er his spirit! Long ago he felt his oats, as it were, and he has made a torchlight parade of his intangible self ever since. Now he has a mania for self-exaltation. He cannot become the father of twins without taking the world into his confidence. Once it was thought that when pointing with pride to himself he had his tongue in his cheek; that he was not carried away by self-esteem; rather that he was acting on the principle enunciated by George Bernard Shaw when that genius confessed that in his obscurity he played the mountebank in Hyde Park

to catch the inattentive public ear. Whatever the truth, Hearst has come to like applause. He eats it. He has come even to like social distinction which, as a young man, he avoided.

But let us return to Bierce. That writer saw a great deal of Hearst. He gives us a little insight into the character of our most powerful moulder of public opinion when he tells us it was always a standing order in the editorial rooms that always in the event of a strike the paper should "take the side of the strikers without inquiry or delay." This is in accordance with the perennial Hearst policy of increasing circulation by appealing to whatever is the more numerous element. Where truth or justice resides is a matter of no consequence to the most vociferous of our moralists. Bierce cites as a typical instance what he calls "the falsification of news to serve a foul purpose"—Hearst's treatment of the trial of a deputy United States marshal charged with killing a striker. Hearst employed a special writer to report the testimony for the prosecution, withdrew him when witnesses for the defense were called and published no more news of the trial. Bierce tells us of two occasions when his pen was put under restraint. Thus: "During several weeks of a great railroad strike in California when mobs of ruffians stopped all railway trains, held the State capitol, and burned, plundered and murdered at will, he 'laid me off,' continuing of course my salary."

Again: "Some years later," says Bierce, "when striking employees of street railways were devastating St. Louis, pursuing women through the streets and stripping them naked, he suggested that I 'let up on that labor crowd.'" Hearst has always been deferential to "labor crowds" save when he has had to deal with them on his own account. Crowds of any kind command the deference of our powerful journalist. The psychology of crowds is his specialty, and in the application of its principles to his newspapers all other principles he casts aside. All his

newspaper policies are motivated in one principle—the principle of coddling the crowd. In pursuing this principle he is able to subdue his best emotions or throttle a humane impulse, as we know from what happened, as newspapers have told us, at the time of the Frank case of Georgia. When Leo Frank was under sentence of death Hearst wrote a letter to the Governor of Georgia urging him to spare the man's life. He printed the letter in all the Hearst papers save the one published in Atlanta. He was eager for the Jews of the country to know that he had interceded for Frank, but he was not so eager as to be willing to incur the disfavor of his readers in Georgia. Indeed, notwithstanding his humane impulse he silenced an editor who was trying to save Frank's life.

Thus you see Publisher Hearst is really a great man. He is great for several reasons; great in the sense in which Cagliostro and Jonathan Wild were great, great because of the things he has been able to do. A powerful man, too, is Hearst; powerful because in a country where popularity spells power he penetrates millions of minds and hearts with subtle appeals to passions and prejudices, spreading the while the contagion of falsehood laden with mortal plague. Of course it is not to be said that Hearst is a popular man, or an oracle of judgment to whom the people fondly give ear. The case of Hearst involves many paradoxes. Though universally mistrusted he has an army of followers insensible of his leadership. The unconscious disciples of Hearst are scattered all over the country. They detest him, yet he is entitled to their recognition as the prophet of their principles. They do not recognize him because he has advanced beyond them to a point where he is starting new tendencies.

The farther and more rapidly we have drifted from where we once lay the more we forget what kind of port it was. Now we have drifted a long distance from the point where Hearst began undermining

public character, and in the course of our drifting we changed in morality, in manners, in all human relationships, in all views of life. My point is that Hearst more than any other man, more than any institution, accelerated our tendencies; nay, to a great degree, shaped our course. And so I say that he has disciples who don't recognize him. Am I guilty of exaggeration? Consider that the shadow of Hearst was projected across our civilization as long ago as the first year of this generation when only a handful of crazy Populists in the Middle West were preaching direct government. For thirty years Hearst has been a protagonist of the great drama of our political and social life. We are now tolerating as a matter of course, as though they were of the genius of the people and the nation from the beginning, ideas and practices that were once the peculiar phenomena of the Hearst individuality. Hearst is our great precedent-maker, and his precedents have had the effect of deep-lying forces.

It was back in the second year of Grover Cleveland's second term in the White House that Hearst began his career as a journalist. True, he was then only a little parochial publisher, as it were. But he grew like the fabulous gourd. He was in New York cutting a figure on the national stage when Theodore Roosevelt was only an assistant Secretary of the Navy and still fond of the ideals of the conservative patrician. Hearst entered the New York field in July, 1896, and shortly thereafter began agitating for war with Spain. When he first became a sinister figure in our national life his shining contemporaries of today were unknown. William Howard Taft was an obscure jurist in Ohio. Woodrow Wilson, an humble school teacher, had not yet pointed out the folly of the initiative and referendum to his pupils. Hearst was fashioning ammunition for "Battle Bob" La Follette years before that individual knew that such things as trusts existed. For thirty years Hearst has been steadily bulking

larger in the public eye without ever becoming quite perceptible. Today in the fulness of life, maybe at the zenith of his power, he is almost a mythical personage. Yet he has become so powerful that it has been deemed wise in some quarters not to affront him. As rival newspapers affect to ignore him there is none of that neutralization of evil effects of the liberty of the press that De Tocqueville believed to be ensured.

Is it not a bit startling to learn that a man of the type of William Randolph Hearst as described by Ambrose Bierce exercises a tremendous power over the minds and hearts of millions of self-governing people? This Hearst, be it remembered, who, but a week or two ago, in denouncing an Astor, appealed to the people to take into their hands the power to destroy the right of property, is the same Hearst who has been inflaming the imagination of the mob from the dawn of this generation to the present day. If in all that time there has been any change in his character it has not been made manifest. As to his methods, they have not changed; they have been elaborated. By his methods he has revolutionized journalism. Though he did not invent yellow journalism, it is not to be gainsaid that he fastened and deepened its color. With genius for brutalizing and vulgarizing everything he touches, he applied that genius to journalism as effectively as to everything else of which he has made a business. Today Hearst journalism is in a class by itself, but like everything else that is successful it has imitators. In several cities the Hearst paper sets the pace for its contemporaries: and through the years the Hearst papers have revolutionized manner in journalism by establishing precedents that have won recognition for new principles. To ideas which Hearst has scattered his daily papers have given a momentum infinitely multiplied, and thus he has given a certain tone not only to manner in journalism but to the manners of the people of his generation.

It was Hearst, for instance, who made it agreeable for mothers and daughters to see themselves posing in print in attitudes that formerly caused the *Police Gazette* to be regarded as an unclean sheet. It was Hearst who made it respectable to buy stolen letters and publish them. The other day in San Francisco he obtained a copy of an insulting and scandalous letter addressed to a man's wife by an adventuress who, admittedly an adulteress, was trying to extort money, and the letter appeared in *The Examiner*. The letter was designed to humiliate the wife, but it was reckoned good news in the Hearst school of journalism.

It was Hearst who first perceived that to acquire a very large circulation it is necessary to appeal to two classes—the uneducated and the half-educated; also it was Hearst who first realized that there are many people who do not resent being misinformed and misled; who, so long as they are startled or amused and provided with material for their daily gabble, are not annoyed by the fact that the sensation of the morning is proved to be a fiction before the evening. These folks are quite conscious of the tricks that are played on them, but they rather enjoy their treatment, and plume themselves on their cleverness in seeing through the imposture. As a matter of fact they do not see through one-tenth of the impostures practiced on them. The biggest of all the impostures is Hearst himself, and him they do not penetrate.

Hearst the journalist may be somewhat transparent, but Hearst the politician is another story. Hearst the politician is a man who employs the Hearst papers not merely to suggestionize the public mind but as a means of building up his political machine. All of Hearst's reporters are not employed to gather news. In every city where a Hearst paper is published Hearst has reporters engaged in winning the support of men of affairs, and in furthering the political designs of their employer. Hearst has the nucleus

of a political machine in every city where he has a newspaper. Hearst has many influential men on his staff. There are United States Senators, several Congressmen, many judges ready to do his bidding at any moment. Glorification in the Hearst papers is the price of their services. You can recognize them by the interviews they give whenever Hearst has a new policy to be approved.

May we not with reason regard Hearst's power as in the nature of a public menace? Study the psychology of Hearst, and you may come to the conclusion that he ought to be taken very seriously. In some respects he resembles Camille Desmoullins, the shrieking journalist of the French Revolution. But Desmoullins was a man of sincerity who felt the need of revolution. Hearst is a man of unprecedented unscrupulosity to whom the vital affairs of his country are fit subject of jest. He is for revolution as he was for the war with Spain, and conscious of his power he fancies that he can ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm. At least such is the impression he gives. It is not well to be positive about the psychology of this exceptional man. One never knows whether he is in earnest or merely giving people a thrill to increase his circulation. We can be certain only of one thing—that the country is his china-shop and that he is a very playful bull. He may seem to lack balance, but he is very ingenious in his own interest, and when he strikes an unpopular chord, as he has at times, he is very quick to change his tune.

I have seen Hearst compared in one of the magazines with his Satanic Majesty of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, the spirit of unconquerable will intent on revenge and immortal hate. But these are not really characteristic qualities. If the Hearst individuality has any marked, dominating characteristic it is an incredibly greedy egotism that would reduce the whole broad universe to a microcosm of self: that perhaps would be willing to see the world in ashes if amid the general

conflagration a spark of brilliance lit up his narrow brow. His vanity is a tyrannical claim for acknowledgement, a truculent kind of self-assertion. But he is not implacable. His hate is appeasable. Most imperfectly human is Hearst, with passions that are easily assuaged. In his time he has often availed himself of the expediency of compromise; as for example in his relations with Bryan and Tammany, and with political leaders in California whom he pursued relentlessly for years and then conciliated to suit a selfish purpose. Frightfulness is his favorite policy, and he loves to make conquests with the bludgeon, but whatever the larger personal ends of the moment, to attain them he is willing to be placated. In my judgment, if there is royal blood in Hearst it is not that of Milton's Satanic Majesty, but the kind that flowed in the veins of the Bourbon princes whose regal diadem was a symbol of inconstancy.

The truth about Hearst is that he lacks sensibility. He is not a man of deep feeling. He has the serenity of one whose feelings are always in the temperate zone. Were he an artist he would be unable to depict adequately what he felt, being devoid of the power that lies in intensity of emotion. Years ago mean enemies pictured Hearst as a sybarite and a voluptuary, and gave currency to a salacious story of purple pastimes in a Marin county villa. It is true he owned a villa on a picturesque hill that fronted the Golden Gate, but that was about all that was true in the story. Hearst was never a sensualist. He is disinclined to the pleasures of the senses. He is as free from gross carnal appetites as from enthusiasms. Were he capable of enthusiasm we should know him as a fanatic, and find that he had enough human nature to make him at once a weak and lovable mortal. As it is there is nothing that will warm him save the glowing coals of vainglory. His grand passion is his love for his newspapers which are his creatures, children of his genius that reflect his

exotic individuality. They are his pride and the absorbing object of his solicitude. He keeps in touch with all of them at all hours of the day and night. Hearst is above all things a journalist, and though he has many and divers business interests it is chiefly in relation with his newspaper employees, the men through whom he stamps his newspapers with the impress of his personality, that he has evinced something of human feeling. He is generous in rewarding faithful service, kind to those who have been loyal to him. With a few he has been on terms of friendship and limited intimacy, but in every instance he has seemed to be mindful of the advice of the ancient philosopher to regard a friend always as one who might some day be converted into an enemy. Even in his hours of relaxation among his confidential employees he is never off his guard, and there is no record in his career of any great love for a friend; nor does one ever meet anybody able to picture the spiritual side of him. I believe that his one great defect is that he has no spiritual side. Certainly nobody has ever discovered in him any trace of religious feeling. At Harvard nothing made him more uncomfortable than religious services, and it was his aversion to them that brought on him the disfavor of the faculty.

According to Ambrose Bierce, our hero is a man of "strange and complex character." I do not so regard him. He is singular, not complex. Hamlet realizes my conception of complexity of character. There is nothing of complexity in the character of a man who pursues his ends with the narrow pertinacity of the indefatigable ant. Hearst struck Bierce as complex by once exhibiting what the great satirist believed to be "a human side." This was when Hearst suffered abuse on account of the assassination of President McKinley. To Hearst was attributed the inspiration of the murderer Czolgosz because of the following prophetic lines written by Bierce:

The bullet that pierced Goebel's breast,
Can not be found in all the West;
Good reason, it is speeding here
To stretch McKinley on his bier.

Bierce says the lines were written soon after the assassination of Governor Goebel of Kentucky, which seemed to him "a particularly perilous precedent if unpunished." Twenty months after the lines were published President McKinley was shot, and at once Hearst found himself a storm-centre. Wherever a Hearst newspaper was published there were thunders of popular indignation. An attempt was made to induce Czolgosz to testify that he had been incited to the crime by reading the lines inspired by the assassination of Goebel. Hearst uttered no word of defense or repudiation, though, as Bierce says, in all probability he never heard of the verses till after they were published. "I have never mentioned the matter to him," says Bierce, "and he never mentioned it to me." Bierce adds: "I fancy there must be a human side to a man like that, even if he is a mischievous demagogue."

Years ago it was suggested by Bierce that Hearst was employing his power with a view to darkening the White House. Whatever his aims thus far he has shown anything but concern for the preservation of the White House. It seems to me that apart from his newspapers he has no well-defined aims. While his passion for power is an obsession, he is probably insensible of an ultimate end to be compassed. He appears to be merely running amuck, the while he treats the public as a mischievous child would treat a plaything. A moralist, in his time he has affected many virtues, but any virtue he puts off or on as a garment. The virtues he would put on others he is disinclined to himself. So while for thirty years he has been crying out against the sins of corporations, he maintains for the purpose of dodging libel suits one of the most evasive of corporations. And though affecting zeal for the liberty

of the people he has virtually destroyed all liberty, for he is almost privileged to publish the grossest charges of dishonesty without evidence and expose to vulgar curiosity the tenderest feelings and the most sacred recesses of private life. While for years he has been crying out against the lavish use of money in elections he himself spent a quarter of a million dollars in his efforts to elect himself Governor of New York. Denouncing bosses through the years, he maintained the most rigid control of the Independence League, a personally conducted machine that could not hold a convention without his permission. It was in one of his spasms of virtue that he started an agitation against pugilism with his usual high gusto for the best interests of civilization, but when he conceived it to his interest to strangle the Demon Rum we found him setting up a notable pugilist as a hero for the worship of men, the pretext being to celebrate physical perfection attained by total abstinence. The argument appeared to be that it's a virtue to be a pugilist if you don't drink, and in Hearst's philosophy it doesn't matter if the whole story is a lie; that is to say, it doesn't matter if the perfect pugilist does drink. In his journalism whatever argument is to be made, news must be manufactured to give it a bottom. The end always justifies the means for Hearst, and it doesn't matter if you cannot even justify the end.

In San Francisco recently Hearst vindicated his moral prejudices by attacking the lottery business to which for many years he sold advertising space. For many years he published the winning numbers at a good rate, but kept them out of the edition that went through the mails. When a Hearst editor was arrested in those days for violating a city ordinance against the lottery business Hearst attacked the ordinance in the courts. When recently seized with a spasm of morality he was not content with the approval of his conscience, but signaled his accession to virtue by attacks on the lottery business.

He thought it a terrible thing that fools should be fleeced, but in the midst of his crusade he printed a whole page of the business cards of clairvoyants. Again: at the psychological moment, when the policy of attacking the Demon Rum was reckoned worth while, Mr. Hearst appeared on the first page in propria persona instructing his editor to disdain the advertisements of the liquor dealers. No more profits were to be derived from advertising liquids containing alcohol or habit-forming drugs. Such was the order. But he didn't mean it. He went right on advertising Lydia Pinkham's compound and other patent and proprietary medicines containing a large percentage of alcohol. Nor did he exclude advertisements of habit-forming drugs. There is much money in patent-medicine advertising, more than was ever derived from the advertisements of dealers in ardent spirits, and so Mr. Hearst cannot afford to plunge as a moralist. He has conscientious scruples against advertising whisky because there is alcohol in whisky that impairs the health, but alcohol in drugs sold as tonics is another matter; another matter indeed, as you may learn from testimony of physicians respecting women converted into drunkards by tonics. Hearst is very much concerned about the health of his readers, though singularly enough he doesn't mind advertising anti-kamnia as a specific for rheumatism.

Not within the space here available is it possible to review adequately the methods and manners of our most powerful journalist. It must suffice for me to justify in a measure any incidental comments on the man who, I insist, wields a tremendous power for evil, and who has already worked much mischief. To realize the extent of this mischief one must go back through the files of the Hearst and other papers many years, there to study the development of sentiment that originated in the Hearst mind and that was persistently promoted by him. Early in his career Hearst made it the keynote of his policy that nothing but infinite iteration leaves any impression

on the public mind, and ever since he has been hammering away at whatever he wishes to drive home. At first perhaps his chief aim was to promote circulation by advocating those things that appeal to the masses. A change came when he invaded the New York field in 1896. There he started his campaign for intervention in Cuba which ended with the war with Spain. Then his horizon broadened. He perceived that his name was lingering in the mouths of men. The limelight was throwing him into bold relief. The sycophants of his staff celebrated him in his presence. Elsewhere they boasted that their boss had "pulled off" a war. What enterprise! What proof of power! Was there recorded anywhere a greater achievement to the credit of journalism? It was about that time that Hearst began his preachments calculated to engender class hatred and extend the principles of democracy. It was he that awakened Roosevelt to the advantage of stealing the sheet-iron thunders of the muckrakers whom he had denounced. Years before Roosevelt proposed the recall of decisions Hearst was abusing the courts and doing his best to destroy public confidence in them. As the persistent champion of the common people he led where Roosevelt, La Follette and the other Progressive quacks were eager to follow. In short Hearst set the pace for all the friends of the people. To what end? Consider what has happened in California and what Hearst has been doing there and you may be able to conjecture. There where he threatens with the recall every judge who will not do his bidding; there where he plays the bully with a bludgeon; where his word is law in municipal government, it is clear enough that to have direct government is to make for the glory of the Hearst papers.

THOUGHTS ON SPANKING

By EDWARD F. O'DAY

Spanking is direct action and makes for efficiency. It is friction and generates the electricity of common sense. To spank is to serve; to be spanked is to be saved. The stinging blush a spanking leaves behind is the red badge of fellowship in the world's affairs. He who has never been spanked lacks the fullness of a man's experience. The unspanked boy is a smaller zero than the unlicked cub. Spanking reaches the seat of intelligence by a short cut.

Consider the compliment implied in a spanking. The spanker believes in perfectibility; if he did not, his laying on of hands would be malicious battery. The youngster who assumes the humble posture suitable for spanking should grow in pride with every smarting application. He is being chastised to the end that his good qualities may henceforth overshadow his bad. The patter which he feels but cannot see is the tattoo calling him to finer effort. In battle the drum is beaten that the enemy may be licked. It is a noble instrument. Let the lad in process of being spanked glow at the thought that his skin has become a drum-head. He is being initiated into life's battle by means of a rear action.

Like all other compliments a spanking is easier to give than to receive. It comes in the form of an indignity, but should be accepted with dignified silence. Here as in the reception of other compliments vociferation is out of place. And let there be no tears; even if they be tears of joy they are apt to be misunderstood. Spanking assumes as many forms as the subject assumes postures. The most efficacious is when the subject is tip-tilted and unbuttoned. There are many instruments of spanking, such as the switch, the strap, the slipper and the open hand. Of these the most ancient and still the most popular is the open hand. Properly manipulated by a spanker who has many children and much experience

the open hand becomes a weapon which raises spanking to the dignity of a science. We might call this science Palmistry were not the word debased by other associations. There are many other philosophical observations to be made on spanking. They do not always come to the boy's mind when he is prone; but they are present when the grown man considers the salutary spankings of his past. The grown man reveres the rod that smote him and blesses the arm that laid it on. He acknowledges that his spankings were good for him, even when undeserved. He doffs his hat to that "single-handed justice;" his mind warms at the recollection even as another part of him warmed at the reality.

Nowadays there is too little spanking. This is one of the tragedies of an effete age. I recall a pugnacious character in an Irish story who complained that he was "blue-molded for want of a beating." We have too many lads who are unmoulded for want of a spanking. There are even young men among us who pale at the threat of a slap on the wrist. Had they been clouted elsewhere in boyhood they would possess a sounder sense of values. Had they only wriggled a few times between the knee and the open palm their outlook would be different. It is now too late to spank them; they should be caned with their own walking sticks and deprived of their watch bracelets.

Among those who are no longer spanked are the young poets. The critics spare the rod and spoil the budding genius. It was not always thus. There was a time when the critics spanked the young poets unmercifully. Young poets are younger than other young men of the same age, so they need more spanking. In the days when the critics spanked them the young poets lost no time in getting over their youthful follies. A sound spanking administered by the Scotch reviewers cured Byron of his *Hours of Idleness*. Tom Moore got the switch for his callow erotics. He never bemoaned the chastisement.

but he regretted the erotics to the day of his death. For he was a just man. A legend to the contrary notwithstanding, spanking by the critics did Keats no harm. Nobody ever died of a spanking. Shelley and Wordsworth were none the worse for being critic-spanked. Musty, fusty Christopher North spanked Tennyson to excellent purpose.

Rupert Brooke was an unspanked poet. It is too late to spank him now because he is dead; but it is not too late to regret that he escaped spanking. Had he only been spanked when spanking was in order the sum total of his poetical excellence would have been greater. Spanking would have decreased his quantity and increased his quality. He died very young, just a little past the spanking age. Instead of being spanked he was spoiled, petted, coddled, given the run of the Muses' temple so to speak—and of course he ran wild. Everything he wrote was "too cute for anything." "Just darling," the critics gurgled, and "how clever," and all that sort of gush. Rupert Brooke heard and believed. You can't blame him, for belief in praise is as fatally easy as the road to Avernus. And so in reading Rupert Brooke's *Collected Poems* we are plagued with precocity, irritated by petulance and tormented by impertinence—as in any household that never owned a cat-o'-nine-tails.

The critics are still gurgling about Rupert Brooke. To his glory be it spoken, he died a soldier fighting for his country England in the greatest of wars. That has put a glamor upon his career and tinged all his verses with temporary magic. Approaching Rupert Brooke the abased critics make the kow-tow three times, then lift their voices in a chorus of adulation.

This is too bad. It is all very well to say, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. In truth it is too easy to say that, even if you don't know Latin. This maxim is the ready refuge of lazy judgment. But Rupert Brooke is not dead if his poetry is alive, so *De*

mortuis does not apply. For the critic the retail is the proper trade; wholesale dealing in compliments may be left to the funeral orator. Yet to hear the critics you would think that Rupert Brooke's poetry was dead and that they were speaking perfunctory panegyrics over its grave. The substance of the criticism concerning Rupert Brooke is this, that all his poetry is above criticism. Henry James, carefully concealing all but his general meaning, permits us to know that he thinks every line of Rupert Brooke's a gem of purest ray serene. Such an opinion would be ridiculous even in the case of Shakespeare. The fact is, Rupert Brooke left many lines he should have blotted. George Edward Woodberry, a New England critic, stamps his hall-mark on every page of the *Collected Poems*. Some of Brooke's poetical beauties are so sacred to Woodberry that he won't talk about them. "These things are *arcana*," he writes. There are no *arcana* in true poetry or in true religion. Woodberry's is an attitude of cool condescension toward the vulgar reader of poetry; like nearly all the New England high-brows George tries to appear graceful in an inextricable tangle of priggishness.

Why should Rupert Brooke be swallowed whole? Brother and sister cannibals, let us chew him a bit! He'll go down easier that way. If there is nourishment in him we'll take him for our regular food. If not, we'll exclude him from the bill of fare. To be accounted a great poet he need not yield us much. Think of the great Thomas Gray who left but one readable poem. Let us be low-brows, if you please. Let us leave esthetics and all that sort of thing to Henry and George and examine Brooke for poems which we may take to our hearts. What do we care if the critics sneer at us. Critics! Why, they are still reading the *Idylls of the Kings* which are deadlier than King Arthur and all his knights.

Let's start at the first page and go through some

of these *Collected Poems* of Rupert Brooke. I promise you we shall stop before we are bored.

Second Best. In this poem Brooke says "night ends all things" and bids his heart "throw down your dreams of immortality." Then he qualifies this with lines which mistily figure "some white tremendous daybreak." If you believe in the Resurrection, this is too little; if you don't, this is too much.

Day That I Have Loved. The poet expresses tender regret for the day that has passed. He loved this Day, and now the Night is here. A commonplace symbol well framed, adding nothing to our store of poetry.

Sleeping Out: Full Moon. Brooks sings, "There is a rumour and a radiance of wings above my head." The rumor and radiance are over my head too.

In Examination. I have vivid memories of many school ex's, but none like this. I passed a good many of my ex's. And I pass this poem.

Pine-Trees and the Sky. Sea and earth and the sky tell him "the best is over." But the pines give sea and earth and sky the lie, so he no longer wishes to die. Good poetry, not great.

Wagner. About a fat man at the opera—he's anything but "the perfect Wagnerite." In time to the music "his pendulous stomach hangs a-shaking." Written by an unspanked boy to shock Philistia.

The Vision of the Archangels. There are several meanings to be extracted from this, none of them important.

Seaside. This is beautiful. It would be more important had Oscar Wilde never written *The Harlot's House*.

On the Death of Smet-Smet. I like this. Judge it for yourself.

The Song of the Pilgrims. We are all pilgrims. This may help if you don't know where you are going. It's good.

The Song of the Beasts. Seems deep, but is it? I think not.

Failure. Well named. Poetry and pessimism cancel each other. But a boy's pessimism is pose.

Ante Aram. You read it a second time to see what it means. The third time you forget all about the meaning—your ears are full of music.

Dawn. The poet is in a railway carriage between Bologna and Milan. "Opposite me two Germans snore and sweat." Do you want another line?—"One of them wakes, and spits, and sleeps again."

The Call. George Sterling used to string these hyperboles of love, but has outgrown the pastime.

The Wayfarers and *The Beginning.* You'll like these if you don't mind being reminded of the time when you were sowing your wild oats.

Next come three sonnets: "*Oh! Death will find me, long before I tire;*" "*I said I splendidly loved you; it's not true;*" and "*I think if you had loved me when I wanted.*" As good as some of the love sonnets of George Sterling and Louis Robertson, meaning that they are very good.

Dust. Ah, this is good!

Kindliness. "When love has changed to kindliness" it ceases to be the love that wins poetical immortality.

Mummia. He'd have burned this erotic stuff if he had been spanked for it.

The Fish. A poet's exercise.

Thoughts on the Shape of the Human Body. Ditto.

Flight. This is good.

The Hill. This is very good.

The One Before the Last. Popular magazine verse.

The Jolly Company. A young poet talking to the stars in the usual way.

The Life Beyond. Love is dead and the lover feels like "a fly fast-stuck in grey sweat on a corpse's neck." Meant to be shocking and measurably successful. Another spanking was needed here.

Lines Written in the Belief, etc. A mistaken belief.

Dead Men's Love. Popular magazine verse.

Town and Country. I am surprised at its own unsatisfactoriness.

Paralysis. Can't hold a candle to Louis Robertson's *Ataxia*.

Menelaus and Helen. He rhymes *Troys* and *voice*. And there are worse vulgarities. This called for another spanking.

Libido. Baudelaire strained through Swinburne.

Jealousy. We all have dirty thoughts, but some of us try to banish them; not so Brooke. A spanking would have done the business.

Blue Evening. The poet is blue too.

The Charm. The poet reverences his sleeping mistress. Here is the Brooke we'd like more of.

Finding. Inconsiderable.

Song. A vague echo of something else I've read.

The Voice. Spanking would have cured this petulance.

Dining-Room Tea. Tea table chatter no mere tea-drinker would understand.

The Goddess of the Wood. A fine sonnet, classic pattern.

A Channel Passage. Ugh! Pass the cat-o'-nine-tails, also the brandy bottle.

And so on. We haven't time to examine all the pieces in this volume. There are eighty-two in all. In the teeth of the all-admiring critics let us divide them thus: seventy-seven poems of considerable merit, some merit and no merit at all—and five great sonnets. I refer to Brooke's five war sonnets, his spontaneous outgivings of heart and soul on the eve of death. Read them. They are called "Peace," "Safety," "The Dead" (two have this title) and "The Soldier." When the critic-spanker comes to these sonnets the slipper of castigation drops from his hand. Here is the authentic stuff of poetry. Here is high thought yoked to beautiful language in immortal marriage. Let us regard all his other verses as a preparation for the writing of these. The preparation is nothing; the achievement is everything. What Brooke should have blotted but did not blot, posterity will ignore. It cannot, it will not ignore these sonnets. When

this twentieth century is dust-covered on the shelf of history these five sonnets will continue to exercise a vital influence, for they will be enshrined in those depositaries of the poetry men take to their hearts, the anthology and the schoolboy's reader.

LOVE AND ART

By ARTHUR SYMONS

The sun went indistinguishably down
Over the murky town,
Night droops about the houses heavily;
The Temple gateways gape and frown,
But, as I enter, strangely, comes to me
The odor of patchouli.

Ah, there she flits before me, whose gay scent
Betrays the way she went;
A corner intercepts her, she is gone;
And as I follow, indolent,
My visiting mind, with her to muse upon,
Runs curiously on.

I seem to hear her mount the narrow stair,
Creaking, for all her care;
And now a door flies open, just above,
And now she laughs, to see him there.
His arms about her, and both babble of
The nonsense-verse of love.

I enter and forget them, for tonight
I have my verse to write;
That love-song, I have yet to pare and trim.
So, should it be? or—God! the light
In that revealing casement-square grows dim:
He kisses her, and I but write of him!

"TO EVERY MAN A DAMSEL OR TWO"

By C. S.

He wandered up the carpeted steps, rather afraid all the while of the two tall men in uniform who opened the great doors wide to let him into the soft warm light and babble of voices within. At the top he paused, and slowly unbuttoned his overcoat, not knowing which way to turn; but the crowd swept him up, and carried him round, until he found himself leaning against a padded wall of plush, looking over a sea of heads at the stage far beneath. He turned round, and stood watching the happy crowd, which laughed, and talked, and nodded ceaselessly to itself. Near him, on a sofa, with a table before her, was a woman spreading herself out like some great beautiful butterfly on a bed of velvet pansies. He stood admiring her half unconsciously for some time, and at last, remembering that he was tired and sleepy, and seeing that there was still plenty of room, he threaded his way across and sat down.

The butterfly began tossing a wonderful little brown satin shoe, and tapping it against the leg of the table. Then the parasol slipped across him, and fell to the ground. He hastened to pick it up, lifting his hat as he did so. She seemed surprised, and glancing at a man leaning against the wall, caught his eye, and they both laughed. He blushed a good deal, and wondered what he had done wrong. She spread herself out still further in his direction, and cast side glances at him from under her Gainsborough.

"What were you laughing at just now?" he said impulsively.

"My dear boy, when?"

"With that man."

"Which man?"

"It doesn't matter," he said, blushing again.

She looked up, and winked at the man leaning against the wall.

"Have I offended you by speaking to you?" he said, looking with much concern into her eyes.

She put a little scented net of a handkerchief up to her mouth, and went into uncontrollable fits of laughter.

"What a funny boy you are!" she gasped. "Do do it again."

He looked at her in amazement, and moved a little further away.

"I'm going to tell the waiter to bring me a port—after that last bit of business."

"I don't understand all this," he said desperately. "I wish I had never spoken to you; I wish I had never come in here at all."

"You're very rude all of a sudden. Now don't be troublesome and say you're too broke to pay for drinks," she added as the waiter put the port down with great deliberation opposite her, and held out the empty tray respectfully to him. He stared.

"Why don't you pay, you cuckoo?"

Mechanically he put down a florin, and the waiter counted out the change.

There was a pause. She fingered the stem of her wine-glass, taking little sips, and watching him all the while.

"How often have you been here before?" she said, suddenly, catching at his sleeve. "You must tell me. I fancy I know your face; surely I've met you before somewhere?"

"This is the first time I have ever been to a music-hall," he said doggedly.

She drank off her port directly.

"Come—come away at once. Yes, all right—I'm coming with you; so go along."

"But I've only just paid to come in," he said hesitatingly.

"Never mind the paying," and she stamped her little satin foot, "but do as I tell you, and go." And taking his arm, she led through the doors down to the steps, where the wind blew cold, and the gas jets roared fitfully above.

"Go," she said, pushing him out, "and never come here again; stick to the theatres, you will like them best." And she ran up the steps and was gone.

He rushed after her. The two tall men in uniform stepped before the doors.

"No re-admission, sir," said one, bowing respectfully and touching his cap.

"But that lady," he said, bewildered, and looking from one to the other.

The men laughed, and one of them, shrugging his shoulders, pointed to the box-office.

He turned, and walked down the steps. Was it all a dream? He glanced at his coat. The flower in his buttonhole had gone.

A BALLAD OF HELL

By JOHN DAVIDSON

"A letter from my love to-day!
Oh, unexpected, dear appeal!"
She struck a happy tear away
And broke the crimson seal.

"My love, there is no help on earth,
No help in heaven; the dead man's bell
Must toll our wedding; our first hearth
Must be the well-paved floor of hell."

The colour died from out her face,
Her eyes like ghostly candles shone;
She cast dread looks about the place,
Then clenched her teeth, and read right on.

"I may not pass the prison door;
Here must I rot from day to day,
Unless I wed whom I abhor,
My cousin, Blanche of Valencay.

"At midnight with my dagger keen
I'll take my life; it must be so.
Meet me in hell to-night, my queen,
For weal and woe."

She laughed, although her face was wan,
She girded on her golden belt,
She took her jeweled ivory fan,
And at her glowing missal knelt.

Then rose, "And am I mad?" she said,
She broke her fan, her belt untied;
With leather girt herself instead,
And stuck a dagger at her side.

She waited, shuddering in her room
Till sleep had fallen on all the house.

She never flinched; she faced her doom:
They two must sin to keep their vows.

Then out into the night she went;
And stooping, crept by hedge and tree;
Her rose-bush flung a snare of scent,
And caught a happy memory.

She fell, and lay a minute's space;
She tore the sward in her distress;
The dewy grass refreshed her face;
She rose and ran with lifted dress.

She started like a morn-caught ghost
Once when the moon came out and stood
To watch; the naked road she crossed,
And dived into the murmuring wood.

The branches snatched her streaming cloak;
A live thing shrieked; she made no stay!
She hurried to the trysting-oak—
Right well she knew the way.

Without a pause she bared her breast
And drove her dagger home and fell,
And lay like one that takes her rest,
And died and wakened up in hell.

She bathed her spirit in the flame,
And near the centre took her post;
From all sides to her ears there came
The dreary anguish of the lost.

The devil started at her side
Comely, and tall, and black as jet.
"I am young Malespina's bride;
Has he come hither yet?"

"My poppet, welcome to your bed."
"Is Malespina here?"

"Not he! To-morrow he must wed
His cousin Blanche, my dear!"

"You lie: he died with me to-night."

"Not he! It was a plot." "You lie."

"My dear, I never lie outright."

"We died at midnight, he and I."

The devil went. Without a groan
She, gathered up in one fierce prayer,
Took root in hell's midst all alone,
And waited for him there.

She dared to make herself at home,
Amidst the wail, the uneasy stir.
The blood-stained flame that filled the dome,
Scentless and silent, shrouded her.

How long she stayed I cannot tell;
But when she felt his perfidy,
She marched across the floor of hell;
And all the damned stood up to see.

The devil stopped her at the brink;
She shook him off; she cried, "Away!"
"My dear, you have gone mad, I think."
"I was betrayed; I will not stay."

Across the weltering deep she ran—
A stranger thing was never seen;
The damned stood silent to a man;
They saw the great gulf set between.

To her it seemed a meadow fair;
And flowers sprang up about her feet;
She entered heaven: she climbed the stair:
And knelt down at the mercy-seat.

Seraphs and saints with one great voice
Welcomed that soul that knew not fear:
Amazed to find it could rejoice,
Hell raised a hoarse half-human cheer.

THE WIT OF AUGUSTUS

By J. S. PHILLIMORE

The Emperor Augustus was a wit. Mediæval tradition, which carved the solid fact of his enormous historical importance as a personality into a profusion of grotesque fancy, ascribed to his greatness, among other effects, a change of idiom which all the modern languages have adopted. The Romans, we know, had a First Person Plural of Dignity (or self-esteem), which is now reserved for royal, prelatial and editorial use. *Nos* for *ego* was with them a received thing; but how came it that Low Latin found itself saying *vos* for *tu* of a single person? When did this piece of civility begin? Answer: It began with the Emperor Augustus, with whose unparalleled majesty the old common forms of address failed to correspond. Because he was so great a man and because his personality (as we can collect it out of Suetonius and Tacitus, etc.) is somewhat vague and elusive, it is good to remember that his reputation as a wit rivalled that of the *Scurra Consularis* himself.

Why did Plutarch write no life of Augustus? Was it that Brutus and Mark Antony, two much lesser men, had their parallels in Greek and he none? And perhaps the want of a Plutarchian biography is the reason why no Ben Jonson applied his poetical psychology to the analysis of Augustus.

The Mommsenese School have little use for the light sort of history that Suetonius wrote. The lubricities of research to which our *defroques* (more pitied by their old, and more despised by their new associates than they are apt to suppose) fall for livelihood are more concerned with empresses than emperors.

If we ask ourselves the question, "What sort of man in himself was this who did such exceptional things and held such an exceptional position in history, who became the most powerful person in the world at the age of nineteen and remained so for

fifty-seven years?" we shall find no satisfying answer in the historians, but merely something that we must eke out with the testimonies of Virgil and Horace, remembering that he had both these for friends and wanted Horace for his secretary. Then we gratefully exploit Suetonius for many curious particularities of his personal habits. For instance, one likes to know that he was horribly afraid of thunder and constantly carried about with him the skin of a sea-calf as a protection against a stroke of lightning; that his eyebrows met in the middle; that his eyes exerted a mesmeric force such as that which Lecky complained of in Gladstone; that he wore quantities of thick underclothing; that he took a cold bath with the chill off, and thereby might have passed for an English gentleman of the nineteenth century—if some of his other habits had not disqualified him for our self-complacent aristocracy.

But if both the perusal of that quaint farrago of true or false anecdote about his private and domestic ways, and the generosity of two very intelligent poets, bearing witness, yet leave us puzzled by certain incomprehensible contradictions, such as the sharp contrast between the cruel and the affectionate sides of his character; then in the last resort we may be thankful that Augustus was a wit. A good saying is a jewel at any time: the *dicta* of a great man are priceless even if they be commonplaces.

John Bright, we have been told, elucubrated the famous wheeze about the Angel of Death whilst shaving. Our Roman forbears bathed so elaborately that an economical muse might get a deal of work done between times in the baths. Augustus's book of epigrams was composed under these conditions. Only one specimen survives, and that preserved by Martial solely as a precedent in the epigrammatic tradition of blurting out *gros mots*; certainly it exhibits the crudest frankness of speech, a match for Mark Antony's letter to Octavian. But then he liked everything downright; detested "the stench of

archaism" and the pedantry which disapproved familiarity between the written and the spoken language. Plutarch credits him with a very pointless contribution to his collection of *Apophthegms of Kings and Commanders*; but, to make up, it is to Augustus that the philosopher is said to have addressed for the first time the world-famed Sandford-and-Mertonism which bids you "Stop and count twenty-four when you have lost your temper," etc., etc. But Augustus's good things are not to be found in Plutarch, nor yet in Aulus Gellius's Latin Joe Miller, but in that profitable old fool Macrobius.

To Octavian's early grim proscriptionist mood belongs a reply which Suetonius says he made to a condemned man's appeal for sepulture: "That will be at the discretion of the birds." So does his jest at Vatinius's expense, the gouty reprobate who was bragging that he had walked a mile. "I am not surprised at it," he said, "the days are getting so much longer." But many others have a tartness that approaches cruelty. Galba, a hunchback, pleading a case before him and continually reiterating, "Put me straight if you find anything amiss," he was provoked into saying, "I can put you in mind, but I cannot put you straight." Another is more urbane. A cashiered officer pleaded, "How shall I go home? What am I to say to my father?" He was answered, "Say you could not get on with me." When his *nomenclator*, who lacked the all-important gift of remembering faces, asked if there were any orders, saying, "I am going into the Forum," his master advised him to take letters of introduction, "because you know nobody there." He dined out everywhere; on one occasion, when he had been meanly and uncereemoniously entertained, he whispered to his host on leaving the house, "I did not think I was on such intimate terms with you." He required no servile obsequiousness and took some very caustic rejoinders in good part: witness the following, which is surely one of the best and boldest ever spoken to a master

of legions. A young provincial came to Rome, whose extraordinary personal resemblance to the Emperor was the talk of the town. Augustus sent for him and asked him, "Was your mother ever in Rome?" The answer was, "No, but my father often was."

Some have a pleasanter quality of humour; for if true wit is a genial compendium of reasoning, humour is an artistic short cut to the interpretation of other men's feelings, especially by contrast. A timid suitor presenting a petition kept putting out and again withdrawing his hand. Augustus told him "he needn't behave as if he were offering alms to an elephant."

Macrobius gathered some dozens of examples, interspersed with specimens of Julia's wit, which, alas! only too brilliantly reflected her dissolute morals and are therefore unsuited to the severe pages of this journal.

